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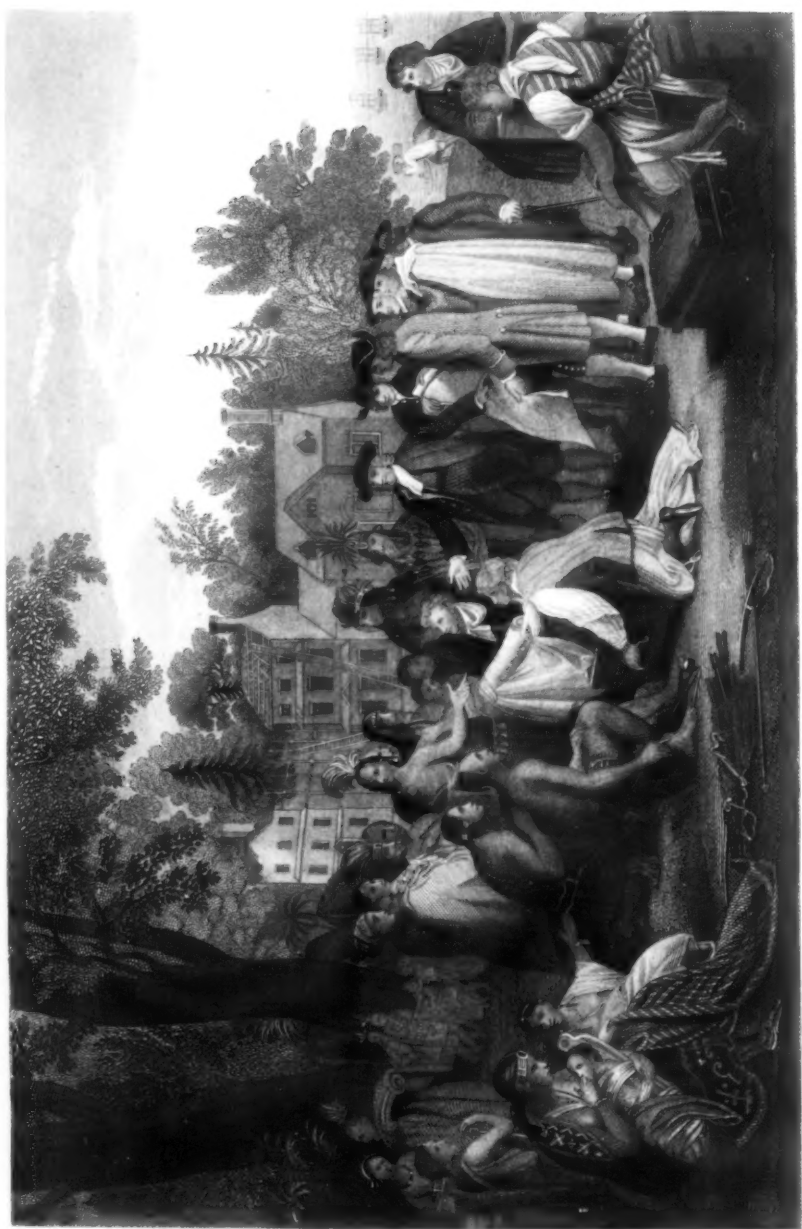
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OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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plete in 63 vols.

WHITE WINGS: A YACHTING ROMANCE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE QUAY.

A MURMUR runs through the crowd; the various idlers grow alert; all eyes are suddenly turned to the south. And there, far away, over the green headland, a small tuft of brown smoke appears, rising into the golden glow of the afternoon, and we know that by-and-by we shall see the great steamer with her scarlet funnels come sailing round the point. The Laird of Denny-mains assumes an air of still further importance; he pulls his frock-coat tight at the waist; he adjusts his black satin necktie; his tall, white, stiff collar seems more rigid and white than ever. He has heard of the wonderful stranger; and he knows that now she is drawing near.

Heard of her? He has heard of nothing else since ever he came to us in these northern wilds. For the mistress

of this household—with all her domineering ways and her fits of majestic temper—has a love for her intimate girlfriends far passing the love of men; especially when the young ladies are obedient, and gentle, and ready to pay to her matronly dignity the compliment of a respectful awe. And this particular friend who is now coming to us: what has not the Laird heard about her during these past few days?—of her high courage, her resolute unselfishness, her splendid cheerfulness? “A singing-bird in the house,” that was one of the phrases used, “in wet weather or fine.” And then the enthusiastic friend muddled her metaphors somehow, and gave the puzzled Laird to understand that the presence of this young lady in a house was like having sweet-brier about the rooms. No wonder he put on his highest and stiffest collar before he marched grandly down with us to the quay.

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"And does she not deserve a long holiday, sir,?" says the Laird's hostess to him, as together they watch for the steamer coming round the point. "Just fancy! Two months' attendance on that old woman, who was her mother's nurse. Two months in a sick-room, without a soul to break the monotony of it. And the girl living in a strange town all by herself!"

"Ay; and in such a town as Edinburgh," remarks the Laird, with great compassion. His own property lies just outside Glasgow.

"Dear me," says he, "what must a young English leddy have thought of our Scotch way of speech when she heard they poor Edinburgh bodies and their yaumering sing-song? Not that I quarrel with any people for having an accent in their way of speaking; they have that in all parts of England as well as in Scotland—in Yorkshire, and Somersetshire, and what not; and even in London itself there is a way of speech that is quite recognizable to a stranger. But I have often thought that there was less trace of accent about Glesca and the west of Scotland than in any other part; in fact, ah have often been taken for an Englishman maself."

"Indeed!" says this gentle creature standing by him; and her upturned eyes are full of an innocent belief. You would swear she was meditating on summoning instantly her boys from Epsom College that they might acquire a pure accent—or get rid of all accent—on the banks of the Clyde.

"Yes," says the Laird, with a decision almost amounting to enthusiasm, "it is a grand inheritance that we in the south of Scotland are preserving for you English people; and you know little of it. You do not know that we are preserving the English language for you as it was spoken centuries ago, and as you find it in your oldest writings. Scotticisms! Why, if ye were to read the prose of Mandeville or Wyclif, or the poetry of Robert of Brunne or Langdale, ye would find that our Scotticisms were the very pith and marrow of the English language. Ay; it is so."

The innocent eyes express such profound interest that the Laird of Denny mains almost forgets about the coming

steamer, so anxious is he to crush us with a display of his erudition.

"It is just remarkable," he says, "that your dictionaries should put down as obsolete words that are in common use all over the south of Scotland, where, as I say, the old Northumbrian English is preserved in its purity; and that ye should have learned people hunting up in Chaucer or Gower for the very speech that they might hear among the bits o' weans running about the Gallowgate or the Broomielaw. '*Wha's aicht ye?*' you say to one of them; and you think you are talking Scotch. No, no; *acht* is only the old English for possession; isn't '*Wha's aicht ye?*' shorter and pithier than '*To whom do you belong?*'"

"Oh, certainly!" says the meek disciple: the recall of the boys from Surrey is obviously decided on.

"And *speir* for inquire; and *ferly* for wonderful; and *tyne* for lose; and *fey* for about to die; and *reek* for smoke; and *menseful* for becoming; and *belyve*, and *ferc*, and *biggan*, and such words. Ye call them Scotch? Oh, no, ma'am; they are English; ye find them in all the old English writers; and they are the best of English too; a great deal better than the Frenchified stuff that your southern English has become."

Not for worlds, would the Laird have wounded the patriotic sensitiveness of this gentle friend of his from the south; but, indeed, she had surely nothing to complain of in his insisting to an Englishwoman on the value of thorough English.

"I thought," says she, demurely, "that the Scotch had a good many French words in it."

The Laird pretends not to hear: he is so deeply interested in the steamer which is now coming over the smooth waters of the bay. But, having announced that there are a great many people on board, he returns to his discourse.

"Ah'm sure of this, too," says he, "that in the matter of pronunciation the Lowland Scotch have preserved the best English—you can see that *faither*, and *twelmonth*, and *twa*, and such words are nearer the original Anglo-Saxon—"

His hearers had been taught to shudder at the phrase Anglo-Saxon—without

exactly knowing why. But who could withstand the authority of the Laird? Moreover, we see relief drawing near; the steamer's paddles are throbbing in the still afternoon.

"If ye turn to *Piers the Plowman*," continues the indefatigable Denny-mains, "ye will find Langdale writing—

'And a fewee Cruddes and Crayme.'

Why, it is the familiar phrase of our Scotch children!—Do ye think they would say *curds*? And then, *fewee*. I am not sure, but I imagine we Scotch are only making use of old English when we make certain forms of food plural. We say 'a few broth'; we speak of porridge as 'they.' Perhaps that is a survival, too, eh?"

"Oh, yes, certainly. But please mind the ropes, sir," observes his humble pupil, careful of her master's physical safety. For at this moment the steamer is slowing into the quay; and the men have the ropes ready to fling ashore.

"Not," remarks the Laird, prudently backing away from the edge of the pier, "that I would say any thing of these matters to your young English friend; certainly not. No doubt she prefers the southern English she has been accustomed to. But, bless me! just to think that she should judge of our Scotch tongue by the way they Edinburgh bodies speak!"

"It is sad, is it not?" remarks his companion—but all her attention is now fixed on the crowd of people swarming to the side of the steamer.

"And, indeed," the Laird explains, to close the subject, "it is only a hobby of mine—only a hobby. Ye may have noticed that I do not use those words in my own speech, though I value them. No, I will not force any Scotch on the young leddy. As ah say, ah have often been taken for an Englishman maself, both at home and abroad."

And now—and now—the great steamer is in at the quay; the gangways are run over; there is a thronging up the paddle-boxes; and eager faces on shore scan equally eager faces on board—each pair of eyes looking for that other pair of eyes to flash a glad recognition. And where is she—the flower of womankind—the possessor of all virtue and grace and courage—the wonder of the world?

The Laird shares in our excitement. He, too, scans the crowd eagerly. He submits to be hustled by the porters; he hears nothing of the roaring of the steam; for is she not coming ashore at last? And we know—or guess—that he is looking out for some splendid creature—some Boadicea, with stately tread and imperious mien—some Jephtha's daughter, with proud death in her eyes—some Rosamond of our modern days, with a glory of loveliness on her face and hair. And we know that the master who has been lecturing us for half an hour on our disgraceful neglect of pure English will not shock the sensitive Southern ear by any harsh accent of the North; but will address her in beautiful and courtly strains, in tones such as Edinburgh never knew. Where is the queen of womankind, amid all this commonplace, hurrying, loquacious crowd?

Forthwith the Laird, with a quick amazement in his eyes, sees a small and insignificant person—he only catches a glimpse of a black dress and a white face—suddenly clasped round in the warm embrace of her friend. He stares for a second; and then he exclaims—apparently to himself:

"Dear me! What a shilpit bit thing!"

Pale—slight—delicate—tiny: surely such a master of idiomatic English cannot have forgotten the existence of these words. But this is all he cries to himself, in his surprise and wonder:

"Dear me! What a shilpit bit thing!"

CHAPTER II.

MARY AVON.

THE bright, frank laugh of her face!—the friendly, unhesitating, affectionate look in those soft black eyes! He forgot all about Rosamond and Boadicea when he was presented to this "shilpit" person. And when, instead of the usual ceremony of introduction, she bravely put her hand in his, and said she had often heard of him from their common friend, he did not notice that she was rather plain. He did not even stop to consider in what degree her Southern accent might be improved by residence among the preservers of pure English. He was anxious to know if she was not greatly tired. He hoped the sea had

been smooth as the steamer came past Easdale. And her luggage—should he look after her luggage for her?

But Miss Avon was an expert traveler, and quite competent to look after her own luggage. Even as he spoke, it was being hoisted on to the wagonette.

"You will let me drive?" says she, eyeing critically the two shaggy, farm-looking animals.

"Indeed, I shall do nothing of the kind," says her hostess, promptly.

But there was no disappointment at all on her face as we drove away through the golden evening—by the side of the murmuring shore, past the overhanging fir-wood, up and across the high land commanding a view of the wide western seas. There was instead a look of such intense delight that we knew, however silent the lips might be, that the bird-soul was singing within. Every thing charmed her—the cool, sweet air, the scent of the seaweed, the glow on the mountains out there in the west. And as she chattered her delight to us—like a bird escaped from its prison and glad to get into the sunlight and free air again—the Laird sate mute and listened. He watched the frank, bright, expressive face. He followed and responded to her every mood—with a sort of fond paternal indulgence that almost prompted him to take her hand. When she smiled, he laughed. When she talked seriously, he looked concerned. He was entirely forgetting that she was a "shilpit bit thing;" and he would have admitted that the Southern way of speaking English—although, no doubt, fallen away from the traditions of the Northumbrian dialect—had, after all, a certain music in it that made it pleasant to the ear.

Up the hill, then, with a flourish for the last!—the dust rolling away in clouds behind us—the view over the Atlantic widening as we ascend. And here is Castle Osprey, as we have dubbed the place, with its wide open door, and its walls half-hidden with tree-fuchsias, and its great rose-garden. Had Fair Rosamond herself come to Castle Osprey that evening, she could not have been waited on with greater solicitude than the Laird showed in assisting this "shilpit bit thing" to alight—though, indeed, there was a slight stumble, of

which no one took any notice at the time. He busied himself with her luggage quite unnecessarily. He suggested a cup of tea, though it wanted but fifteen minutes to dinner-time. He assured her that the glass was rising—which was not the case. And when she was being hurried off to her own room to prepare for dinner—by one who rules her household with a rod of iron—he had the effrontery to tell her to take her own time: dinner could wait. The man actually proposed to keep dinner waiting—in Castle Osprey.

That this was love at first sight, who could doubt? And perhaps the nimble brain of one who was at this moment hurriedly dressing in her own room—and whom nature has constituted an indefatigable match-maker—may have been considering whether this rich old bachelor might not marry, after all. And if he were to marry, why should not he marry the young lady in whom he seemed to have taken so sudden and warm an interest? As for her: Mary Avon was now two or three-and-twenty; she was not likely to prove attractive to young men; her small fortune was scarcely worth considering; she was almost alone in the world. Older men had married younger women. The Laird had no immediate relative to inherit Denny-mains and his very substantial fortune. And would they not see plenty of each other on board the yacht?

But in her heart of hearts the schemer knew better. She knew that the romance-chapter in the Laird's life—and a bitter chapter it was—had been finished and closed and put away many and many a year ago. She knew how the great disappointment of his life had failed to sour him; how he was ready to share among friends and companions the large and generous heart that had been for a time laid at the feet of a jilt; how his keen and active interest, that might have been confined to his children and his children's children, was now devoted to a hundred things—the planting at Denny-mains, the great heresy case, the patronage of young artists, even the preservation of pure English, and what not. And that fortunate young gentleman—ostensibly his nephew—whom he had sent to Harrow and to

Cambridge, who was now living a very easy life in the Middle Temple, and who would no doubt come in for Denny-mains? Well, we knew a little about that young man, too. We knew why the Laird, when he found that both the boy's father and mother were dead, adopted him, and educated him, and got him to call him uncle. He had taken under his care the son of the woman who had jilted him five-and-thirty years ago; the lad had his mother's eyes.

And now we are assembled in the drawing-room—all except the new guest; and the glow of the sunset is shining in at the open windows. The Laird is eagerly proving to us that the change from the cold east winds of Edinburgh to the warm westerly winds of the Highlands must make an immediate change in the young lady's face—and declaring that she ought to go on board the yacht at once—and asserting that the ladies' cabin on board the White Dove is the most beautiful little cabin he ever saw—when—

When, behold! at the open door—meeting the glow of the sunshine—appears a figure—dressed all in black velvet, plain and unadorned but for a broad belt of gold fringe that comes round the neck and crosses the bosom. And above that again is a lot of white muslin stuff, on which the small, shapely, smooth-dressed head seems gently to rest. The plain black velvet dress gives a certain importance and substantiality to the otherwise slight figure; the broad fringe of gold glints and gleams as she moves toward us; but who can even think of these things when he meets the brave glance of Mary Avon's eyes? She was humming as she came down the stair—

*"Oh, think na lang, lassie, though I gang awa;
For I'll come and see ye, in spite o' them a'."*

—we might have known it was the bird-soul come among us.

Now the manner in which the Laird of Denny-mains set about capturing the affections of this innocent young thing—as he sate opposite her at dinner—would have merited severe reproof in one of less mature age; and might, indeed, have been followed by serious consequences but for the very decided manner in which Miss Avon showed that she could

take care of herself. Whoever heard Mary Avon laugh would have been assured. And she did laugh a good deal; for the Laird, determined to amuse her, was relating a series of anecdotes which he called "good ones," and which seemed to have afforded great enjoyment to the people of the south of Scotland during the last century or so. There was in especial a Highland steward of a steamer about whom a vast number of these stories was told; and if the point was at times rather difficult to catch, who could fail to be tickled by the Laird's own and obvious enjoyment? "There was another good one, Miss Avon," he would say; and then the bare memory of the great facetiousness of the anecdote would break out in such half-suppressed guffaws as altogether to stop the current of the narrative. Miss Avon laughed—we could not quite tell whether it was at the Highland steward or the Laird—until the tears ran down her cheeks. Dinner was scarcely thought of. It was a disgraceful exhibition.

"There was another good one about Homesh," said the Laird, vainly endeavoring to suppress his laughter. "He came up on deck one enormously hot day, and looked ashore, and saw some cattle standing knee-deep in a pool of water. Says he—ha! ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho!—says he—says he—'A wass a stot!—he! he! he!—ho! ho! ho!'"

Of course we all laughed heartily, and Mary Avon more than any of us; but if she had gone down on her knees and sworn that she knew what the point of the story was, we should not have believed her. But the Laird was delighted. He went on with his good ones. The mythical Homesh and his idiotic adventures became portentous. The very servants could scarcely carry the dishes straight.

But in the midst of it all the Laird suddenly let his knife and fork drop on his plate, and stared. Then he quickly exclaimed—

"Bless me! lassie!"

We saw in a second what had occasioned his alarm. The girl's face had become ghastly white; and she was almost falling away from her chair when her hostess, who happened to spring to her feet first, caught her, and held her,

and called for water. What could it mean? Mary Avon was not of the sighing and fainting fraternity.

And presently she came to herself—and faintly making apologies, would go from the room. It was her ankle, she murmured—with the face still white with pain. But when she tried to rise, she fell back again: the agony was too great. And so we had to carry her.

About ten minutes thereafter the mistress of the house came back to the Laird, who had been sitting by himself, in great concern.

"That girl! that girl!" she exclaims—and one might almost imagine there are tears in her eyes. "Can you fancy such a thing! She twists her ankle in getting down from the wagonette—brings back the old sprain—perhaps lames herself for life—and, in spite of the pain, sits here laughing and joking, so that she may not spoil our first evening together! Did you ever hear of such a thing! Sitting here laughing, with her ankle swelled so that I had to cut the boot off!"

"Gracious me!" says the Laird; "is it as bad as that?"

"And if she should become permanently lame—why—why—"

But was she going to make an appeal direct to the owner of Denny-mains? If the younger men were not likely to marry a lame little white-faced girl, that was none of his business. The Laird's marrying days had departed five-and-thirty years before.

However, we had to finish our dinner, somehow, in consideration to our elder guest. And then the surgeon came; and bound up the ankle hard and fast; and Miss Avon, with a thousand meek apologies for being so stupid, declared again and again that her foot would be all right in the morning, and that we must get ready to start. And when her friend assured her that this preliminary canter of the yacht might just as well be put off for a few days—until, for example, that young doctor from Edinburgh came who had been invited to go a proper cruise with us—her distress was so great that we had to promise to start next day punctually at ten. So she sent us down again to amuse the Laird.

But hark! what is this we hear, just as Denny-mains is having his whiskey

and hot water brought in? It is a gay voice humming on the stairs—

"By the margin of fair Zürich's waters."

"That girl!" cries her hostess angrily, as she jumps to her feet.

But the door opens; and here is Mary Avon, with calm self-possession, making her way to a chair.

"I knew you wouldn't believe me," says she coolly, "if I did not come down. I tell you my foot is as well as may be; and Dot-and-carry-one will get down to the yacht in the morning as easily as any of you. And that last story about Ilomesh," she says to the Laird, with a smile in the soft black eyes that must have made his heart jump. "Really, sir, you must tell me the ending of that story; it was so stupid of me!"

"Shilpit" she may have been; but the Laird, for one, was beginning to believe that this girl had the courage and nerve of a dozen men.

CHAPTER III.

UNDER WAY.

THE first eager glance out on this brilliant and beautiful morning; and behold! it is all a wonder of blue seas and blue skies that we find before us, with Lismore lying golden-green in the sunlight, and the great mountains of Mull and Morven shining with the pale ethereal colors of the dawn. And what are the rhymes that are ringing through one's brain—the echo perchance of something heard far away among the islands—the islands that await our coming in the west?—

*"O land of red heather!
O land of wild weather,
And the cry of the waves, and the laugh of the breeze!
O love, now, together
Through the wind and wild weather
We spread our white sails to encounter the seas!"*

Up and out, laggards, now; and hoist this big red and blue and white thing up to the head of the tall pole, that the lads far below may know to send the gig ashore for us! And there, on the ruffled blue waters of the bay, behold! the noble White Dove, with her great mainsail, and mizzen, and jib, all set and glowing in the sun; and the scarlet

caps of the men are like points of fire in this fair blue picture; and the red ensign is fluttering in the light north-westerly breeze. Breakfast is hurried over; and a small person who has a passion for flowers is dashing hither and thither in the garden until she has amassed an armful of our old familiar friends—abundant roses, fuchsias, heart's-ease, various colored columbine, and masses of southernwood to scent our floating saloon; the wagonette is at the door, to take our invalid down to the landing-slip; and the Laird has discarded his dignified costume, and appears in a shooting-coat and a vast gray wide-awake. As for Mary Avon, she is laughing, chatting, singing, here, there, and everywhere—giving us to understand that a sprained ankle is rather a pleasure than otherwise, and a great assistance in walking; until the Laird pounces upon her—as one might pounce on a butterfly—and imprisons her in the wagonette, with many a serious warning about her imprudence. There let her sing to herself as she likes—amid the wild confusion of things forgotten till the last moment and thrust upon us just as we start.

And here is the stalwart and brown-bearded Captain John—John of Skye we call him—himself come ashore in the gig, in all his splendor of blue and brass buttons; and he takes off his peaked cap to the mistress of our household—whom some of her friends call Queen Titania, because of her midge-like size—and he says to her with a smile—

“And will Mrs. — herself be going with us this time?”

That is Captain John's chief concern: for he has a great regard for this domineering small woman; and shows his respect for her, and his own high notions of courtesy, by invariably addressing her in the third person.

“Oh yes, John!” says she—and she can look pleasant enough when she likes—“and this is a young friend of mine, Miss Avon, whom you have to take great care of on board.”

And Captain John takes off his cap again; and is understood to tell the young lady that he will do his best, if she will excuse his not knowing much English. Then, with great care, and with some difficulty, Miss Avon is as-

sisted down from the wagonette, and conducted along the rough little landing-slip, and helped into the stern of the shapely and shining gig. Away with her, boys! The splash of the oars is heard in the still bay; the shore recedes; the white sails seem to rise higher into the blue sky as we near the yacht; here is the black hull with its line of gold—the gangway open—the ropes ready—the white decks brilliant in the sun. We are on board at last.

“And where will Mr. — himself be for going?” asks John of Skye, as the men are hauling the gig up to the davits.

Mr. — briefly but seriously explains to the captain that, from some slight experience of the winds on this coast, he has found it of about as much use to order the tides to be changed as to settle upon any definite route. But he suggests the circumnavigation of the adjacent island of Mull as a sort of preliminary canter for a few days, until a certain notable guest shall arrive; and he would prefer going by the south, if the honorable winds will permit. Further, John of Skye is not to be afraid of a bit of sea, on account of either of those ladies; both are excellent sailors. With these somewhat vague instructions, Captain John is left to get the yacht under weigh; and we go below to look after the stowage of our things in the various state-rooms.

And what is this violent altercation going on in the saloon?

“I will not have a word said against my captain,” says Mary Avon. “I am in love with him already. His English is perfectly correct.”

This impertinent minx talking about correct English in the presence of the Laird of Denny-mains!

“Mrs. — herself is perfectly correct; it is only politeness; it is like saying ‘Your Grace’ to a Duke.”

But who was denying it? Surely not the imperious little woman who was arranging her flowers on the saloon-table; nor yet Denny-mains, who was examining a box of variegated and recondite fishing-tackle?

“It is all very well for fine ladies to laugh at the blunders of servant maids,” continues this audacious girl. “Miss Brown presents her compliments to Miss Smith; and would you be so kind, and

so on. But don't they often make the same blunder themselves?"

Well, this was a discovery!

"Doesn't Mrs. So-and-so request the honor of the company of Mr. So-and-so or Miss So-and-so for some purpose or other; and then you find at one corner of the card '*R. S. V. P.*'? 'Answer, if you please'!"

A painful silence prevailed. We began to reflect. Whom did she mean to charge with this deadly crime?

But her triumph makes her considerate. She will not harry us with scorn.

"It is becoming far less common now, however," she remarks. "'An answer is requested,' is much more sensible."

"It is English," says the Laird, with decision. "Surely it must be more sensible for an English person to write English. Ah never use a French word myself."

But what is the English that we hear now—called out on deck by the voice of John of Skye?

"Eachan, slack the lee topping-lift! Ay, and the tackle, too. That'll do, boys. Down with your main-tack, now!"

"Why," exclaims our sovereign mistress, who knows something of nautical matters, "we must have started."

Then there is a trampling up the companion-way; and lo! the land is slowly leaving us; and there is a lapping of the blue water along the side of the boat; and the white sails of the White Dove are filled with this gentle breeze. Deck-stools are arranged; books and field-glasses and what not scattered about; Mary Avon is helped on deck, and ensconced in a snug little camp-chair. The days of our summer idleness have begun.

And as yet these are but familiar scenes that steal slowly by—the long green island of Lismore—*Lios-mor*, the Great Garden; the dark ruins of Duart, sombre as if the shadow of nameless tragedies rested on the crumbling walls; Loch Don, with its sea-bird-haunted shallows; and Loch Speliv leading up to the awful solitudes of Glen More; then, stretching far into the wreathing clouds, the long rampart of precipices, rugged and barren and lonely, that form the eastern wall of Mull.

There is no monotony on this beautiful summer morning; the scene changes

every moment, as the light breeze bears us away to the south. For there is the Sheep Island; and Garveloch—which is the rough island; and Eilean-nana-omha—which is the island of the Saints. But what are these to the small transparent cloud resting on the horizon?—smaller than any man's hand. The day is still; and the seas are smooth: cannot we hear the mermaiden singing on the far shores of Colonsay?

"Colonsay!" exclaims the Laird, seizing a field-glass. "'Dear me! Is that Colonsay? And they told me that Tom Galbraith was going there this very year.'"

The piece of news fails to startle us altogether; though we have heard the Laird speak of Mr. Galbraith before.

"Ay," says he, "the world will know something o' Colonsay when Tom Galbraith gets there."

"Whom did you say?" Miss Avon asks.

"Why, Galbraith!" says he. "Tom Galbraith!"

The Laird stares in amazement. Is it possible she has not heard of Tom Galbraith? And she herself an artist; and coming direct from Edinburgh, where she has been living for two whole months!

"Gracious me!" says the Laird. "Ye do not say ye have never heard of Galbraith—he's an Academeecian!—a Scottish Academeecian!"

"Oh, yes, no doubt," she says, rather bewildered.

"There is no one living has had such an influence on our Scotch school of painters as Galbraith—a man of great abeelity—a man of great and uncommon abeelity—he is one of the most famous landscape painters of our day—"

"I scarcely met any one in Edinburgh," she pleads.

"But in London—in London!" exclaims the astonished Laird. "Do you mean to say you never heard o' Tom Galbraith?"

"I—I think not," she confesses. "I—I don't remember his name in the Academy catalogue—"

"The Royal Academy!" cries the Laird, with scorn. "No, no! Ye need not expect that. The English Academy is afraid of the Scotchmen: their pictures are too strong: you do not put

good honest whiskey beside small beer. I say the English Academy is afraid of the Scotch school—"

But flesh and blood can stand this no longer: we shall not have Mary Avon trampled upon.

"Look here, Denny-mains: we always thought there was a Scotchman or two in the Royal Academy itself—and quite capable of holding their own there, too. Why, the President of the Academy is a Scotchman! And as for the Academy exhibition, the very walls are smothered with Scotch hills, Scotch spates, Scotch peasants, to say nothing of the thousand herring-smacks of Tarbert."

"I tell ye they are afraid of Tom Galbraith; they will not exhibit one of his pictures," says the Laird, stubbornly; and here the discussion is closed; for Master Fred tinkles his bell below, and we have to go down for luncheon.

It was most unfair of the wind to take advantage of our absence, and to sneak off, leaving us in a dead calm. It was all very well, when we came on deck again, to watch the terns darting about in their swallow-like fashion, and swooping down to seize a fish; and the strings of sea-pyots whirring by, with their scarlet beaks and legs; and the sudden shimmer and hissing of a part of the blue plain, where a shoal of mackerel had come to the surface; but where were we, now in the open Atlantic, to pass the night? We relinquished the doubling of the Ross of Mull; we should have been content—more than content, for certain reasons*—to have put into Carsaig; we were beginning even to have ignominious thoughts of Loch Buy. And yet we let the golden evening draw on with comparative resignation; and we watched the color gathering in the west, and the Atlantic taking darker hues, and a ruddy tinge beginning to tell on the seamed ridges of Garveloch and the isle of Saints. When the wind sprung up again—it had backed to due west, and we had to beat against it with a series of long tacks, that took us down within sight of

Islay and back to Mull apparently all for nothing—we were deeply engaged in prophesying all manner of things to be achieved by one Angus Sutherland, an old friend of ours, though yet a young man enough.

"Just fancy, sir," says our hostess to the Laird—the Laird, by the way, does not seem so enthusiastic as the rest of us, when he hears that this hero of modern days is about to join our party. "What he has done beats all that I ever heard about Scotch University students; and you know what some of them have done in the face of difficulties. His father is a minister in some small place in Banffshire; perhaps he has 200*l.* a year at the outside. This son of his has not cost him a farthing, for either his maintenance or his education, since he was fourteen; he took bursaries, scholarships, I don't know what, when he was a mere lad; supported himself and travelled all over Europe—but I think it was at Leipsic and at Vienna he studied longest; and the papers he has written—the lectures—and the correspondence with all the great scientific people—when they made him a Fellow, all he said was, 'I wish my mother was alive.'"

This was rather an incoherent and jumbled account of a young man's career.

"A Fellow of what?" says the Laird.

"A Fellow of the Royal Society! They made him a Fellow of the Royal Society last year! And he is only seven-and-twenty! I do believe he was not over one-and-twenty when he took his degree at Edinburgh. And then—and then—there is really nothing that he doesn't know: is there, Mary?"

This sudden appeal causes Mary Avon to flush slightly; but she says demurely, looking down:

"Of course I don't know any thing that he doesn't know."

"Hm!" says the Laird, who does not seem over pleased. "I have observed that young men who are too brilliant at the first, seldom come to much afterward. Has he gained any thing substantial? Has he a good practice? Does he keep his carriage yet?"

"No, no!" says our hostess, with a fine contempt for such things. "He has a higher ambition than that. His

* "A health to you, madam!—and to the Laird, too; and may you live long and prosper! But alas, alas! those rocks. We were always afraid."

practice is almost nothing. He prefers to sacrifice that in the meantime. But his reputation—among the scientific—why—why, it is European!"

"Hm!" says the Laird. "I have sometimes seen that persons who gave themselves up to crudection, lost the character of human beings altogether. They become scientific machines. The world is just made up of books for them—and lectures—they would not give a halfpenny to a beggar for fear of poleetical economy—"

"Oh, how can you say such a thing of Angus Sutherland!" says she—though he has said no such thing of Angus Sutherland. "Why, here is this girl who goes to Edinburgh—all by herself—to nurse an old woman in her last illness; and as Angus Sutherland is in Edinburgh on some business—connected with the University, I believe—I ask him to call on her and see if he can give her any advice. What does he do? He stops in Edinburgh two months—editing that scientific magazine there instead of in London—and all because he has taken an interest in the old woman, and thinks that Mary should not have the whole responsibility on her shoulders. Is that like a scientific machine?"

"No," says the Laird, with a certain calm grandeur; "you do not often find young men doing that for the sake of an old woman." But of course we don't know what he means.

"And I am so glad he is coming to us!" says she, with real delight in her face. "We shall take him away from his microscopes, and his societies, and all that. Oh, and he is such a delightful companion—so simple, and natural, and straightforward! Don't you think so, Mary?"

Mary Avon is understood to assent: she does not say much—she is so deeply interested in a couple of porpoises that appear from time to time on the smooth plain of the sea.

"I am sure a long holiday would do him a world of good," says this eager hostess; "but that is too much to expect. He is always too busy. I think he has got to go over to Italy soon, about some exhibition of surgical instruments, or something of that sort."

We had plenty of further talk about Dr. Sutherland, and of the wonderful

future that lay before him, that evening before we finally put into Loch Buy. And there we dined; and after dinner we found the wan, clear twilight filling the northern heavens, over the black range of mountains, and throwing a silver glare on the smooth sea around us. We could have read on deck at eleven at night—had that been necessary; but Mary Avon was humming snatches of songs to us, and the Laird was discoursing of the wonderful influence exerted on Scotch landscape-art by Tom Galbraith. Then in the south the yellow moon rose; and a golden lane of light lay on the sea, from the horizon across to the side of the yacht; and there was a strange glory on the decks and on the tall, smooth masts. The peace of that night!—the soft air, the silence, the dreamy lapping of the water!

"And whatever lies before Angus Sutherland," says one of us—"whether a baronetcy, or a big fortune, or marriage with an Italian princess—he won't find any thing better than sailing in the White Dove among the western islands."

CHAPTER IV.

A MESSAGE.

WHAT fierce commotion is this that awakes us in the morning—what pandemonium broken loose of wild storm-sounds—with the stately White Dove, ordinarily the most sedate and gentle of her sex, apparently gone mad, and flinging herself about as if bent on somersaults? When one clambers up the companion-way, clinging hard, and puts one's head out into the gale, behold! there is not a trace of land visible anywhere—nothing but whirling clouds of mist and rain; and mountain-masses of waves that toss the White Dove about as if she were a plaything; and decks all running wet with the driven spray. John of Skye, clad from head to heel in black oilskins—and at one moment up in the clouds, the next moment descending into the great trough of the sea—hangs on to the rope that is twisted round the tiller; and laughs a good-morning; and shakes the salt water from his shaggy eyebrows and beard.

"Hallo! John—where on earth have we got to?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"I say WHERE ARE WE?" is shouted, for the roar of the rushing Atlantic is deafening.

"Deed I not think we are far from Loch Buy," says John of Skye, grimly. "The wind is dead ahead of us—ay, shist dead ahead!"

"What made you come out against a head-wind then?"

"When we cam' out," says John—picking his English, "the wind will be from the norse—ay, a fine light breeze from the norse. And will Mr. — himself be for going on now?—it is a ferry bad sea for the leddies—a ferry coorse sea."

But it appears that this conversation—bawled aloud—has been overheard. There are voices from below. The skylight of the ladies' cabin is partly open.

"Don't mind us," calls Mary Avon. "Go on by all means!"

The other voice calls:

"Why can't you keep this fool of a boat straight? Ask him when we shall be into the Sound of Iona."

One might as well ask him when we shall be into the Sound of Jericho or Jerusalem. With half a gale of wind right in our teeth, and with the heavy Atlantic swell running, we might labor here all day—and all the night too—without getting round the Ross of Mull. There is nothing for it but to turn and run, that we may have our breakfast in peace. Let her away, then, you brave John of Skye!—slack out the main-sheet, and give her plenty of it, too: then at the same moment Sandy from Islay perceives that a haul at the weather topping-lift will clear the boom from the davits; and now—and now, good Master Fred—our much-esteemed and shiftY Friedrich d'or—if you will but lay the cloth on the table, we will help you to steady the dancing phantasmagoria of plates and forks!

"Dear me!" says the Laird, when we are assembled together, "it has been an awful night."

"Oh, I hope you have not been ill!" says his hostess, with a quick concern in the soft, clear eyes.

He does not look as if he had suffered much. He is contentedly chipping an egg; and withal keeping an eye on the things near him, for the White Dove, still plunging a good deal, threatens at

times to make of every thing on the table a movable feast.

"Oh no, ma'am, not ill," he says.

"But at my time of life, ye see, one is not as light in weight as one used to be; and the way I was flung about in that cabin last night was just extraordinary. When I was trying to put on my boots this morning—I am sure I resembled nothing so much as a pea in a bladder—indeed it was so—I was knocked about like a pea in a bladder."

Of course we expressed great sympathy, and assured him that the White Dove—famed all along this coast for her sober and steady-going behavior—would never act so any more.

"However," said he, thoughtfully, "the wakefulness of the night is often of use to people. Yes, I have come to a decision."

We were somewhat alarmed: was he going to leave us merely because of this bit of tossing?

"I dare say ye know, ma'am," says he, slowly, "that I am one of the Commissioners of the Burgh of Strathgovan. It is a poseetion of grave responsibility. This very question now—about our getting a steam fire-engine—has been weighing on my mind for many a day. Well, I have decided I will no longer oppose it. They may have the steam fire-engine as far as I am concerned."

We felt greatly relieved.

"Yes," continued the Laird, solemnly, "I think I am doing my duty in this matter as a public man should—laying aside his personal prejudice. But the cost of it! Do ye know that we shall want bigger nozzles to all the fire-plugs?"

Matters were looking grave again.

"However," said the Laird cheerfully—for he would not depress us too much, "it may all turn out for the best; and I will telegraph my decision to Strathgovan as soon as ever the storm allows us to reach a port."

The storm, indeed! When we scramble up on deck again we find that it is only a brisk sailing breeze we have; and the White Dove is bowling merrily along, flinging high the white spray from her bows. And then we begin to see that despite those driving mists around us, there is really a fine clear summer day shining far above this twopenny-half-

penny tempest. The whirling mists break here and there; and we catch glimpses of a placid blue sky flecked with lines of motionless cirrus cloud. The breaks increase; floods of sunshine fall on the gleaming decks; clearer and clearer become the vast precipices of southern Mull; and then when we get well to the lee of Eilean-straid-ean, behold! the blue seas around us once more; and the blue skies overhead; and the red ensign fluttering in the summer breeze. No wonder that Mary Avon sings her delight—as a linnet sings after the rain; and though the song is not meant for us at all, but is really hummed to herself as she clings on to the shrouds, and watches the flashing and dipping of the white-winged gulls, we know that it is all about a jolly young waterman. The audacious creature: John of Skye has a wife and four children.

Too quickly indeed does the fair summer day go by—as we pass the old familiar Duart and begin to beat up the Sound of Mull against a fine light sailing breeze. By the time we have reached Ardtornish, the Laird has acquired some vague notion as to how the gaff topsail is set. Opposite the dark-green woods of Funeray he tells us of the extraordinary faculty possessed by Tom Galbraith of representing the texture of foliage. At Salen we have Master Fred's bell summoning us down to lunch; and thereafter on deck coffee, draughts, crochet, and a profoundly interesting description of some of the knotty points in the great Semple heresy case. And here again, as we bear away over almost to the mouth of Loch Sunart, is the open Atlantic—of a breezy gray under the lemon-color and silver of the calm evening sky. What is the use of going on against this contrary wind, and missing, in the darkness of the night, all the wonders of the western islands that the Laird is anxious to see? We resolve to run into Tobermory; and by-and-by we find ourselves under the shadow of the wooded rocks, with the little white town shining along the semicircle of the bay. And very cleverly indeed does John of Skye cut in among the various craft—showing off a little bit, perhaps—until the White Dove is brought up to the

wind, and the great anchor-cable goes out with a roar.

Now it was by the merest accident that we got at Tobermory a telegram that had been forwarded that very day to meet us on our return voyage. There was no need for any one to go ashore, for we were scarcely in port before a most praiseworthy gentleman was so kind as to send us on board a consignment of fresh flowers, vegetables, milk, eggs, and so forth—the very things that become of inestimable value to yachting people. However, we had two women on board; and of course—despite a certain bandaged ankle—they must needs go shopping. And Mary Avon, when we got ashore, would buy some tobacco for her favorite Captain John; and went into the post-office for that purpose, and was having the black stuff measured out by the yard when some mention was made of the White Dove. Then a question was asked; there was a telegram; it was handed to Miss Avon, who opened it and read it.

"Oh!" said she, looking rather concerned; and then she regarded her friend with some little hesitation.

"It is my uncle," she says; "he wants to see me on very urgent business. He is—coming—to see me—the day after to-morrow."

Blank consternation followed this announcement. This person, even though he was Mary Avon's sole surviving relative, was quite intolerable to us. East Wind we had called him in secret, on the few occasions on which he had darkened our doors. And just as we were making up our happy family party—with the Laird, and Mary, and Angus Sutherland—to sail away to the far Hebrides, here was this insufferable creature—with his raucous voice, his washed-out eyes, his cropped yellow-white hair, his supercilious manner, his bull-dog face, and general groom or butler-like appearance—thrusting himself on us!

"Well, you know, Mary," says her hostess—entirely concealing her dismay in her anxious politeness—"we shall almost certainly be home by the day after to-morrow, if we get any wind at all. So you had better telegraph to your uncle to come on to Castle Osprey, and to wait for you if you are not there;

we cannot be much longer than that. And Angus Sutherland will be there; he will keep him company until we arrive."

So that was done, and we went on board again—one of us meanwhile vowing to himself that ere ever Mr. Frederick Smethurst set sail with us on board the White Dove, a rifle-bullet through her hull would send that gallant vessel to the lobsters.

Now what do you think our Mary Avon set to work to do—all during this beautiful summer evening, as we sat on deck and eyed curiously the other craft in the bay, or watched the firs grow dark against the silver-yellow twilight? We could not at first make out what she was driving at. Her occupation in the world, so far as she had any—beyond being the pleasantest of companions and the faithfulest of friends—was the painting of landscapes in oil, not the construction of Frankenstein monsters. But here she begins by declaring to us that there is one type of character that has never been described by any satirist, or dramatist, or fictionist—a common type, too, though only becoming pronounced in rare instances. It is the moral Tartuffe, she declares—the person who is through and through a hypocrite, not to cloak evil doings, but only that his eager love of approbation may be gratified. Look now how this creature of diseased vanity, of plausible manners, of pretentious humbug, rises out of the smoke like the figure summoned by a wizard's wand! As she gives us little touches here and there of the ways of this professor of *bonhomie*—this bundle of affectations—we begin to prefer the most diabolical villany that any thousand of the really wicked Tartuffes could have committed. He grows and grows. His scraps of learning, as long as those more ignorant than himself are his audience; his mock humility anxious for praise; his parade of generous and sententious sentiment; his pretence—pretence—pretence—all arising from no evil machinations whatever, but from a morbid and restless craving for esteem. Hence, horrible shadow! Let us put out the candles and get to bed.

But next morning, as we find ourselves out on the blue Atlantic again, with Ru-na-Gaul lighthouse left far be-

hind, and the pale line of Coll at the horizon, we begin to see why the skill and patient assiduity of this amateur psychologist should have raised that ghost for us the night before. Her uncle is coming. He is not one of the plausible kind. And if it should be necessary to invite him on board, might we not the more readily tolerate his cynical bluntness and rudeness, after we have been taught to abhor as the hatefulest of mortals the well-meaning hypocrite whose vanity makes his life a bundle of small lies? Very clever indeed, Miss Avon—very clever. But don't you raise any more ghosts; they are unpleasant company—even as an antidote.

And now, John of Skye, if it must be that we are to encounter this pestilent creature at the end of our voyage, clap on all sail now, and take us right royally down through these far islands of the west. Ah! do we not know them of old? Soon as we get round the Cail-leach Point we descry the nearest of them amid the loneliness of the wide Atlantic sea. For there is Carnaburg, with her spur of rock; and Fladda, long and rugged, and bare; and Lunga, with her peak; and the Dutchman's Cap—a pale blue in the South. How bravely the White Dove swings on her way—springing like a bird over the western swell! And as we get past Ru-Tresh-nish, behold! another group of islands—Gometra and the green-shored Ulva, that guard the entrance to Loch Tua; and Colonsay, the haunt of the sea birds; and the rock of Erisgeir—all shining in the sun. And then we hear a strange sound—different from the light rush of the waves—a low, and sullen, and distant booming, such as one faintly hears in a sea-shell. As the White Dove ploughs on her way, we come nearer and nearer to this wonder of the deep—the ribbed and fantastic shores of Staffa; and we see how the great Atlantic rollers, making for the cliffs of Gri-bun and Burg, are caught by those outer rocks and torn into masses of white foam, and sent roaring and thundering into the blackness of the caves. We pass close by; the air trembles with the shock of that mighty surge; there is a mist of spray rising into the summer air. And then we sail away again; and the day wears on as the white-winged White

Dove bounds over the heavy seas ; and Mary Avon—as we draw near the Ross of Mull, all glowing in the golden evening—is singing a song of Ulva.

But there is no time for romance, as the White Dove (drawing eight feet of water) makes in for the shallow harbor outside Bunessan.

"Down foresail!" calls out our John of Skye; and by-and-by her head comes up to the wind, the great mainsail flapping in the breeze. And again, "Down chub, boys!" and there is another rattle and roar amid the silence of this solitary little bay. The herons croak their fright and fly away on heavy wing; the curlews whistle shrilly; the sea-pyots whirr along the lonely shores.

And then our good Friederich d'or sounds his silver-toned bell.

The stillness of this summer evening on deck; the glory deepening over the wide Atlantic; the delightful laughter of the Laird over those "good ones" about Homesh; the sympathetic glance of Mary Avon's soft black eyes: did we not value them all the more that we knew we had something far different to look forward to? Even as we idled away the beautiful and lambent night, we had a vague consciousness that our enemy was stealthily drawing near. In a day or two at the most we should find the grim spectre of the East Wind in the rose-garden of Castle Osprey.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.*

BY THOMAS HUGHES.

THE appearance of a new edition of Mr. Bigelow's "Life of Franklin" may be, we trust, the means of calling the attention of the reading public in England to a remarkable book, and of modifying in some respects the popular judgment of a more remarkable man. It has often struck us as strange that Franklin should never, in the last hundred years, have become popular in England—should rather, indeed, have been regarded with distrust, if not with dislike, even up to the present time. There is much in his career, as well as in his personal qualities and character, which appeals to popular instincts, and would have led one to expect a very different appreciation of the great New Englander. He was one of the class of self-made men, so indiscriminately honored by the British public; and a self-made man in the best sense, who had fought his own way to the front, not only without any advantages of birth or education, but with perfectly clean hands: in the moderate fortune he left behind him there was not a dirty shilling. Of the

remarkable group of Revolutionary leaders in the great struggle of the colonies, he was the only one in the first rank not gentle born: all the rest were of the gentry—Washington, Madison, and Jefferson, the sons of Virginian planters; Adams, Hamilton, and Jay, of leading New England and New York families—and all of them brought the highest culture the colonies could give to their great work. But Franklin's father (though of good yeoman stock in the old country, which he had left when quite young) worked still with his own hands at his trade of tallow-chandler in Boston, and took Benjamin, the youngest of his ten children, away from school at the age of nine to help him. One would have expected this fact to tell in his favor in England, where, though birth and privilege enjoy a superstitious reverence and immense advantages in the race of life, the deepest popular instincts are after all decidedly democratic. Then, again, he had all the qualities supposed to be most highly valued by Englishmen: he was an excellent son, husband, and father; moral and temperate from his youth up, but without a tinge of asceticism; scrupulously punctual and exact in money matters, but open-handed; full of courtesy, sagacity, and humor. He was probably

* *The Life of Benjamin Franklin, written by Himself.* Now first Edited from Original Manuscripts and from his Printed Correspondence and other writings, by JOHN BIGELOW. 3 vols. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

the most popular, certainly the most prolific author of his day. His paper was the most influential in America, and Poor Richard's sayings were in every one's mouth both there and in England. He published works of mark in natural philosophy, politics, political and social economy, morals and general literature. His discoveries and inventions ranged from the lightning conductor to cures for smoky chimneys—his ingenious speculations, from magnetism and ballooning to cheap cookery; and he gave every invention and speculation freely to the world, having never taken out a patent or claimed protection of any kind. He was a staunch free-trader, and an advocate for the rights of neutrals in war, and of the claim that free ships should make free goods. He was decidedly the most successful man of his day—a quality at least as devoutly worshipped in the nineteenth as in the eighteenth century. His position at Paris in the ten years from 1775 to 1785—first as one of three commissioners, afterward as minister plenipotentiary for the United States—was quite unique; and the figure, full of interest, of the old shopkeeper and journalist, in his plain suit and spectacles—ingeniously adjusted so that the upper half of the glasses served him in society, and the lower half for reading—wearing his own white hair in the midst of all the befrizzed and powdered courtiers of the *ancien régime*; a plain, outspoken Republican, not only holding his own, but the most popular man of the day with the royal family, the aristocracy, the ministers (except Chancellor Necker, who had to find him money for subsidies and warlike supplies); an honored member not only of the Academy and every Continental learned society of note, but of the Royal Society of England, with whose leading members he was in friendly correspondence in spite of the war; of whom there were more medals, medallions, busts, and pictures than his biographer can count up, so that his face was the best known of any on both sides of the Atlantic—surely it is strange that so singularly attractive a figure should never have fairly found its place of honor in the country of which he was all but born a citizen, where he spent thirteen of his best years, and with

whose foremost statesmen and learned men he was on affectionate intimacy up to the day of his death.

So, however, it has been, and though complete editions of Franklin's works and numerous biographies have been published, not only in America, but in France, Italy, and Germany, within the present century, one slight biographical sketch in *Chambers's Cheap Library*, and one article in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1806, remain the only notices which have issued from the English press of the greatest of American philosophers and diplomatists. To the English reading public, therefore, the stalwart historical figure which, in all its many-sided attractiveness and strength, is so well brought out in these volumes of Mr. Bigelow's, will be almost a stranger, though it is scarcely possible, we should think, that it will continue to be so. The book is not only of deep interest, but is a literary experiment of a novel kind. It consists first of the Autobiography written by Franklin for his son—comprising the first fifty years of his life, and here published for the first time from the original manuscript, of which Mr. Bigelow became possessed during his residence as minister of the United States in France; and secondly, of a history of the remaining thirty-five years, compiled, indeed, and edited by Mr. Bigelow, but really a continuation of the Autobiography, as it consists entirely of extracts from Franklin's diary, correspondence, despatches, and speeches, so that from beginning to end he is telling the story of his own life in his own words. In ordinary cases such an attempt must have ended in failure, but the extraordinary activity of Franklin as a correspondent with private friends, and the conscientious regularity and fullness of his public correspondence, have enabled Mr. Bigelow, with the help of a quite insignificant supplement in the shape of occasional notes, to sustain the interest of the narrative, and to give us a complete picture of Franklin painted by himself, in a book which we have no doubt is destined to remain a classic for all English-speaking people.

We propose here to consider, in such detail as our space will allow, the prejudices, political and religious, which have obscured Franklin's fame in England,

and upon which Mr. Bigelow's volumes throw a flood of light. The first are founded on the belief that Franklin, while resident in England and a civil servant of the Crown, was undermining the allegiance of the colonies and fanning their discontent, and that, above all, he was the one American commissioner who desired to humiliate England and to impose unworthy terms on her at the close of the war; the second on the belief that, while professing Christianity, he was in fact a sceptic, who veiled real hostility under a cloak of toleration and friendliness to all Churches and denominations.

First, then, as to the conduct of Franklin during the final negotiations for peace in 1782-83. In order to judge this fairly it is necessary to bear in mind what had happened in England years before when he was agent for the colonies. He came to England in 1757, as agent for Pennsylvania, with a European reputation as a man of science, and an English reputation as an able administrator who had made the Post-office in America a paying department, and soon obtained the confidence of the leading statesmen and politicians. One of his first acts was strong opposition to the contemplated abandonment of Canada to France at the end of the Seven Years' War. "No one can more sincerely rejoice than I do on the reduction of Canada, and this not merely as a colonist, but as a Briton. I have long been of opinion," he writes in January, 1760, "that the foundations of the future grandeur and stability of the British Empire lie in America; and though, like other foundations, they are low and little now, they are nevertheless broad and strong enough to support the greatest political structure that human wisdom ever erected. I am therefore by no means for restoring Canada. If we keep it, all the country from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi will in another century be filled with British people. Briton itself will become vastly more populous by the immense increase of its commerce; the Atlantic will be covered with your trading ships; and your naval power, thence continually increasing, will extend your influence round the whole globe, and awe the world." He

adds playfully that his correspondent (Lord Kames) will think these notions the ravings of a mad prophet. In the same earnest desire for the greatness and prosperity of the empire, he pleads, though with serious misgivings, after the commencement of the troubles seven years later: "Upon the whole, I have lived so great a part of my life in Britain, and have formed so many friendships in it, that I love it and sincerely wish it prosperity, and therefore wish to see that union on which I think it can alone be secured and established. As to America, the advantages of such an union to her are not so apparent;" and after speaking of the certainty of America's becoming populous and mighty "in a less time than is generally conceived," and able to shake off all shackles which might be imposed on her, and insisting that the seeds of liberty are universally found there, and nothing can eradicate them, he adds: "And yet there remains among that people so much respect, veneration, and affection for Britain that, if cultivated prudently, with a kind usage and tenderness for their privileges, they might be easily governed still for ages, without force or any considerable expense. But I do not see here a sufficient quantity of the wisdom that is necessary to produce such a conduct, and I lament the want of it."

So in his evidence before the Committee of the whole House of Commons on the Stamp Acts, in 1766, while declaring in the plainest terms that the colonies would never submit to pay the stamp duty unless compelled by force of arms, he urged that if aids to the Crown were needed, and were asked for in their own Assemblies according to old-established usage, they would be freely granted, and that the colonies had never murmured at having paid more than their fair proportion of the costs of the French war, because they esteemed their sovereign's approbation of their zeal and fidelity, and the approbation of this House, far beyond any other kind of compensation. If the Imperial Parliament desired the right to tax the colonies, it could only obtain it by admitting representatives from the people to be taxed.

His evidence on this occasion, besides causing the repeal of the Stamp Act

within a month, made him at once the most trusted man on both sides of the Atlantic. In the same spirit he worked on for years while the clouds were gathering more and more darkly, now warning the Assemblies not to use such expressions in their "public pieces as 'the supreme authority of Parliament,' and the like, which in reality mean nothing if our Assemblies with the king have a true legislative authority, and are too strong for compliment, as tending to confirm a claim of subjects in one part of the king's dominions to be sovereigns over their fellow-subjects, when in truth they have no such right;" now urging in them, in favor of maintaining the union, that were the general sentiments of England consulted, the terms asked would be at least equitable, for that, "except where the spirit of Toryism prevails, they wish us well and that we may preserve our liberties."

It was not, in fact, until 1774, on the eve of the outbreak of hostilities, that Franklin's position changed, and his hope of a reconciliation between England and the colonies gave way. No doubt a personal insult did much to weaken his efforts for peace during the last year of his English residence. He had become convinced that the irritation between the two countries was fanned by officers in the provinces, who reported falsely to the Home Government on the condition of affairs and the temper of the colonists; and he was confirmed in his suspicions by copies of letters from the Governor of Massachusetts and others which came to his hands. It is not known how these letters were obtained, as Franklin would never say any thing except that he came by them honorably. He sent them to the Assemblies, in the hope of lessening the breach between the two countries by showing that "the injuries complained of by one of them did not proceed from the other, but from traitors amongst themselves;" and their publication brought on him at once the bitter enmity of a host of powerful men in England. This broke out on the occasion of the presentation of the petition of Massachusetts for the recall of Governor Hutchinson. After long delay it was at last heard before the Privy Council at the Cockpit, Westminster, thirty-five lords being present.

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When the case for the petitioners had been opened by Dunning, Wedderburn, the Solicitor-General, replied for the Crown. After giving what he called a history of the province for the past ten years, full of abuse of the Assembly and praise of the Governors, he turned upon Franklin and poured out for an hour a flood of (to use Lord Shelburne's words) "scurrilous invective," encouraged by the thirty-five lords, "the indecency of whose behavior exceeded, as is agreed on all hands, that of any committee of election." He accused Franklin of being the cause of all the troubles, and in concluding compared the doctor to Zanga in the play of "Revenge," and quoting the lines,

"Know then 'twas I;
I forged the letter, I disposed the picture;
I hated, I despised, and I destroy."

ended his diatribe with, "I ask, my lords, whether the revengeful temper attributed by poetic fiction to the bloody African is not surpassed by the coolness and apathy of the wily American!"

In chapter viii., vol. ii., will be found Franklin's account to his Government of these transactions. That he felt and resented very keenly the insult to himself, and from this time took up a very different attitude to the English Government, is no doubt true. He was not the man to overlook personal slights, and no one could bide his time more patiently, or hit back harder when that time came. But, greatly to his credit, he did not even then allow his personal feelings to interfere with his duty as agent to the colonies, and he felt the rejection of the petition more on their account than his own. "What I feel on my own account," he writes, "is half lost in what I feel for the public. When I see that all petitions and complaints of grievances are so odious to Government that even the mere pipe which conveys them becomes obnoxious, I am at a loss to know how peace and union are to be maintained or restored between the different parts of the empire." And, though now thoroughly distrustful of the English Government and Parliament, he still continued to work for reconciliation so loyally as to bring on himself the suspicion of the Colonial Assemblies. He has to assure his constituents of the

falseness of reports that he is still in favor at Court and with the ministers. "I have seen no minister since January, nor had the least communication with them. The generous and noble friends of America in both Houses do indeed favor me with their notice and regard, but they are in disgrace at Court, as well as myself." These generous and noble friends did their best indeed to atone for the insolent folly of the Government. The greatest of them, Lord Chatham, sought out Franklin, before moving in the House of Lords on American affairs, to set his judgment by Franklin's, "as men set their watches by a regulator." "He stayed with me near two hours, his equipage waiting at the door" (in Craven Street); "and being there while people were coming from church, it was much taken notice of and talked of, as at that time was every little circumstance that men thought might possibly affect American affairs. Such a visit from so great a man on so important a business flattered greatly my vanity, and the honor of it gave me the more pleasure as it happened on the very day twelve months that the ministry had taken so much pains to disgrace me before the Privy Council." Lord Stanhope, by Lord Chatham's request, brought Franklin to the bar of the House of Lords when he introduced his plan for the conciliation of the colonies. In moving its rejection, Lord Sandwich declared he "could not believe it the production of an English peer. It appeared to him rather the work of some American; and, turning his face towards me, who was leaning on the bar, said he fancied he had in his eye the person who drew it up, one of the most bitter and mischievous enemies this country had ever known. This drew the eyes of many lords upon me, but, as I had no inducement to take it to myself, I kept my countenance as immovable as if my features had been made of wood." Notwithstanding the efforts of the Duke of Richmond, Lords Shelburne, Camden, and others, Chatham's plan was summarily rejected, leaving Franklin to moralize on the absurdity of such a body claiming sovereignty over three millions of virtuous people in America, when they seemed to have scarce discretion to govern a herd of

swine. "Hereditary legislators! thought I: there would be more propriety, because less mischief, in having (as in some university of Germany) hereditary professors of mathematics." Still, to the last he never allowed himself to neglect the least chance of accommodating the difficulties between the two countries. After the Boston tea-riots had for a moment brought the English Government to its senses, and induced them to reopen negotiations, he gave the most convincing proof of his loyalty as a friend of peace by offering (in the absence of instructions) himself to guarantee the payment of the value of the tea thrown into Boston harbor if the Massachusetts Acts were at once repealed, thereby risking his whole private fortune; while to the offers of the ministry, through Lord Howe, of immediate payment of the arrears of his salary, ample appointments for himself and his friends, and other subsequent rewards in consideration of his help in this crisis, his reply was, "I shall deem it a great honor to be in any shape joined with your lordship in so good a work, but if you hope service from any influence I may be supposed to have, drop all thought of procuring me any previous favors from ministers; my accepting them would destroy the very influence you propose to make use of: they would be considered as so many bribes to betray the interests of my country."

We cannot within our limits do more than thus indicate in outline the course pursued by Franklin in those critical years ending in March, 1775, when, on the eve of war, he returned to America, hopeless of any settlement except by arms, and resolved to throw in his lot with his own country, and to devote all he possessed of fortune, experience, ability to her service. The more carefully the record is scrutinized the more difficult will the situation appear, and the more trustworthy and able the man who filled it.

After eighteen months at home, during which he sat in the second Congress as delegate, assisted in the compilation of the Declaration of Independence, and presided over the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention, he went as envoy from the States to France, where he took up his residence at Passy, then a sub-

urb of Paris, and remained till the end of the war. Before starting he converted all his available property into money, and lent the proceeds to the Revolutionary Government, and did his best to open Lord Howe's eyes to the real position of affairs in the colonies. That nobleman had taken the command of the British fleet, with a commission to treat with the insurgents in hopes of bringing about a reconciliation. For effecting this he relied much on his old friendship with Franklin and the remembrance of the efforts they had made together in England for a like object. But Franklin, while giving him full credit for sincerity in his desire for peace and reunion, warns him that no peace except "as between distinct States now at war" will ever be accepted by the colonies. Such a peace might even yet be made if England would punish the governors who had created and fomented the discord, but he knows that Lord Howe has no power to offer, and that England in her abounding pride and deficient wisdom will not consent to such terms. "Her fondness for conquest as a warlike nation, her lust of dominion as an ambitious one, and her thirst for a gainful monopoly as a commercial one (none of them legitimate causes of war), will all join to hide from her eyes every view of her true interests. . . . Long did I endeavor, with unfeigned and unwearied zeal, to preserve from breaking that fine and noble china vase, the British empire; for I knew that, once broken, the separate parts could not even retain their share of the strength or value that existed in the whole, and that a perfect reunion could scarce ever be hoped for. Your lordship may possibly remember the tears of joy that wet my cheek when at your good sister's in London you once gave me hopes that a reconciliation might soon take place. I had the misfortune to find those expectations disappointed, and to be treated as the cause of the mischief I was laboring to prevent. My consolation under that groundless and malevolent treatment was that I retained the friendship of many wise and good men in that country, and among the rest some share in the regard of Lord Howe."

From December, 1776, to July, 1785, Franklin represented the colonies at the

French Court, proving himself a diplomatist of the first rank, and rendering his country, in her extreme need, services only second to those of George Washington. Within a few months of his landing he had roused in France an enthusiasm for the American cause which he was able to maintain through good and evil fortunes till the negotiations for peace. Deep as was the financial distress of France, and in spite of the opposition of Controller Necker, "who is not well disposed toward us, and is supposed to embarrass every measure to relieve us by grants of money," he obtained from that Government loans amounting to eighteen millions, besides free gifts from the king of at least twelve millions, "for which no returns but that of gratitude and friendship are expected," and a guarantee for the loan from Holland. He retained the confidence of the French Court and ministers, in spite of the importunity with which he had constantly to press for military and financial help, the efforts of jealous colleagues to undermine him, and of English friends (with whom he still corresponded) to wean him from the French alliance; and it was in great measure through his influence that Spain and Holland were brought into the alliance against England.

The delicacy of the position was such as to make it scarcely possible that accusations of unfaithfulness and insincerity should not be more or less plausibly made against the holder of it. As early as 1778, when the colonies were hardest pressed, emissaries from England were sounding Franklin as to a separate peace, and warning him to take care of his own safety. To one of these, Dr. Hartley, M.P., he replies characteristically: "I thank you for your kind caution, but having nearly finished a long life, I set but little value on what remains of it. Like a draper when one chaffers with him for a remnant, I am ready to say, 'As it is only the fag-end I will not differ with you about it: take it for what you please.' Perhaps the best use such an old fellow can be put to is to make a martyr of him." And again, in 1779, remonstrating with his old friend for thinking him capable of entertaining so base a proposal as the abandonment of the French alliance:

"It is worse than advising us to drop the substance for the shadow. The dog after he found his mistake might possibly have recovered his mutton, but we could never hope to be trusted again by France, or, indeed, by any other nation under heaven. . . . We know the worst you can do to us, if you have your wish, is to confiscate our estates and take our lives, to rob and murder us; and this, you have seen, we are ready to hazard rather than come again under your detested government. You must observe, my dear friend, that I am a little warm. Excuse me. It is over; only let me counsel you not to think of being sent hither on so fruitless an errand." This attitude of entire readiness to treat as an independent nation, but not to treat separately, and in the meantime to leave no stone unturned for strengthening the allies and confounding the enemy of his country, was held by Franklin with perfect consistency until, after the change of ministry and the return of his old friend Lord Shelburne to the Colonial Office in 1782, negotiations became for the first time serious, and a peace possible.

It is in regard to these negotiations that the prejudice arose against Franklin in England which has lasted till this day. He is supposed to have been vindictive and determined on forcing humiliating terms on England; to have shown unworthy suspicion himself of the English negotiators; to have instilled the same feeling into the minds of Messrs. Jay and Adams, his colleagues; and, lastly, to have been the cause of the ultimate refusal of all compensation to the loyalists, after having led the English Government to expect his assistance in this matter, upon which the king and Lord Shelburne laid the greatest stress.

It is only as to the last of these that any ground exists for the prejudice in question, and that of the flimsiest kind. Early in the preliminary negotiations, Mr. Oswald, Lord Shelburne's agent, asked Franklin for a copy of a paper of notes prepared by the doctor, upon which they had been conferring as to the conditions which might possibly be entertained. The copy was given, and contained the suggestion that so much of the Crown lands of Canada should be sold as would raise "a sufficient sum to

pay for the houses burnt by the British troops and their Indians, and also to indemnify the royalists for the confiscation of their estates." The copy had scarcely left his hands when Franklin repented this suggestion, and, in reporting the negotiation to his colleague, John Adams, he omitted a copy of these "notes," merely giving their substance, as "on reflection I was not pleased with my having hinted a reparation to Tories for their forfeited estates, and I was a little ashamed of my weakness in allowing the paper to go out of my hands." With the exception of this suggestion, which occurred in an informal conversation, there appears to be no ground for the belief that he ever did or said any thing to mislead the English Government; but from that time he became undoubtedly the sternest of the American commissioners in his refusal to consider the case of the loyalists, amongst whom was his own son.

The charge of unworthy suspicion of the English negotiators stands upon even more slender foundations. So long as the negotiations were in Lord Shelburne's department, and conducted by Franklin's old friend Oswald, nothing could have been more frank than his conduct, if somewhat hard. But in June, 1782, Mr. Grenville appeared at Paris as a commissioner sent by Fox, then Foreign Secretary, who claimed that the whole matter was in his department, and who was in open antagonism with Shelburne in the Cabinet on this and other questions. Under these circumstances greater reserve on Franklin's part was only natural. "We might get on very well with either of them," he writes, "though I should prefer Oswald. . . . Mr. Grenville is clever, and seems to feel reason as readily as Mr. Oswald, though not so ready to own it. Mr. Oswald appears quite plain and sincere; I sometimes doubt Mr. Grenville. Mr. Oswald, an old man, seems now to have no desire but that of being useful in doing good: Mr. Grenville, a young man, naturally desirous of acquiring reputation, seems to aim at that of being an able negotiator. . . . I apprehend difficulties if they are both employed." And as he apprehended, so it happened, and the negotiations made no progress till late in July, when, on Fox's retire-

ment from the Cabinet, Grenville was recalled, leaving behind him in Paris a Parthian shaft, in the shape of a report that Lord Shelburne was even yet opposed to the acknowledgment of independence. Under such circumstances the first duty of a commissioner would be reserve, and it was not overdone by Franklin.

Nor can he be fairly accused of having insisted on harder terms than his colleagues from his wish to humiliate England. When one remembers that he had obtained from Oswald, before any article had been agreed to, the indiscreet admission, "Our enemies have the ball at their feet," the wonder is that harder terms were not insisted on by him. But, in fact, Franklin never changed his ground, while his colleagues undoubtedly did so. It was Jay, not Franklin, who stood out for a preliminary declaration of independence from England—Jay and Adams, not Franklin, who were afterwards prepared to waive such a declaration, and even to negotiate separately, when they found that the French minister, De Vergennes, was not unwilling that England should delay the recognition of independence, and that Aranda the Spaniard was tracing maps of the future boundaries of the United States which his government was prepared to propose. It is true that the other commissioners had little or no communication with Versailles, and (as Mr. Fitzherbert informed Lord Shelburne) "not only distrust but are strongly distrusted by the Court, while Dr. Franklin keeps up (though perhaps in a less degree than formerly) his connection with the French minister, and on that account prevents his colleagues, with whom he has great influence, from persuading the American Congress to abandon their intimate connection with the Court of Versailles and place a due degree of confidence in Great Britain." All which means only that Franklin and Shelburne, both thoroughly upright and able men, were fighting a keen battle, the former to emphasize and perpetuate the alliance between his country and France, the latter to separate France and America, and to cement as close an alliance as possible between the mother-country and the new-born nation, now that reunion had become impossible.

That their friendship of a quarter of a century's standing suffered, is true, and much to be regretted; but there is nothing more honorable in either career than the part played by each of them in the negotiations which ended in the treaty of January, 1783. Looking back over the hundred years which have passed since their great work was achieved, both nations may be proud of the men who accomplished it; and we doubt if any Englishman who will take the trouble to study the record will rise from it with any feeling but admiration for the steady sagacity with which Franklin stood by the allies who—to serve their own purposes, no doubt, but still staunchly and loyally—had stood by the colonies in their long and arduous struggle for independence. On the other hand, he may cordially sympathize with Shelburne's estimate of "the dreadful price" which was to be offered to America for peace, and with his efforts to use that price as a means of separating America from France, and so of obtaining "not only peace, but reconciliation, upon the noblest terms and by the noblest means."

The prejudice against Franklin on religious grounds is more intelligible, but quite as unreasonable. He was suspected of being a Freethinker, and was professedly a philosopher and man of science; he was a friend of Tom Paine and other dreadful persons; he had actually published "An Abridgment of the Church Prayer-Book," dedicated "to the serious and discerning," by the use of which he had the audacity to suppose that religion would be furthered, unanimity increased, and a more frequent attendance on the worship of God secured. Any one of these charges was sufficient to ruin a man's religious reputation in respectable England of the last generation, but it is high time that amends were made in these days. Let us glance at the real facts. As a boy, Franklin had the disease which all thoughtful boys have to pass through, and puzzled himself with speculations as to the attributes of God and the existence of evil, which landed him in the conclusion that nothing could possibly be wrong in the world, and that vice and virtue were empty distinctions. These views he published at the mature age of

nineteen, but became disgusted with them almost immediately, and abandoned metaphysics for other more satisfactory studies. Living in the eighteenth century, when happiness was held to be "our being's end and aim," he seems to have now conformed to that popular belief; but as he came also to the conclusion that "the felicity of life" was to be attained through "truth, sincerity, and integrity in dealings between man and man," and acted up to his conclusion, no great objection from a moral or religious standpoint can be taken to this stage of his development. At the age of twenty-one he composed a little liturgy for his own use, which he fell back on when the sermons of the minister of the only Presbyterian church in Philadelphia had driven him from attendance at chapel. He did not, however, long remain unattached, and after his marriage joined the Church of England, in which he remained till the end of his life. What his sentiments were in middle life may be gathered from his advice to his daughter on the eve of his third departure for England: "Go constantly to church, whoever preaches. The act of devotion in the Common Prayer-Book is your principal business there, and if properly attended to will do more toward amending the heart than sermons. . . . I do not mean you should despise sermons, even of the preachers you dislike, for the discourse is often much better than the man, as sweet and clear waters come through very dirty earth. I am the more particular on this head as you seemed to express some inclination to leave our Church, which I would not have you do." As an old man of eighty, he reminded his colleagues of the National Convention (in moving unsuccessfully that there should be daily prayers before business) how in the beginnings of the contest with Britain "we had daily prayers in this room. . . . Do we imagine we no longer need assistance? I have lived now a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God rules in the affairs of men." Later yet, in answer to President Yates, of Yale College, who had pressed him on the subject, he writes, at the age of eighty-four, "Here is my creed: I believe in one God, the Creator of the universe;

that He governs it by His providence; that He ought to be worshipped; that the most acceptable service we render to Him is doing good to His other children; that the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this." These are his "fundamentals," beyond which he believes that Christ's system of morals and religion is the best the world is ever likely to see, though it has been much corrupted. As to the question of Christ's divinity, he will not dogmatize, "having never studied it, and thinking it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect soon an opportunity of knowing the truth with less trouble." To another friend he speaks with cheerful courage of death, which "I shall submit to with the less regret as, having seen during a long life a good deal of this world, I feel a growing curiosity to be acquainted with some other; and can cheerfully, with filial confidence, resign my spirit to the conduct of that great and good Parent of mankind who has so graciously protected and prospered me from my birth to the present hour." One more quotation we cannot resist; it is his farewell letter to his old friend David Hartley: "I cannot quit the coasts of Europe without taking leave of my old friend. We were long fellow-laborers in the best of all works, the work of peace. I leave you still in the field, but, having finished my day's task, I am going home to bed. Wish me a good night's rest, as I do you a pleasant evening. Adieu, and believe me ever yours most affectionately,—B. FRANKLIN."

As to his relations with Paine, they should have reassured instead of frightened the orthodox, for he did his best to keep the author of "The Rights of Man" from publishing his speculations. Franklin advises him that he will do himself mischief, and no benefit to others. "He who spits against the wind, spits in his own face." Paine is probably indebted to religion "for the habits of virtue on which you so justly value yourself. You might easily display your excellent talents of reasoning upon a less hazardous subject, and thereby obtain a rank amongst our most distinguished authors. For among us it is not necessary, as among the Hotten-

tots, that a youth, to be raised into the company of men, should prove his manhood by beating his mother."

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to add a word as to his revision of the Prayer-Book, now that the opinion of the Church—in England, at any rate—has come round to him. It is undoubtedly, even in these days of innovation, a somewhat startling document, and shows a disregard of authority and a pursuit of brevity and clearness which mark it as the production of the native of a young and busy community, with no fear of critics before his eyes and the habit of making straight for his goal.

In our endeavor to remove the prejudices which have in great measure hindered the English public from appreciating and enjoying Franklin's life and writings, we have been unable to do more than indicate the charm which runs through the whole of these volumes, and which should win them a very wide popularity. We allude to the genial, sturdy, humorous common-sense which, even more than his shrewdness, was the secret of his uniform success in the various and difficult tasks of his long career, from the founding of the first public library and the first fire-brigade in America, to the settlement of the terms of the Peace of 1782 with the ablest European diplomatists. We may conclude, however, with a specimen or two of his characteristic sayings, in the hope that they may lead our readers to the book. When his daughter writes to him for lace and feathers, amongst other articles, from Paris, he replies by sending every thing else, but declines to foster "the great pride with which she would wear any thing he sent," showing it as her father's taste, with "If you wear your cambric ruffles as I do, and take care not to mend the holes, they will come in time to be lace; and feathers, my dear girl, may be had in America from every cock's tail." "You are young, and have the world before you; stoop, as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps." "The eyes of other

people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses, nor fine furniture." "A rogue hanged out of a family does it more honor than ten that live in it." "If there be a nation that exports its beef and linen to pay for the importation of claret and porter, while its people live on potatoes, wherein does it differ from the sot, who lets his family starve and sells his clothes to buy drink?" His opposition to the creation of the Order of the Cincinnati in the States at the close of the war, and his suggestion that if "the Cincinnati go on with their project the badges should ascend to their fathers and mothers, instead of descending to their children, in obedience to the Fourth Commandment," is a delightful specimen of his method of preaching simplicity of life to his countrymen, but too long for quotation, as are the well-known papers on the "Whistle," and his "Conversation with the Gout," and "The Wreckers."

The ideal American, as he has been painted for us of late, is a man who has shaken off the yoke of definite creeds, while retaining their moral essence, and finds the highest sanctions needed for the conduct of human life in experience tempered by common sense. Franklin is generally supposed to have reached this ideal by anticipation, and there is a half-truth in the supposition. But whoever will study this great master of practical life in the picture here painted by himself, will acknowledge that it is only superficially true, and that if he never lifts us above the earth or beyond the domain of experience and common-sense, he retained himself a strong hold on the invisible which underlies it, and would have been the first to acknowledge that it was this which enabled him to control the accidents of birth, education, and position, and to earn the eternal gratitude and reverence of the great nation over whose birth he watched so wisely and whose character he did so much to form.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.*

BY M. FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :—In addressing a public before whom I have the honor to appear for the first time, I ought to speak of the emotion I feel, and, at the same time, solicit your indulgence. Such is the usual exordium of lecturers when making their *début*. But the truth is, I am not moved in any way, and do not feel the shadow of a fear. It is your fault if I express this unwonted confidence, and you have only yourselves to thank for it. The fact is that, ever since I landed on the hospitable shores of England, I have met with so much courtesy, kindness, and attention—a cordiality so frank and so obliging—that, in speaking to you, I feel as if I were addressing my friends at home rather than my hosts abroad. Hence I do not think it necessary to solicit an indulgence which I feel sure you have already granted to me.

I am about to speak to you of the Comédie Française and its organization, and particularly the latter point, for it is the organization of that institution which constitutes its power and greatness. It is, in fact, owing to that organization that it is able to-day to lay before your eyes the imposing and marvellous sight it offers to the world.

The Comédie Française took possession of the Gaiety Theatre a few weeks ago, and during this lapse of time a fresh bill has been issued every day, and every night a series of new plays submitted to your judgment. This ever-changing variety will continue to the end of its stay in London. The Comédie Française intends to remain here for forty-five days, and its programme comprises forty-three plays. These forty-three pieces constitute only a small portion of its *répertoire*. Thus, although four or five of the dramatic masterpieces of Corneille are constantly played in Paris, only one, the *Menteur*, a comedy, has been selected for representation here; Racine also is represented by only

one tragedy; from Molière three or four comedies have been chosen, while Regnard and Beaumarchais supply but one work each—the *Joueur* and the *Barbier de Séville*. The names of Lesage and Marivaux are altogether absent. Coming lower down, Scribe, who contributed so much to the Comédie Française, is likewise absent; and as to contemporary dramatic authors, we shall see with regret what an amount of dramatic treasure the Comédie Française, has been obliged to leave aside.

The *répertoire courant*—that is to say, the pieces which the company can play at any moment, all the parts being known beforehand, without any other preparation than one of those summary rehearsals known in the language of the French green-room as *raccords*—its *répertoire courant* includes about one hundred plays, out of which the manager can choose as he likes. A single order to the storekeeper, a notice posted up in the green-room, is all that is required: the same night the scenery is ready, all appurtenances in order, and the actors at their posts.

Need I tell you that all the plays are acted with remarkable *ensemble*? You have been able during the past fortnight to ascertain this fact by your own experience; and I find by your papers that it is precisely the perfection of that *ensemble* which has most deeply struck the theatrical critics of the English press. At the Comédie Française the most insignificant parts are filled up, if not by first-class actors, at least by persons who have already studied long and know their business. In plays like *Hernani* and *Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle*, for instance, in which, as you may have seen, there are a certain number of very secondary personages, some of whom have but a few words to utter, while others say nothing at all, these obscure parts, instead of being given up to common supernumeraries engaged for the night, are filled either by young actors who have their trial to go through, or by old actors who have no other talent but their perfect knowledge of the

* An address delivered at the Gaiety Theatre; afterward written down by M. Sarcey and translated by M. Barbier for *The Nineteenth Century*.

boards—in short, by actors who form part of the company, and who are thoroughly acquainted with the traditions and manners of the house.

Such a numerous and homogeneous company in possession of such a vast *répertoire* is a most singular phenomenon, and one well worthy of arousing your astonishment. There are, no doubt, in all the great towns of Europe, and especially in London, theatrical companies in which some great actor may be found, like your Henry Irving, some striking individuality perhaps superior to the most eminent actors of the Comédie Française. But this is an exception, a kind of accidental occurrence. Supposing you brought together for a season two or three great actors, they would no doubt offer very attractive entertainments, but they could not be compared with the Comédie Française, which possesses a *répertoire*, and which, to use the consecrated expression, *joue d'ensemble*.

So very true is this fact, ladies and gentlemen, that eminent Englishmen have often proposed to copy the organization of the Comédie Française, and to establish a similar institution in London, formed on the same model and worked according to the same rules. This idea is no doubt an enticing one: unfortunately it is next to impossible to realize it. If you wish to transplant an old tree, you must, in order to keep it alive, transport along with it the mass of earth in which the roots are embedded: both must be transplanted together and at the same time. In the same way, when it is sought to transport into one country some old institution which has been born and grown, and become great and strong, in some other country, it is necessary to transport along with it the manners and customs from which it derives its life, and all the traditions which create, as it were, a special atmosphere around it, and in the midst of which it can alone be grown. This process is an impracticable one. There is, besides, one element over which we have no command, and that is time.

Certain nations have tried to borrow from you, and to acclimatize in their own country, the parliamentary form of government which it was your glory to be the first to establish in Europe.

Nothing was easier than to copy your constitution, to regulate, according to the model furnished by yourselves, the respective rights and duties of the different powers of the State toward one another. But it was not possible to import at the same time the long experience and practice you have had of that constitution, the manners and traditions which form around it a rich soil in which its roots are so firmly and deeply planted—the inviolable respect of the Crown for the rights of Parliament, and the feelings of deference and love for the Crown—the loyalty, in a word—which distinguish the English people. Certain other nations may have assumed all the apparatus, all the outward forms of parliamentary government, but they have lacked the guiding spirit which should animate it, the traditions which support it.

Tradition alone constitutes the power of the Comédie Française. In order, therefore, thoroughly to understand this ancient institution, it is necessary not so much to study the rules by which it is at present governed, as the whole of the customs and traditions from which it has gradually risen. The cause of its glory can be fully understood only by searching its past history and studying it from its very beginnings.

II.

A child, on his birth, brings into the world a certain number of natural dispositions, which, on being developed later by education, will contribute to give the man a character of his own, and tend to form his individuality. Just in the same way there stand, at the origin of all old institutions, one or two initiative facts which gave them a distinctive character, and which regulated their ulterior development. It is necessary to find out and bear these facts in mind, for they are the key to the whole history of an institution.

Two such facts stand at the origin of the Comédie Française. Both contributed to give it a certain shape and to lead it in a certain direction; the influence of both has acted through centuries, and is still felt to-day.

What are these primordial facts?

Any of you who visited the Paris Exhibition last year may have seen, in

the room devoted to the history of the stage, an extremely curious old engraving. It represents a dozen or so actors, wearing their costumes, standing round a table lit up by a candle. He who appears to be the chief is counting out money and dividing it into parts. The engraving is entitled *Après la représentation*.

Such was, in fact, what used to take place. Every night, after the performance, all who belonged to the company, from the manager down to the lowest supernumerary, met together to reckon up the receipts. The total sum was then divided into parts—twelve parts was the number, if I remember right. One actor would receive the whole of a part; another was entitled to half a one; another would get only one fourth; each according to his importance, merit, and labor, until the whole of the twelve parts were distributed. Thus Molière, the head of the company, received one part in his capacity as manager, and a second one in his capacity as author and actor. It was a kind of co-operative society, which appointed its own manager, and in which every member could be a manager in his turn. This mode of sharing the profits, which certain economists of the present day are trying to adapt to trade and commerce, was put in practice in the first instance by humble actors. It has, with one exception, disappeared from all theatres, where now the director is a kind of foreman or master, and the actors so many paid workmen. It has, however, happily been preserved at the Comédie Française, which has always been, and is still, a society in which all the shareholders are equal, though possessing different rights.

This is the first of the two primordial facts I alluded to a few minutes ago. The other will not be so easily understood by you, because it is singularly repugnant to English minds. And yet I must ask you to listen to it and to admit it.

In France, under the old *régime*, nothing could be published without a special authorization of the king. It was a privilege: *cum privilegio regis* are the words which stand on all our old editions. If it were not possible to publish a book without the permission of

the king, how much more difficult must it have been to open a theatre and act plays without the said permission! The king granted, according to his good pleasure, the privilege to act a certain play in a certain place.

Now privilege means favor, and he who graciously grants the favor is perfectly entitled to enact in return the conditions he pleases. The king who permitted a company to give performances naturally reserved to himself the right to demand that the performances should suit his taste. He would watch over and direct them, and limit them to a certain ideal which he thought to be the best. He was entitled to do this by virtue of the privilege he had granted, and also by virtue of the favors which he was wont to shower on faithful and obedient companies. He sent for them to court, and, on their leaving, loaded them with rich presents. Sometimes he put them down on his private pension list, and paid them a pension every quarter. To-day this would be called a subvention.

Thought, however, even in France, is now emancipated, and the theatre is free like the printing-press. But the sovereign—or, if you like it better, the Government—still subventions certain theatrical undertakings, and, like everybody who invests money in a concern, has always the right to examine what use is made of the sum granted. Government, therefore, keeps a right to interfere in these undertakings, and it is thus that the Comédie Française, which, at its origin, owed its existence to the king, since it received from him first a privilege and then a pension, is still, owing to the subvention it gets from the State, under the hand of Government.

Here, then, we have two principles before us: the republican principle, since a co-operative society is, according to the formula laid down by one of our most eminent public writers, the government of all by all; and the monarchical principle, since the king in former times and the Government to-day has the right to interfere in the affairs of the society, and to impose his sovereign will on it. One might reasonably imagine that two principles so opposite would either exclude or destroy each other. Well, such is not the case; on the con-

trary, it is by the action and counteraction of these two principles, always struggling against each other and yet always united, that this great institution, the Comédie Française, has been formed. We find them at its origin; we can follow their influence as the institution developed itself; to-day they are still contending to get possession of it, and it is that very contest which keeps it alive, for life can only be found where contrary forces struggle and harmonize with one another.

We may discover these same two principles at the origin of all theatres established under the Monarchy. And yet how is it that only one of them, the Comédie Française, has survived?

It is because that theatre had the good fortune to have Molière for its founder and first master. When Molière came to Paris in 1658, a humble author of unknown farces and an obscure comedian, after having completed one of those provincial tours so amusingly described by Scarron in his *Roman Comique*, there were already two theatres in Paris in a flourishing condition: L'Hôtel de Bourgogne, which was the king's theatre, and Le Théâtre du Marais, where pantomimes were acted. Who would have imagined that the newcomer would so very soon outdo its rivals? The fact is, Molière was not only, next to your Shakespeare, or rather by the side of Shakespeare, the greatest dramatic writer that ever existed; he was also a clever administrator, an unequalled stage manager, and an honest man, of large mind and warm heart, adored and respected by his little company, which closely gathered round him like a living organism of which he was the soul.

When he died, in 1673, the little company which he had kept united together was on the point of breaking up, and the future Comédie Française appeared doomed. One of the best actors of Molière, La Thorillière, went over to the enemy's camp—that is to say, joined the Hôtel de Bourgogne. Other defections less important followed. So great an ingratitude toward such a glorious name cannot fail to astonish us. The truth is, Molière was not looked upon by his contemporaries as he is by the present generation. He was not yet

transformed into a kind of demi-god. Nobody is a great man during his lifetime, or immediately after his death: time alone completes great men, just as time transforms certain works into masterpieces.

Yes, it is undeniable that time has a great deal to do with the formation of *chefs-d'œuvre*. Every generation that passes before a work of genius looks at it from a different point of view, and finds in it new beauties which henceforth remain indelibly attached to it. Time enriches these works with the progress it has made, with the fresh ideas, feelings, and knowledge it has acquired, and it is thus, after the lapse of two long centuries and a half, that we now find concentrated in *Tartuffe* every kind of social, moral, and religious hypocrisy, as we find every species of jealousy in *Othello*; it is thus that these characters, enriched daily with the new forms of feeling unceasingly experienced by humanity, assume colossal proportions, and that the poets, who created them, are raised in the eyes of the world to heights of prodigious greatness. Homer perhaps is the greatest poet of all only because he is the oldest, and because three thousand years have labored in his behalf, and made his statue a gigantic one.

We may feel indignant at the thought that the woman to whom Molière bequeathed his name could have changed that glorious name for that of an obscure actor. But we must remember that Molière, in the eyes of his contemporaries, was only a writer of comedies; they did not see in him the great man that centuries have made him for us. His memory was not sufficiently imposing to restrain his old companions from deserting him. There was only one exception, and his humble name deserves to be recorded in history, for it was unquestionably he who saved the Comédie Française, and, next to Molière, was the real founder of that institution. His name was Lagrange. He was not an actor of great talent, neither had he much intelligence, but he had loved Molière seriously and deeply. If his mind was not large enough to understand the greatness of his genius, he at least felt it in his heart, and he repeated unceasingly to his comrades

the words of the humble and the lowly : " Let us love each other in him and through him." The Comédie Française recently gave this honest man a magnificent proof of its gratitude : it published in a rich form the diary in which Lagrange daily entered the most minute events of the life of Molière's *troupe*.

Thanks to him, the company remained united before the public, while the Hôtel de Bourgogne struggled to regain the lead in the theatrical world. The two rival companies fought a hard, and, it must be added, an unsuccessful campaign. The king resolved to blend them into one. Had he joined Molière's *troupe* to that of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, it is probable that the destiny of the Comédie Française would have taken a different direction. It would have been deprived of that fixed and luminous star, of that lighthouse which has always guided its way through the rocks and shoals of revolution—the name of Molière. But it pleased Louis the Fourteenth, who had always protected Molière and made great use of him, to cast the remnants of the company of the Hôtel de Bourgogne into Molière's *troupe*. This fusion took place in 1680. Henceforth there was but one company—the *troupe* of the king. The Comédie Française was definitively established. We, in France, love to call it *La Maison de Molière*, and that glorious name it fully deserves.

Thanks to the fusion, the *répertoires* of Corneille and Racine were added to that of Molière. It is true that Molière, out of respect for the great Corneille, had played some of his tragedies which the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne had rejected. But these tragedies, the work of his old age, were not his best. The great and immortal *chefs-d'œuvre* of the poet were the property of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, as was also the *répertoire* of Racine, who, after having been guilty of a petty meanness toward Molière, had quarrelled with him and given his tragedies to the rival actors.

It was a singular fortune, and this happened only once during the lapse of centuries, that three men of genius, very different in character, although nearly equal in talent, should have lived almost at the same time. These three men had written a number of great

works, which constituted for the stage a *répertoire* the like of which for richness and beauty has never been excelled. This *répertoire* was an inestimable treasure and an exhaustless resource to the *troupe du roi* ; for it furnished it with first-rate material to depend upon in times of scarcity ; and even now, when we have had literary seasons to go through, we have recourse to this *répertoire* to satisfy the public curiosity when it is tired and weary of novelties.

III.

Such is the starting-point of the organization of the Comédie Française.

The Comédie is a society, or, should you prefer another expression, a republic, which governs itself. Rome elected two consuls every year ; the Comédie Française elects two chiefs every week, who are styled *semainiers*. Each member is a *semainier* in his turn. The *semainiers* on duty draw up the bills of performance, preside over the rehearsals, and distribute the profits ; in short, they are the captains of the vessel. The engagement of actors and the reception of pieces take place at a general meeting of the society.

The king appointed two or four commissioners to preside or to watch over the company ; these commissioners, called *les gentilshommes de la chambre*, had for their duty to enforce the views or taste of the king, and to defend his interests. And what were their rights ? Exactly the same as those which the company now exercises, either by itself as a body, or by the medium of its *semainiers*. They could make engagements, accept pieces, impose their programmes, and interfere with every thing concerning the theatre. Such were their rights, and they constantly used them.

But where did the respective limits of these two rival powers end ? As regards limits, there were none very precise. On one side, as on the other, there was no law to go by. If there were written rules, nobody knew them, or at least paid no attention to them. Conflicts arose constantly and filled up the whole of the history of the French stage during the eighteenth century. However, the rival parties generally managed to come to an arrangement. How I can hardly explain, except by comparing the process

with the English way of settling difficulties—that is to say, by relying more on common sense and custom than on the technicalities of the law, and by making mutual concessions in accordance with public opinion. For do you imagine that public opinion has had nothing to do with the affairs of the Comédie Française? No, you cannot think so. The public has been a third power which joined the other two and became the regulator of them. It has played a great part in the history of the Comédie Française, and it has been one of the most active elements in its final organization. It deserves, therefore, a few words of notice.

Under this name of public or audience, we must not imagine the international crowds which, at the present day, congregate within the theatres of Paris and London. The public to-day is unquestionably a public—there is no other term to describe it—but it is a public devoid of homogeneity, a compound of individuals who do not know one another, who have no ideas in common, who cannot respond to the same feelings. The public of former days was a real public. On one side were the lords who met again at the theatre in the evening after having seen each other at court all day long; on the other side were the well-to-do *bourgeois* of old Paris, who having closed their shops and done with their business for the day—and at that time, when people did not lead the kind of feverish life we lead nowadays, shops were closed early, and business did not strain the mind—repaired to the play to enjoy their favorite pastime.

The stage in France is a national and especially a Parisian pleasure. Molière, Regnard, Beaumarchais, Voltaire, Scribe, and many other less celebrated dramatic authors, were born within sight of the walls of Paris. Everybody in Paris is fond of the play, and is a good judge of it. Even at the present moment, when this passion is not so strong as it used to be, many a young man will go without his dinner in order to treat himself to the play. How many will stand for three or four hours together at the doors of a theatre, in the midst of rain or snow, to see the piece *en vogue*! Every thing that relates to dramatic literature is warmly discussed, and there

is not a woman, however imperfectly educated she may otherwise be, who is not capable of giving expression to her opinions on theatrical matters, with a knowledge of the subject sometimes astonishing. Every soil has its own peculiar virtues: in the same way every nation has its own peculiar aptitude:

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra . . .
Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento.

The passion of the French is the stage. The Parisian *bourgeoisie* was enraptured with it. Yet, at most, thirty or forty thousand persons went usually to the theatre, and out of this number only five or six thousand were regular frequenters. Hence a new piece, after about thirty performances, had exhausted the public interest, and fifteen to twenty performances were considered a fair success. I will not venture to say that all these fanatics of the theatre were acquainted one with the other; but they had received the same education, they knew the *répertoire* so well that they could have prompted an actor in distress, they were imbued with the same feelings, and formed those compact and homogeneous audiences, the members of which understood each other perfectly, and by so doing laid down the law of the stage: for, after all, he who pays has a full right to be the master.

The quarrels which divided the actors among themselves, and the actors from the *gentilshommes de la chambre*, were known to these audiences, not by the papers, for there were none, but by the conversations in the *cafés*, and by those numerous imperceptible voices which escape from behind the scenes. They knew that *Messieurs les Gentilshommes* had, in spite of the unwillingness of the committee, engaged such or such an actress, who pleased one of them. The audience, in consequence, revolted *en masse*, unless, by chance, the favorite of the court people turned out to be a true artist, and, in this case, they took part against the committee and forced them to give way. However intelligent and discerning it was, the public had none the less its moments of error and passion; in such a case the actors and the *gentilshommes* united to resist, and, if they held out long enough, they gained

the day precisely because reason was on their side.

If you glance over the annals of the Comédie Française, you will find that the whole of its history is a long series of quarrels and conflicts between the republic of the actors, the personal government of the *gentilshommes de la chambre*, and that third power, the public, who had no other weapons to fight their battles with but their whistles and hisses.

This public was a jealous and vigilant guardian of tradition. It no doubt accepted the innovations of writers and actors, but it was fond of rules, and reminded the actors of them when they showed signs of departing from them. It was, in fact, the public that made the education of the actors; it placed under their eyes the models of past times, insisting that they be followed; so that in the composition and interpretation of pieces there was no sudden rupture of continuity.

It was thus that the Comédie Française passed through the brilliant eighteenth century, adding to the *répertoire* of its immortal founders an immense number of works, some of which are veritable *chefs-d'œuvre*, while others, less important, form what is called, in theatrical parlance, *le répertoire de second ordre*. Before leaving this subject, let us stop for a moment and consider a circumstance which it is essential to point out, because it has contributed in a great measure to the formation of this *répertoire*, whether of the first or second order.

You have perhaps noticed that, among the great pieces laid before you by the Comédie Française, several small pieces have slipped in; some are simply *vaudevilles* and others mere farces. Perhaps you have not well understood how *La Maison de Molière* could stoop to such small works. It is because, as I have already pointed out to you, and cannot repeat too often, every thing at the Comédie Française is linked with tradition.

As there was formerly but one theatre in Paris which, by virtue of the privilege granted it, alone had the right to give dramatic performances, it was bound to open its doors to pieces of all kinds. In consequence, you will find

in the *répertoire* of Molière, by the side of great five-act pieces, *bouffonneries* which in our days would be acted at the Variétés and the Palais-Royal—for instance, the *Médecin malgré lui* and the *Mariage forcé*, not to mention any others. But, as the Comédie Française assumed more importance in the world of letters, it was obliged to put on a graver tone; it appeared offensive to hear the language of Tabarrin on the same stage where, on the previous night, the dignified alexandrines of Corneille had been heard. An incident of Parisian life in the eighteenth century rendered the contrast still more striking.

Every year in Paris two fairs used to be held on public places, which were deserts then, but which are now covered with houses. The more celebrated of the two was the St. Laurent fair, and the older the St. Germain fair. Mountebanks repaired thither in great numbers, and among them were a few stage managers. These impresarios of the booth came into contact with two privileges: if they desired to make their actors sing, they had the Opéra down on them, for the Opéra alone had the right to charm the ears of the Parisians; if they contented themselves with mere dialogues, they came across the Comédie Française, which prohibited them, in virtue of its prerogatives, the right of exhibiting speaking characters.

But in France, the classic land of privileges, it must be said that privilege has never been favorably regarded by the public. The people has always taken the side of free competition. Is this feeling one of justice, or is it merely a love of finding fault? I will not attempt to decide. In any case, the humble managers of the booth theatres found in the public a benevolent ally as witty as it was noisy. The censorship forbade these strolling companies to indulge in dialogues; so they resorted to mere gestures, while a voice behind the scenes recited the piece as it went on, and the audience applauded enthusiastically. When the moment came for singing a couplet, a great placard was suddenly hoisted in front of the public, on which were written the words and music of the song, and the audience sang the forbidden air, while the actors mimicked the words. The authorities

added prohibition to prohibition, but it was all in vain; a thousand ingenious ways of evading them were always found; so they had to retreat, and to allow new theatres to be established with privileges which permitted them to play pieces of an inferior class.

From that moment the Comédie Française closely confined itself to what are called the serious class of pieces. But, as long as lasted this little war, which amused the eighteenth century so much, and the history of which would take up a whole volume, the Comédie had followed in the track of Molière; it had mixed up farces, comic ballets, and even rhyming burlesques with great works. The tradition was founded; it has been preserved. In addition to certain *bouffonneries* of the classic *répertoire*, the Restoration and the times that followed it up to the present day have taken advantage of this liberty to produce at the House of Molière light pieces like the *Petit Hôtel* of Meilhac and Halévy, which was played before you the other day, and gay little comedies, bordering on farce, like the *Voyage à Dieppe*, in which I have seen *le père Provost* and Got many a time.

Another tradition was created by this quarrel between the Comédie Française and the secondary theatres. It was weak and timid at the beginning, but it has extended considerably of late years, and has become almost a dogma. The time came—(I do not give the precise dates, neither do I enter into details, as it is less a history of the Comédie Française, than an explanation of the customs and prejudices on which it is founded, that I attempt to give here)—the time came when the pieces of a secondary class, which flourished in the booths of the fair, were received officially on the stage of the Italiens, which had just been dispossessed of its Italian *bouffes*, France having gradually forgotten their language, and fashion having deserted them. A number of ingenious, elegant, and witty authors wrote for this new theatre several charming works, which were very successful; among these authors I may especially mention Marivaux and Favart.

The Comédie Française borrowed from this new *répertoire* some of its prettiest works. For instance, *Le Jeu*

de l'Amour et du Hasard, which has been created at the Italiens by the beautiful and celebrated Sylvia, was transplanted to the *Maison de Molière*, to please an actress who was famous at the time, and who thought she would shine in the principal character. The piece, having achieved a success, was placed in the *répertoire*, and is often played at the present time. It, however, betrays in some way its origin. The character of Pasquin requires a deal of burlesque acting which would appear little worthy of the Comédie Française, if we did not know that it first saw the light on the boards where the harlequin of the Italians gave himself up to the coarsest pantoonery. They have been kept on the austere stage of the Comédie Française, because tradition is every thing there.

During the past fifteen years the Comédie Française has practised more extensively than ever this tradition which Molière has described in the celebrated phrase: "Je reprends mon bien partout où je le trouve." It is thus that *Le Gendre de M. Poirier*, *Le Fils Naturel*, *Le Demi-Monde*, *Philiberte*, the *Marquis de Villemer*, and many more, have been added to the *répertoire*. The Comédie Française has become of late a kind of museum, where good pieces, brought out at no matter what theatre, finally receive their consecration, in the same way as the paintings, after having been exhibited during the life of the painter at the Luxembourg Museum, pass after his death into the Louvre to take rank among the *chef-d'œuvre* if it be thought they deserve that honor.

While the Comédie Française was forming for itself an admirable *répertoire* of plays, it was also gathering a marvellous collection of objects of art, statues, busts, and paintings, which might be called its *trésor*, in the same way as we say the *trésor de Notre-Dame*. Who does not know the *foyer* of the Comédie Française and the gallery which joins it? Who has not admired that superb marble where Molière—an ideal Molière, but no matter—seems to live again, and the pensive face of the aged Corneille, and that *chef-d'œuvre* of *chef-d'œuvre*, the inestimable jewel of the collection, the bust of Rotrou? Shall I speak of the statue of Voltaire sitting,

which is known to the whole world by the copies that have been made of it; and of the bust of the same Voltaire, which figures by the side of the statue? This Comédie Française, being a lasting institution, has been able, day by day, and seizing good opportunities, to enrich itself with these marvels of art, of which our Louvre might be jealous. The history of each of these works of art is known, as well as the way the Comédie Française got them. For this one the artist received a free admittance for life; that one was bequeathed to the house by a theatrical amateur; while others were offered by a member of the company, or given by the Government. Every half-century increases the splendor of this collection, and enlarges the library and the archives. The *Maison de Molière* is at one and the same time a theatre, a palace, and a museum.

IV.

All this—*répertoire*, company, collection of art, archives, and glorious mementoes—narrowly escaped destruction or dispersion in the great Revolution of 1789. Politics invaded the house, and divided the members into two hostile camps. The one clung to the old *régime* and Royalty; the other boldly espoused the new ideas. A schism was inevitable; it broke out. The Royalists remained faithful to the *salle* where the Comédie Française was then installed, and which is now the Odéon; the others came and established themselves in the Rue Richelieu, at the same spot where the *salle* of the Théâtre Français is now to be found. The dissidents were the more numerous, and, be it said, the most celebrated. At their head was the illustrious Talma, he who was to become the glory of tragedy under the First Empire. The public did not hesitate; they recognized in them the real heirs of Molière. Moreover, by one of those dictatorial measures in vogue at the time, the theatre on the left bank of the Seine was closed, and the actors who had not rallied to the Republic thrown into prison.

On the 9th of Thermidor there was a moment of inexpressible confusion. All the actors that formed the old company, each going his own way, were dispersed over various theatres. But this crisis was a short one, and in May, 1799,

they found themselves united together again in the *salle* of the Rue Richelieu. All the institutions of the past had fallen around them; they alone were left standing uninjured. It was still a republic governed by consuls elected for a week, and by their side was the sovereign represented by a commissioner of the Government. He loved the theatre, did the sovereign, who was no other than the First Consul. When he became Emperor, Napoleon the First interested himself in the house most deeply, and took a proud pleasure in providing a royal audience for his actors in ordinary. He felt the necessity of codifying the customs in virtue of which the Comédie Française was administered, and he issued the decree which is so celebrated in France under the name of *Décret de Moscou*. It was indeed from Moscow (1812) that the decree was dated. Napoleon, who had something theatrical and *charlatanesque* about him, did not dislike these contrasts and surprises, with which he thought to dazzle the imagination of posterity. It is useless to enter into the details of this new code; it merely consecrated old usages. The Comédie Française is still regulated by this code, although it has been modified by an ordonnance delivered in 1830, and by decrees issued in 1850 and 1857. But neither ordonnances nor decrees have changed the great features of the house, the only features that interest us in this sketch, and those great features were fixed by Napoleon in accordance with tradition. He only added one point which had its importance as regards the maintenance of the perpetuity of the Comédie Française through the course of ages. It had long been the custom that the actors, on retiring after long service, should receive a pension from their colleagues levied on the profits. But it was necessary to provide for the possibility of the company making no profits. Napoleon, besides the annual subvention he allowed to the Comédie Française, assigned a sum of 200,000 francs as a reserve fund to meet the deficit of bad years and to assure the regular service of the pensions. That measure was not useless, for the House of Molière had hard seasons to pass through.

Of the three elements which have co-

operated in the formation and development of the Comédie Française, we have already seen two at work. And the third? The public—that public of great lords and well-to-do *bourgeois* which I described a few minutes ago—that intelligent public, fond of theatrical affairs and jealous of artistic tradition.

The era of *gentilshommes* had passed, and they were no more spoken of. There were still some after the Revolution, but they no longer formed a separate body; they were mixed up with the great public, and, to use the expression of Charles the Tenth, they only had, like everybody else, their places in the pit. But the *bourgeois* public was found again, almost the same as we saw it a few minutes ago; they formed round the orchestra of the Théâtre Français a kind of aristocracy in the matter of taste. They were called the *habitués* because they went to the theatre every night; and when the actor, entering on the scene, perceived those long rows of bald and shining heads, on which the chandelier shed its rays, he was seized with a slight trembling. I saw the last remnants of this circle in my youth: to-day they have entered into the category of fossils. It was in talking with them that I learned all that I know about contemporaneous theatres, for they were nearly all educated persons, men of taste, who went to the play not to be seen, but to see.

But this public of the Restoration and the Monarchy of July committed a grave mistake. It did not, like its predecessors, hold the balance equal between the respect for tradition and the taste for novelty. It leaned too much towards the side of tradition, and nearly caused the ruin of the Comédie Française. It was natural that the great shock of the Revolution, followed by the magnificent Imperial epopee, should have its influence on literature and the stage—that authors and actors should display to generations, renewed by those prodigious events, new modes of thought and sentiment.

But there is nothing so tenacious as a literary taste. The public of *habitués* had in its childhood admired classic tragedies and comedies in verse, of which the *Misanthrope* and the *Femmes Savantes* are the most perfect models. It

would not admit of any thing outside these two consecrated forms being tried. It might be tired and weary of them, but it would not confess the fact, and gaped and yawned in secret. It rejected with horror every innovation as a scandal; and while in the field of literature that clamorous army known as the Romantic school arose, the Comédie Française remained obstinately closed to the new art, or, if the latter succeeded in breaking open the door, it was immediately hissed out again, and the *habitués* returned to sleep over the tragedies of the imitators of Campistron, who himself had imitated Racine.

What was the consequence of all this? The public—I speak of the great public, of that which was composed, as we say in these days, of the *nouvelles couches sociales*—no longer went to the House of Molière. It conceived such a deep hatred of the last copyists of Corneille, Racine, and Molière, that at length it got disgusted with the masters themselves. The Comédie Française had hard times to go through then. Receipts of from three hundred to a thousand francs were not rare at that period: the company rubbed its hands with joy when it had (to use the consecrated term) “passed the four figures,” that is to say, when the receipts amounted to more than a thousand francs. I have in my youth often seen classic works played by a company of eminent actors whose equals we do not possess to-day; altogether there were not more than a dozen of us in the pit, where the price of the places was not more than forty-four sous; the empty boxes looked like so many black holes in the wall; the stalls alone were filled; it was there where the *habitués*, most of whom paid nothing, gathered together.

If the Comédie Française had not been subventioned, if it had not been under the hand of the Government, it would have broken up at that epoch; for it did not cover its expenses, and each member of the company would have gained more money by playing in another theatre. But the members were kept together by the honor of belonging to a national institution, to the *Maison de Molière*, and by the certainty of a pension regularly paid at the end of their career.

Rachel alone could draw receipts in

those times. It was the great Rachel. But Rachel cost the theatre more than she ever drew, and she did more harm to art than she rendered it service. She would not become a *sociétaire* or member, because, once a member, she would have been obliged to share her profits with her fellow-members; she remained a *pensionnaire* (the "pensioners" are those who make their first appearance at the Comédie, and are pensioned until they become members of the house), because she could demand what salary she liked. The nights on which she played the receipts amounted to ten thousand francs, the whole of which went into her pocket. The next night the theatre was empty. Rachel, moreover, must be blamed for having imparted a factitious life to tragedy and for encouraging her admirers to struggle against the advent of a new art. She obstinately confined herself to a dozen rôles, in which she displayed incomparable power, and left imperishable souvenirs. She did not lend the assistance of her genius to any of the contemporary poets, or, if she did so, it was with regret, and without decisive success.

V.

It was after the Revolution of 1848 that more prosperous, if not more glorious days began to shine on the Comédie Française. The commissioners delegated by the Government to this republic of actors had already for some time been replaced by a general administrator. The names had been changed, but in reality the thing was the same. It was still the hand of the sovereign in the affairs of the Comédie. The rules which limit the action of the two powers are not more defined in the present day than they were two centuries ago. The amount of authority which falls to the general administrator depends on the *prestige* he enjoys. It is something entirely personal. He is the real master if he is capable and willing. I have known M. Arsène Houssaye in that post; he was master, but in such a clever and exquisite manner that nobody perceived it. M. Empis, on the contrary, acted the master in such a disagreeable way that he was removed. M. Thierry, who came next, exercised with all kinds of reticence, circumlocution,

and delays, at the same time appearing to give way, an influence which was for a long time preponderant. Finally, M. Perrin, of to-day, has charmed and overcome all resistance by the clearness of his views, the brilliancy of his conceptions, and, above all, by the renown of a successful and fortunate manager, which he had acquired in all his undertakings, either at the Opéra or at the Opéra-Comique. And his good luck has followed him to the Théâtre Français, for never since its foundation has the house made such large receipts. They vary from 6000 to 7000 francs. Hence the dividends shared every year by the *sociétaires* have become enormous. The *sociétaires*, beside the salaries they pay to themselves, last year had parts or shares which amounted to more than 40,000 francs. Add to this the supplementary expenses they allow themselves every time they play, or, as "weeklies," supervise the getting up of a piece, and you will see that a member entitled to the whole of one part gets from 60,000 to 70,000 francs per annum. Add again the fact that a portion of the profits has been deducted beforehand and turned into two parts, one part to increase the general fund, and the other to form for every *sociétaire* a little heap of money which he receives on the day of his retirement. It was thus that Bressant, when he took leave of the Comédie Française, received 80,000 francs in a lump; his retiring pension is, I think, 8000 to 10,000 francs a year.

It is easy to understand that so many advantages, apart from the honor of being able to put on your card the words, "*sociétaire de la Comédie-Française*," which gives a position in society, and which assures a certain consideration of which actors are all the more jealous that it was long refused to their calling—it is easy to understand that so many advantages possess an irresistible fascination for all young actors. There is not one that does not dream of entering the House of Molière one day, that does not make it the height of his ambition, and struggles with all his might and main to attain it. The high study of elocution would long since have been abandoned for the easier triumphs of the *vaudeville* and the *opérette*, if the House of Molière did not appear in the distance

offering its golden apples to candidates. No, you will never know how many unfledged Delaunays and Sarah Bernhards there always are on the streets of Paris, who work ten hours a day at the old *répertoire*, and who dine at restaurants at sixpence a head waiting for glory. They try to raise themselves to the height which the Comédie Française alone maintains in these days of decadence.

The decadence which affects all the theatres in Paris has not yet made itself felt at the Comédie Française, and yet of the three elements which have contributed to its success during centuries, one has already almost disappeared. There is no longer any public. The Parisian is swamped amid the multitudes which the railways daily turn out on the Boulevards, and which invade the *salle* of the Rue Richelieu every night. They prolong beyond measure the success of pieces, and force the actors to play them a hundred times running, thereby spoiling talents which cannot be renewed, and which have not opportunities enough to seek fresh strength in the great school of the classic *répertoire*. Their taste is neither delicate nor attentive. They neither instruct nor support the actor. This state of things, unfortunately, will only go on increasing, and I myself can see no remedy for it. It has not yet done much harm to the Comédie Française, which still presents a majestic aspect, and relies on the two principles which presided over its formation, and which have constituted its power. On one side, that *ensemble* of actors governing themselves and guarding the traditions. Do you know that between Got and Molière there are only seven or eight names of great actors? We have, so to speak, only to stretch out our hand to be able, across several generations, to find the first Mascarille. Got played a long time with Monrose, who had seen Dazincourt. Dazincourt appeared young by the side of Préville, already old. Préville had known Poisson, who is the last link of the chain up to Molière. In this way the tradition has been preserved alive from one great actor to another. One feels how such or such a *rôle* was played in the days of Molière, and when by chance the interpretation is changed by the caprice of an

actor, as happened in the case of Arnolphe, whose character was modified by *le père* Provost, that change forms a date, and the new tradition is established, unless the successors of Provost reject it. Here we see the distinctive mark of the Comédie Française, which unites to tradition a wise spirit of innovation, that corrects and harmonizes it to the tastes of the day, but at the same time, out of respect for tradition, it always puts the bridle on this taste for novelty. The history of the Comédie Française is only a perpetual compromise between these two contrary forces.

The administrator represents more especially the spirit of innovation. As he is always a man of influence and education, he brings with him into office personal opinions on art, and seeks to apply them. He therefore gives a stroke to the rudder which turns the ship into a new direction. He is disinterested, as the question of money does not affect him; or rather he has no other interest than glory. He does not, therefore, feel any desire to sacrifice art to big receipts. He is also above those petty rivalries, those mean jealousies, which often divide actors, and from which those of the Comédie Française are not more exempt than others. He puts an end to their quarrels sometimes by imposing his own will, sometimes by compounding dexterously with their passions. *C'est la lutte : donc c'est la vie.*

Such is it still, this majestic *ensemble* of traditions, which is called the Comédie Française. Every thing is there, as in great family houses, rich and solemn. The *employés* of it rest there till old age, and are proud of it. You will find ushers there so ceremonious that they appear as if they dated from the Great Monarch, and had formerly opened the doors to him. The box-openers know all the *habitués*, and salute them with a friendly smile. Costumers and assistants transmit their charges from father to son. The very forms which are used to reply to all who have anything to do with the Comédie smack of old times, and in every thing the Comédie says or does there is a politeness and generosity which is like a permanent homage to the memory of Molière.

I think you will forgive a Frenchman for this panegyric. You have enough of

other superiorities to admit with a good grace the glory of an institution which is wanting in your country. The people which is to-day at the head of the movement of contemporaneous philosophy, which has revolutionized the world of thought and science with the writings of

such men as Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Sir John Lubbock, and Evans, has nothing to envy in anybody. It is great enough to render justice to the merits of its rivals, and I thank you for having done so with so much courtesy and warmth of heart.—*Nineteenth Century*.

MECHANICAL CHESS-PLAYERS.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

It is a singular and not altogether pleasing circumstance, that whereas the advent of De Kempelen's so-called automaton chess-player was hailed in almost every European capital with unbounded plaudits, the far more ingenious and, to speak the truth, the far more honest mechanical chess-player which has been recently exhibited at the Aquarium, and is now playing excellent chess at No. 9 Strand, has received far less attention than it deserves. It would seem, indeed, from the praises accorded to Mephisto, as well as the criticisms passed upon his supposed deficiencies, that the true character of this mechanical chess-player has not been rightly apprehended by most of those who have expressed their opinions respecting his performances. It is especially to be noted that in two important respects Mephisto has the advantage of De Kempelen's chess-player. In the first place, Mephisto really is what the gentleman who has "raised" him (the expression may be understood at the reader's pleasure) asserts him to be, De Kempelen's chess-player most assuredly was not; and secondly, there was a concealed player in the supposed automatic structure (including figure, seat, table, and chest) which De Kempelen exhibited, whereas it is certain that there is no such player in either the figure, the seat, the table, or the chess-board (there is no chest) constituting the *tout-ensemble* of the display in the case of M. Gumpel's Mephisto. Add to this that in a mechanical sense the movements of Mephisto are simply perfect, while his play is of a very high class indeed, and it will be judged that he fairly deserves something like the enthusiastic recognition which was undeservedly accorded to De Kempelen's so-called automaton.

The history of De Kempelen's figure is so curious, and illustrates so well the points to which I now chiefly desire to draw attention, that it will be well to give a brief sketch of it in this place, the more so that, as I believe, few of the present generation have read the accounts which, half a century or so ago, were given in several publications respecting that clever deception.

In the year 1769 De Kempelen, a Hungarian gentleman then well known for his skill and ingenuity in mechanical matters, was invited by the Empress Maria Theresa to witness some magnetic experiments exhibited at the imperial court by M. Pelletier, a Frenchman. During the exhibition he casually mentioned that he thought he could exhibit far greater wonders than Pelletier had displayed. The Empress, a rather cleverer woman than most of her class, obtained a promise from De Kempelen that he would give an early proof that his boast was not an idle one. He kept his word with her, appearing at Vienna in the next year with his automaton chess-player. De Windisch, one of those who saw the figure as thus first exhibited—for afterward it was in some noteworthy respects altered—gives the following account of it:*

"I saw the inventor draw from a recess his automaton, fixed to a good-sized chest, and I could not, any more than others, help suspecting that this chest might contain a child, which, as I guessed from the dimensions of the case, might be ten or twelve years of age. But we were all confounded on seeing

* I have considerably abridged his very wordy account, which in full would occupy seven or eight pages of this magazine, and yet convey no more real information than the above abridgment.

De Kempelen turn up the garments of the automaton, pull forth the drawer, and open all the doors of the chest. Moving it about, thus opened, by means of the castors on which it is placed, he turned it in all directions, and permitted us freely to examine it all over."

Here follows a long account of his own and the spectators' bewilderment, which might all, save one episode, be included in the simple statement that they were thoroughly mystified. The exception is the case of one old lady, who "crossed herself with a devout sigh," and then "hid herself in a distant window, that she might no longer remain in a proximity so dangerous as that existing between herself and the demon she now fully believed must occupy the automaton."

The chest to which the figure was affixed is $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, 2 feet wide, and $2\frac{1}{4}$ feet high; and was, by means of castors, moved easily from place to place. Behind it was a figure the size of life, dressed in Turkish costume, seated upon a wooden chair, fastened to the body of the automaton.

The figure "leans its right arm on the table, holding a long Turkish pipe in the left hand in the attitude of a person who ceases to smoke. It plays with its left hand"—an oversight not discovered till the work was too far advanced for a change to be made. "When the Turk is about to play, M. De Kempelen takes the pipe from its hand. Before the automaton is a chess-board, screwed to the table, or upper surface of the chest, on which the eyes of the figure appear to be constantly fixed. M. De Kempelen opens the first door of the chest, and pulls out the drawer which is underneath. The chest is partitioned off into two equal parts, of which the left is narrower than the right. The left side, indeed, occupies scarcely one half of the length of the chest, and is filled with wheels, levers, cylinders, and other pieces of clock-work. In the division to the right are seen some wheels, some spring barrels, and a couple of horizontal quadrants. The remainder is filled with a carpet, a cushion, and a small board, on which are traced certain letters in gold. At a subsequent point of time, and prior to the automaton's commencing play, the inventor takes out

this casket, and places it on a side table. He does the same by the board of letters, which is finally placed on the chess-board after the game is played, to enable the automaton by these means to answer questions to be put to him." In the drawer of the chest are chess-men, and also a small box containing six small chess-boards presenting an ending of a game. These positions could be set up on the figure's own board, and he undertook (or M. De Kempelen undertook for him) to win each and every such game by force, whether playing with the red or white—a poor device, seeing that hundreds of such positions have been devised which an average player could retain in his memory, winning mechanically whether he took one side or the other.

Now follows an important part of Windisch's description—important, at least, as showing how thoroughly he and others were deceived by De Kempelen's ingenious devices. "M. De Kempelen," he says, "not only opens the front door of the chest, but also those behind; by which means all the wheels are clearly seen, so as to give the most perfect conviction that no living being could be hidden therein. To render this *exposé* more complete" (as Windisch supposed, but in reality for a quite different purpose) the constructor places a lighted paper in the interior of the chest, thus throwing light into its remotest corners. Finally he lifts the robe of the automaton, and throws it over his (the figure's) head, in such a manner as completely to show the structure of the interior, where also are seen only wheels and levers, which so entirely occupy the body of the automaton that room is not left to hide even a cat. The very trousers of the Turk are furnished with a small door, likewise flung open, to remove the slightest shadow of a doubt. But do not imagine, good reader, that the inventor shuts one door as he opens another. *The entire automaton is seen at the same time uncovered, the garments being also turned up, and the draw opened as well as all the drawers of the chest.* In fact, it is in this state he rolls it from place to place around the room, courting the inspection of the curious."

All this, in reality, was done to throw dust in the eyes of the "curious;" for,

as will presently be explained, the interior was not all shown at once, as it seemed to be. To proceed, however, with Windisch's description: M. De Kempelen then "shuts all the doors of the chest, and places it behind a balustrade, made to prevent spectators from shaking the machine, and also to keep clear for the inventor a rather spacious place, in which he occasionally walks, approaching the chest at times on the right or left side, but without touching it until it is time to wind up the springs."

... M. De Kempelen places the casket on a little table near the machine; and the inventor "has frequent recourse to the casket" during the play, looking at the inside, which is kept hidden from the spectators. "It is generally assumed," says Windisch with charming *naïveté*, "that the casket is simply a device to attract attention; still, M. De Kempelen assures his visitors that without it the automaton could not play."

The automaton when about to move "slowly raises his arm and directs it toward the piece he intends to play. He suspends his hand over the piece, spreads his fingers to grasp it, places it in its destined situation, draws back his arm and again rests it on the cushion."

... At each move he makes, a slow sound of wheels and clock-work is heard. The noise ceases when the move is made. The automaton always claims the first move. When his adversary plays, the figure lifts his head and overlooks the board. He courteously warns the queen of being attacked by bowing his head twice; and equally notifies such to the king by three bows. Should a false move be played, he indignantly shakes his head; but not confining himself to tacit disapprobation, he instantly confiscates the offending piece, following up the capture by playing himself—thus depriving his opponent not only of his piece, but of his move also. This *divertissement* happens not unfrequently; spectators wishing to test the figure's powers of discrimination. Of course the figure here departed from the laws of chess, which inflict no severer punishment on a false move than that the opponent may either let the move stand, insist on the piece falsely moved making a correct move, or else that the player who has

moved a piece falsely, shall replace it and move his king.

"To destroy the impression that magnetism is the principle of action, M. De Kempelen permits the most powerful magnet to be placed on the machine."

The figure played good chess. The account shows clearly that it was not in communication with either of the adjoining rooms, the ceiling, or the floor; all parts of the interior of the machine seemed to have been so thoroughly shown, at one and the same moment, to the spectators, that no human figure could possibly have been concealed therein. Thus the opinion was adopted by not a few that the figure really was what it purported to be, a true automaton, that is, "a machine made by human hands, performing all its movements by the action of various springs, wheels, and other mechanical forms of power, and by these only." In other words, it was assumed by those who adopted this opinion, that De Kempelen had so arranged matters that for every possible position which the chessmen might assume upon the board, the internal machinery would so act as to cause the figure to make—I will not say the best possible move for that position, seeing that in that case it could never have been beaten—but a good move. In my paper on "Automatic Chess and Card Playing" ("Science Byways") I have shown that, while it is theoretically possible to construct such an automaton, it is practically impossible to do so—and would be, even if the whole human race could for thousands of years devote their energies to that one purpose. The same point has been put very clearly in a somewhat different manner by the constructor of Mephisto—who (M. Gumpel, not Mephisto) describes the figure, be it remembered, not as an automaton, but simply as a mechanical chess-player. "The chessmen," he says, "though thirty-two in number, may for simplicity's sake be reduced to twelve (viz., King, Queen, Rook, Knight, Bishop, and one pawn of each color, leaving the other pawns out of the question). While one of these twelve pieces stands on No. 1 square, either one of the other eleven may stand on No. 2 square, so that we can make 11

changes on No. 2 square, for each piece placed on No. 1; or for easier calculation let it be ten changes; hence on the two squares we can ring 10×10 or 100 changes. We have on the chessboard 64 squares; since, however, the kings can never stand on adjacent squares, and as a king cannot be in check by more than one piece at a time, etc., etc." (these etc.'s refer to the limitations on the possible positions of pawns), "we shall have to reduce the number of squares to, be it, one half, 32." (This is a very generous reduction, be it noticed, the limitations being in reality few compared with the total number of positions possible.) "To obtain the number of combinations which can be formed by the chessmen on these 32 squares, we have to multiply the number 10 by itself 31 times, and the result would be given by writing 32 noughts after 1 (100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000). Similar combinations may happen at different times in different parts of the board; still, provision must be made for the arm to make the required moves on either part; the same combination of pieces on the board, shifted only one square, requires in the special mechanism a special arrangement for such altered position; so that the above number of possible combinations for which the mechanism must be constructed is certainly not too high. The assumption that the number of openings is limited, and that the machinery can be set for the best moves, is very easily upset by a tyro putting his Queen *en prise*, to say nothing of a false move; and unless an automaton could take advantage of the first and correct the latter, the game would soon arrive at a chaotic state."

When these results, which, be it remembered, fall short of the truth, are taken into account, we can readily calculate the time and labor required for constructing such an automaton. The mechanism, as M. Gumpel says, "may be compared with a jacquard loom, in the cards of which (in this instance of metal) one hole is to be marked and drilled, for each possible position for the men on the board. Let a workman mark and drill 1200 holes per hour—12,000 per day of 10 hours; let him work 300 days in the year, and 50 years of his life, drilling 180, or in round

numbers 200 millions of holes during this period, then we should have to write 23 noughts after 5 (500,000,000,000,000,000,000,000) to obtain the number of workmen whose lives' labor would be absorbed in marking and drilling the number of holes required to meet the above combinations." Or we may put the matter in this way. At any given moment there are not above 1500 millions of human beings in the world, say 250 millions of persons capable of carrying on the work of drilling holes in the manner required. Then adopting M. Gumpel's numbers, which are very moderate, it will be found that all such persons living on the globe at any one time would have to be at work during 100,000,000,000,000,000 years to drill the necessary number of holes in the metal plates. But as the plates would have in the first instance to be made, and as they would have to be all properly adjusted and placed in connection with the automaton figure and his chessboard—they would, by the way, at a very moderate computation, require a space about a million times larger than the whole of the space within the glass walls of the Crystal Palace—it will, I think, become tolerably clear that no truly automaton chess-player will ever be constructed. It will at least be admitted, I conceive, that De Kempelen, during the year which elapsed between his promise to Maria Theresa and the exhibition of his so-called automaton, had not accomplished precisely all that was requisite to make a true automaton player.

Under all the circumstances, and especially when we remember that he did not contradict statements implying that his chess-player was truly automatic, we may as well give De Kempelen all the credit which he deserves for refusing the offer of large sums of money from persons who wished to purchase the automaton for speculative purposes. "For a long time," says Mr. Walker, "his nice sense of honor" (about which there may be some slight question, perhaps) "prevented him from stooping to coin cash from metal so intrinsically base as he felt the ore in question really to be." Which is very much as though one should say that a man was too honorable to accept a post of trust for which he felt

himself utterly unworthy because intrinsically dishonest. However, be this as it may, De Kempelen took his automaton to pieces, stowed it away, and gave out (untruly, but that is a detail) that it had been hopelessly damaged by repeated removals.

Time passed, and the automaton was almost forgotten, when the Grand Duke Paul of Russia paid a visit with his wife to the Emperor Joseph II. of Austria. After the first round of entertainments had passed, and when something still seemed necessary to the amusement of his guest, Joseph bethought himself of De Kempelen's automaton. He sent to the mechanician, asking him to put the figure into working order. In five weeks' time the obsequious De Kempelen, always ready to oblige great folks, had furnished up his automaton. "As before, its success was complete; the Grand Duke and his spouse, as well as the Emperor Joseph, were equally delighted and astonished at its feats." De Kempelen was handsomely rewarded, and being urged to reconsider his determination not to make money out of his cleverly deceptive figure, he condescended to put aside what our biographer calls his false delicacy, and prepared to lie abroad for the good of his pocket.

In 1783 De Kempelen went to Paris, where, however, the automaton was most woefully beaten by the French chess-players at the Café de la Régence. "It is worthy of mention," says Walker, "that De Kempelen himself was very inferior to his automaton as a chess-man" (meaning presumably as a chess-player), "since in playing in the ordinary manner a first-rate practitioner could give him the rook; but there was much less difference between the best flesh-and-blood players and their wooden opponent."

De Kempelen, well satisfied with the success of his speculation in Paris, proceeded next across the straits with his automaton. At that time, Philidor, the renowned French player, had been for some time resident in London. He does not appear to have played himself with the automaton. But he had formed a school of chess here "of greater extent," Mr. Walker states, "than was ever seen before or after. To this cause may be attributed," Mr. Walker proceeds, "the

high fee of admission to a sight of our automaton, fixed by M. De Kempelen at five shillings! Hundreds and thousands of persons flocked to the show." An improvement had been made, by the way, in the mechanical part of the figure, which now actually pronounced the word *check* or *échec*, or something like one or other sound, according perhaps to the fancy of the auditor.

A Mr. Thicknesse, however, denounced the affair. He seems to have had rather a fancy for such denunciations. "Forty years since," he wrote in 1785, "I found three hundred people assembled to see, at a shilling each, a coach go without horses, moved by a man within side of a wheel, ten feet in diameter, just as the crane wheel raises goods from ships on a quay. Mr. Quin, the Duke of Athol, and many persons present, were angry with me for saying it was trod round by a man within the hoop or hinder wheel, but a small paper of snuff put into the wheel soon convinced all round that it could not only move, but sneeze too, like a Christian." M. De Kempelen would probably have objected to the introduction of an ounce or two of snuff into the machinery of his automaton, though, as we shall see presently, a device somewhat like Thicknesse's was afterward applied successfully to the chess-player. Mr. Thicknesse showed that a man might be concealed within the chest or the figure. "I saw," he says, "the ermine trimmings of the Turk's outer garment move once or twice, when the figure should have been quite motionless, and that a confederate is concealed is past all doubt; for they only exhibit the automaton from one to two o'clock, because the invisible player could not bear a longer confinement, for if he could, it cannot be supposed that they would refuse to receive crowns for admittance from 12 o'clock to 4 instead of from 1 to 2." Mephisto, by the way, is prepared to meet all comers from 2 to 10. I have been present for the whole interval, and during the whole time he was not for five minutes together without an antagonist. If I remember rightly, he played on that occasion thirty-two games, winning all save one (which I won myself, but only through an oversight on Mephisto's part, and it was but one out of eight I played that

day) and drawing two others. On the same day he played with one of our strongest amateurs a most interesting game—since, I believe, published—in which one of the most beautiful combinations I have ever seen (in quick play) was rapidly wrought out.”*

Mr. Thicknesse was doubtless near the truth; but as he used denunciation rather than argument, he received very little attention.

Now occurred a singular episode in the career of the automaton. Hitherto the secret of the figure had lain between De Kempelen and those whom he employed to work the mechanism. But De Kempelen was at this time persuaded to reveal the secrets of the prison-house to about the last man in all Europe whom, had he been wise, he should have selected for a confidant—Frederick (called the Great) of Prussia. Frederick was a lover of chess, but, like Napoleon (who also subsequently met and was beaten by the automaton), he was by no means a strong player. Defeated by the figure, he became the more eager to know how the deception was managed. For a large sum De Kempelen agreed to solve the riddle. Frederick was thoroughly mortified by the disclosure. He did not reveal the secret; but he did worse: he showed and expressed such utter contempt, that the automaton no longer attracted attention. It was thrown aside into an obscure lumber-room, where it remained till a new generation was ready to be duped afresh by it.

Cast aside because of the contempt of one fighting prince, the automaton was recalled to notice by another. When Napoleon came to Berlin, the figure was furbished up again for his entertainment. He played against it in person. “The contest,” says Walker, “was marked by an interesting circumstance. Half a

dozen moves had barely been played, when Bonaparte, purposely to test the powers of the machine, committed a false move; the automaton bowed, replaced the offending piece, and motioned to Napoleon that he should move correctly. Highly amused, after a few minutes the French chief again played an illegal move. This time the automaton without hesitation snatched off the piece which had moved falsely, confiscated it, and made his own move. Bonaparte laughed; and for the third time, as if to put the patience of his antagonist to a severe trial, played a false move. The automaton raised his arm, swept the whole of the pieces off the board, and declined continuing the game.”

When Eugène Beauharnais was King of Bavaria, the automaton, then in the possession of M. Maelzel, was exhibited successfully before him. Eugène offered 1200*l.* for the figure and its key. The offer was accepted; the courtiers were sent from the room; “the door was locked by Eugène, and every precaution taken to insure his acquiring the sole knowledge of the enigma. The prince is alone with the demonstrator; the latter, unhesitatingly and in silence, flings open simultaneously all the doors of the chest, and Prince Eugène saw—what he saw! Blue Beard’s wife at the door of the azure chamber, looked not more blue than did Bavaria’s monarch; but Eugène faced the *dénouement* with greater wisdom than the former royal purchaser of the secret. He shrugged up his shoulders, took a pinch of snuff, laughed at the joke, and, though he probably thought his purchase *rather dear at the price*, expressed much gratification at inspecting the figure in all its parts. He even subsequently placed himself in the necessary relation with the automaton, and giving it the invisible impulse, conducted it during several games against some of his most intimate friends.”

The automaton quickly passed again into Maelzel’s hands. It was exhibited in Paris, M. Boncourt, a very strong player, conducting the figure’s chess. In 1819, it was exhibited a second time in London. M. Maelzel engaged the assistance of Mr. Lewis, an excellent chess-player, who conducted the automaton chess for something like a twelvemonth.

* Two circumstances, telling in different directions, must be remembered in considering Mephisto’s play. The first is, that the concealed player is considerably handicapped by the conditions under which he plays, even at the beginning of his long day’s spell of play; the second is, that players who meet him are expected to move without any prolonged study of the position, and they are naturally less prepared to play what has been called a “skitting game,” than he (*i. e.* the concealed player), with his long practice, has necessarily become.

After this M. Mouret, one of the best French players of the school of Deschappelles, took charge of the figure's play. The automaton (to use the incorrect name by which the figure was at this time constantly designated) now undertook to give the odds of pawn and move to all comers—in other words, his king's bishop's pawn was removed from the board and his opponent took first move. There was as much prudence as caution in this arrangement. Many players who could have conducted a tolerably strong game against Mouret, playing even, would find themselves at a disadvantage in playing the odds-game against him. To him all the resources of this game would be known, to nine-tenths of his opponents the just manner of conducting it would be unknown. Unquestionably with even players the odds of the pawn and move are considerable. But the removal of the king's pawn is not an unalloyed loss to the giver of odds. So soon as he has castled on the king's side, his rook has strong rule over the king's bishop's file, ordinarily impeded (so far as the rook's range is concerned), by his own pawn on that file. Indeed, in the best known of all the gambits, this pawn is sacrificed chiefly with the object of getting command of the file in question. The sacrifice requires a move, which is saved when the pawn is given; and though some collateral advantages of sacrificing the pawn are not gained when the pawn is given, yet the player who constantly gives the pawn gains much by constant practice in the same line of play, at any rate as against players of less experience in the same game.*

* A good story was told at Mephisto's table in illustration of the disadvantage of attempting odds against a player familiar with games at odds. Such a player offered an opponent of considerable strength, but of less experience, the odds of the four first moves (to be taken within his own half of the board, as otherwise the familiar scholar's mate could be given in the four moves). They played two games at these odds. In the first, the taker of the odds played out his king's and queen's pawns two squares each, and his two knights to king's and queen's bishop's third square—having thus at the start a splendid opening. But he lost the game, his opponent's superior experience in odds games enabling him to take advantage of every flaw in the continuation of the attack. In the second game the taker of odds moved out his king's knight as his first move, his

Mouret hardly lost one game in a hundred at these odds. He numbered among his opponents such skilful players as Brand, Cochrane, Keen, and Mercier.

An Oxford graduate at this time, 1819, tried to solve the problem of the automaton's play, but failed to give any satisfactory explanation. Willis, of Cambridge, was more successful. He showed first that certain features in the exhibition clearly indicated that the mechanism supposed to be wound up from time to time had in reality nothing to do with the figure's play. The exhibitor would seem to have been singularly careless in this matter. Although, as Willis truly said, every train of mechanism which has to be wound up, must perform a certain definite amount of work for each turn of the key, the number of turns being also necessarily limited, the key was often turned the same number of times after the figure had played a game of nine or ten moves, as after it had fought out a contest of 70 or 80 moves; nay, sometimes the key was wound through the full number of revolutions when the figure had not even made a single move since the last winding. This clearly showed that, as Mr. Willis expresses it, "the revolving axis was unconnected with machinery; except, perhaps, a ratchet wheel and click, or some similar apparatus, to enable it to produce the necessary sounds; and consequently that the key, like that of a child's watch, might be turned whenever the purposes of the exhibition seemed to require it." Then he proved by figures and drawings, that a man might be concealed in the chest, shifting his position several times while the different parts of the apparatus were exposed successively to view. He showed also that when play was in progress, the concealed player might take up such a position as to overlook the board through the stuff waistcoat of the figure. This, as Walker points out, is something like

queen's knight as his second, then moved back his king's knight as his third move, and his queen's knight as his fourth move, leaving the board as it stood at the beginning, and the first move to his opponent. This game, in which he had no odds, and even the disadvantage (as far as it is such) of the second move, he won. The fact is, he was on familiar ground, whereas in taking the odds he was all at sea.

Thicknesse's view; but it was "now beautifully and exactly made out, even to demonstration, by the aid of a skilful draughtsman and mechanist." Brewster, in his clever work on natural magic, copied Willis's account. Neither he nor Willis, however, seems, says Walker, "to have taken into consideration the almost utter impossibility of the concealed man's being impervious to detection, with merely a veil between him and the public: the least sound or motion would, in such case, destroy the illusion, and his very breathing would infallibly lead to ultimate exposure." It must not be overlooked, however, that in the Crystal Palace automaton (now at the Aquarium) this is actually the way in which the concealed player was conducting the automaton's chess. It is in reality quite possible so to arrange matters that the concealed player's eyes may be screened from public view while they are directed on the board. Suppose, for instance, that when the doors are closed, a tube is brought into such a position that looking through it one of the player's eyes can see the whole board but no more, then it is certain that no one can see that eye (the other would of course be quite concealed) without placing his head between the chess-board and the concealed tube. It is unlikely that a spectator would ask to be permitted to do this; and if permission were asked, the exhibitor could find many plausible reasons for declining to give it.

And now to give the explanation published in the "French Penny Magazine," and afterward in abstract in the "Palamède," after Mouret had sold the secret to the publishers of the former journal.

The man who played was concealed in the chest. "He sat on a low species of stool, moving on castors, and had every facility afforded him for changing and shifting his position like an eel. While one part of the machine was shown to the public he took refuge in another; now lying down, now kneeling; placing his body in all sorts of positions studied beforehand, and all assumed in regular rotation, like the A, B, C of a catechism. The interior pieces of clock-work—the wheels and make-weight apparatus—were all equally movable; and additional assistance was thus

yielded to the fraud. Even the trunk of the automaton was used as a hiding-place, in its turn, for part of the player's body. A very short amount of practice, by way of rehearsal, was found sufficient to meet the purposes of the occasion; and one regular order being observed by the two confederates as to opening the machine, a mistake rarely or never occurred. Should any thing go radically wrong, the prisoner had the means of telegraphing his jailer, and the performance could be suspended." Those who supposed that they had seen the whole of the interior at one view were simply deceived by devices in which, in reality, consisted the cleverness of the whole affair. "Certain doors dropped and closed of themselves, with spring locks; others were opened in their places. The machine was turned round, but still was never wholly exposed to view at once. It becomes perfectly ludicrous," says Mr. Walker, "to read over again Windisch's glowing description of the miraculous monster, when we find that even a reference to his own drawings shows that at the time he says all the doors were open, two were closed."

The lighted candle introduced into the interior when there was nothing to be seen, was purposely left burning close by, in order that no ray of light might flash out from the interior, where a second candle was necessarily burning during the play. For, as has been already stated, the director of the automaton was in the *chest*, not overlooking the broad as Thicknesse and Willis supposed.

Now follows a part of the statement which has been called in question by some, to whom Willis's explanation seems more satisfactory. We can understand how a player concealed within the chest could cause the arm of the figure to move in such a way as might be required, or could make the figure nod its head, say "check," and so forth; but it is not very easy to understand how any chess-player could conduct a game with reasonable rapidity under the conditions now to be described. We are told that the concealed player had a board with men which he could peg into it, as in the ordinary "travelling chess-board." On this board, "he repeated the move played by the antagonist of the

automaton, and on this he concocted his scheme of action, and made his answer, before playing it on the automaton's board through the agency of Mr. Wood's digits." (This is apparently meant for a joke.) "A third chess-board, blank, with the squares numbered according to the usual mode of chess notation, was fixed, as it were, in the ceiling of the interior; thus forming the reverse of the table on which the automaton really appeared to play. Now, the men with which the automaton conducted his game were all duly magnetized at the foot; and the move being made above, the magnets on the pieces moved, set in motion certain knobs or metallic indices, adapted to each square of the board on the reverse; and thus was the requisite knowledge of the move played communicated to Jack in the Box. . . . The real Simon Pure" (Mr. Walker must jest or die), "shut up in his cell, saw by the light of his taper the metallic knobs or indices above, vibrating so as to mark the move just played. He repeated this move on his own little board, calculated his answering *coup*, and guided the automaton's figures in order to its being duly performed. The happy association of magnetism with the figure, thus hit upon by De Kempelen, was probably suggested to him by the magnetic experiments of Pelletier at the court of the Empress."

It has been objected to this explanation (by no less an authority than M. Gümpel, the inventor of the present far more ingenious mechanical chess-player) that in the first place magnetism could hardly do what was (according to this account) required from it, and that in the second place the process described would take too much time. It must not be forgotten, however, that the explanation came from persons who had seen all the interior of the figure, and had followed all the workings of the mechanism, having paid somewhat heavily for the privilege, and having certainly no interest in giving an untrue account of the matter. Moreover, M. Alexandre, who himself for a time conducted the automaton's play, gave a similar account of the interior arrangements. Professor Tomlinson, who adopts the explanation given in "Le Palamède," had abundant opportunities of ascertaining,

in personal intercourse with Alexandre and others who had conducted the automaton's play, the correctness of that explanation. I think, too, that one difficulty mentioned by M. Gümpel indicates rather an omission in the explanation than any real objection. He says that to see the board placed over his head the observer would have to assume a very inconvenient position, one quite incompatible, one would suppose, with the continuance of good chess-play for any length of time. But nothing would have been easier than so to arrange matters that the concealed player could see, side by side with the small board on which he worked, a reflected image of the inverted board with the knobs worked by the magnetic chessmen above. In that case very little practice would be required to move a man on this board almost simultaneously with the indication of the knobs or suspended balls attracted by the magnets; there would thus be practically no loss of time whatever.

Before passing on to consider the far superior claims of Mephisto to public attention, I may quote here two stories from M. de Tournay's amusing article in "Le Palamède." It happened that on one occasion, when the automaton was at Amsterdam, M. Maelzel was more than a year in arrears with M. Mouret's salary. "The King of Holland sent one morning to engage the exhibition room, at the same time ordering a sum equal to 3000 francs to be paid to M. Maelzel. The latter went joyfully to announce the good news to his associate; they breakfasted together, and were delighted with the thought of entering the lists with a crowned head. M. Maelzel then hastened to make such preparation as should make the exhibition as brilliant as possible. The performance was to commence at half-past twelve (afternoon). Twelve o'clock arrives, and it is time for M. Mouret to take his station in the chest. But he has not yet arrived, and M. Maelzel hastens to find out the cause of the delay. What is his surprise to find Mouret in bed, and seized with a convulsive trembling. 'What do I see? What is the matter?' exclaimed Maelzel. 'I have a fever,' said his artful assistant. 'Why, you were very well just now!' 'Yes, but

this is a sudden attack.' 'The king will be here presently.' 'He must go back again.' 'But what can I say to him?' 'Tell him the automaton has got the fever.' 'No more of this folly.' 'I don't wish to joke with you.' 'Then get up.' 'Impossible.' 'Let me call a physician.' 'It is of no use.' 'Is there no means of subduing this fever?' 'Yes, one only.' 'What is it?' 'To pay me the 1500 francs you owe me.' 'You shall have them—this evening.' 'No, no; this moment.' Maelzel saw too plainly that there was no alternative, and went to fetch the money. The cure was wonderful; the automaton was never so attractive before. The king did not actually play, but he advised his Minister of War, who played for him. The pair were completely beaten by the automaton, but all the blame of the defeat was of course thrown upon the minister."

The other anecdote relates to one of those foolish practical jokes by which life has very often been endangered, though this case is rather worse than others of the kind because the person who played the joke was personally interested in the result. "In one of the towns of Germany a conjuror had been exhibiting his various tricks to the delight and amazement of the inhabitants, when the arrival of the automaton presented a still more powerful object of attraction, and left the poor fellow without an audience. Annoyed and jealous at the reputation of his rival, he went to be himself a witness of the new performance, and from his own experience in the art of deception he felt convinced that the chest contained a hidden player. He therefore began all at once to raise a cry of 'Fire,' in which he was seconded by one or two companions. The spectators were seized with the greatest alarm, in which, strange to say, the automaton participated, and in his flight upset his adversary, and tottered about as if he were mad. Happily, M. Maelzel, who preserved his presence of mind, was able to push him behind a curtain, where he soon became quiet and recovered his usual dignified bearing. The alarm of fire was soon discovered to be false, and the conjuror did not gain any thing by his attempt to undeceive the company" (at the risk of their lives, it should be

added; one wishes it could have been added that he had gained a sound thrashing). "After this event, M. Maelzel, in giving directions to a candidate for the office of concealed player, was accustomed to say, 'If you hear a cry of fire, don't stir; I will come to your help.'"

The automaton was afterward exhibited in the principal towns of the United States and Canada. It was eventually deposited in a lumber-room in Philadelphia, where it remained until some twenty years ago, when the lumber-room and its contents were destroyed by fire. Of this tragic event, a writer in the "Chess World," who was present, gives the following lively account: "It was in Philadelphia, on the night of July 5th, 1854, about half-past ten o'clock. The east roof of the National Theatre was a mass of whirling flames, the front of the Girard House was on fire. A dozen dwellings were blazing fiercely, and the smoke and flames were already curling in eddies about the roof and through the windows of the well-known Chinese Museum. At the east end of this building, nearest to the fire, our friend had dwelt for many years. Struggling through the dense crowd, we entered the lower hall, and, passing to the far end, reached the foot of a small back staircase. The landing above us was concealed by a curtain of thick smoke, now and then alive, as it were, with quick tongues of writhing flame. To ascend was impossible; already the fire was about him. Death found him tranquil. He, who had seen Moscow perish, knew no fear of fire. We listened with painful anxiety. It might have been a sound from the crackling woodwork, or the breaking window-panes, but certain it is that we heard through the struggling flames, and above the din of outside thousands, the last syllables of our departed friend, the sternly whispered oft-repeated syllables, *échec, échec!*"

I have already noticed the first and in reality the most important circumstance in which the exhibition of Mephisto differs from that of M. De Kempelen's figure. Mephisto is described as a mechanical chess-player, not as an automaton. In other words, Mephisto is correctly described, whereas De Kempelen's

figure was incorrectly described. We may include with this general description the special remarks about the construction of the objects exhibited. Throughout the interior of the so-called automaton, the spectators were deceived. Every thing said and done was intended to carry the false impression that no person was concealed within the figure or the chest. The assistant who exhibits the interior of Mephisto simply shows what he purports to show, that there can be no concealed player in the figure of Mephisto, in the seat, or in the table, and it is certain there is none.

But we may fairly consider Mephisto with special reference to the ingenuity with which the secret of the arrangement by which the figure conducts his game is concealed. The maker distinctly admits that the figure is worked by a concealed player, nay, he is perfectly ready in conversation with friends who may visit Mephisto's room to admit a number of other matters, a knowledge of which should go a long way toward explaining the mystery. Yet he leaves a most ingenious riddle for them to answer, a very pretty problem for them to solve.

In the first place, we may dismiss the notion that, as in all other cases, a player is concealed within the figure and appurtenances exhibited to the public. The figure of Mephisto is that of a lean man of about the medium height. The head is movable in a number of ways. It nods, turns round, moves backwards, and on close inspection one can see, in some of these movements, where the waxen representation of a head and neck terminates behind the ornamental collar clothing the bust. The bust itself can be examined, prodded with a stick, and generally maltreated (in appearance) as freely and with as little real injury as the Mephistopheles of Goethe received from the sword of Marguerite's enraged brother. The largeness of the seat attracts some attention at first, and undoubtedly if the seat and the lower half of Mephisto's body formed one enclosure, a small human figure could be concealed therein. But the assistant passes a book between the two, even while the play is going on, and while also the upper half of the bust, from which the board could alone be seen by a player

concealed in the figure, is open to inspection. The table on which the board is set is shaped precisely like an ordinary club chess-table; the board is also precisely like the ordinary chess-board except that there is a shallow circular depression in the middle of each square, for the men to be set in. The assistant, be it noted, is very careful to set any man straight which has not been properly placed in its circular hollow; but there is good reason for this when we remember that if a man is not set right the top is not central, and the hands of the figure therefore would be apt to strike the head instead of grasping it. This is the more to be considered because the men are not, as has hitherto been the case, of forms specially designed for mechanical play (as all of the same height and so forth) but have the forms of the ordinary Staunton chessmen.

It is next to be noticed that the concealed player does not survey the board set before Mephisto. There are mirrors in the room, and there is nothing in the ordinary arrangements which would forbid the belief that the concealed player sees a reflected image of board and men in an adjacent room: but as games have been played with the figure and board entirely screened under paper covers, this explanation must be summarily dismissed.

The concealed player does not see his adversary, though he can hear him, if he speaks pretty loud and clearly. I infer this partly from what M. Gümpel has mentioned to me (not privately, for he was aware when he spoke that I was so interested in his ingenious work that I might probably write about it), partly from the behavior of Mephisto under the control of the concealed player. Thus on the second day of my playing with him, after a most disastrous series of defeats on the first (I was never much of a chess-player, and more than twenty years have passed since I was in practice), I remarked as I sat down that Mephisto would soon dispose of a pair of games with me, saying this for the information of those waiting their turn. On this Mephisto raised his head as if to look at me, and then nodded three or four times as though pleasantly indicating his recognition of my compliment to his skill. I may as well take the op-

portunity of mentioning here that among nearly a score, I should say, of games which I have played with Mephisto, I have only won one; though it is but fair to myself to say that I have never yet played with him as I should play if I wanted to have a chance of winning. Moreover, it must be remembered that a player who day after day plays continuously for eight hours at what may be called skittling chess, would acquire, even if he had it not at starting, a habitude for rapid play, which would give him an advantage against good players, far more against one who, within the last twenty years, has often passed a year, and has once passed five years, without opening a chess-board. On the other hand, however, it must be remembered that the concealed player has disadvantages to contend against. If a good player set down to a regular match game, steadily played, with Mephisto, I imagine that the concealed player would be handicapped by these disadvantages to the extent of a pawn and move, at least. Such is, I am told, the opinion of the great chess-player Steinitz respecting the player who—to his knowledge—conducts the games of the mechanical chess-player.

In playing against ladies, Mephisto displays a gallantry which could scarcely be expected from a true Mephistopheles, assuming at least that Goethe has correctly caught the character of that prince of darkness. He has not only allowed ladies who are in reality of far inferior force to defeat him, but has even in some cases, I am told, compelled them to do so, by a series of moves bringing on what is called "suimate" (a barbarous hybrid which chess-players ought as quickly as possible to replace by a respectable word). After his defeat by a lady, Mephisto offers his hand to her. When he has defeated or has been defeated by a gentleman, he nods his head pleasantly, unless the game has presented some unusual feature. In the latter case he may be less polite. For instance, a few weeks ago he gave the form of mate known as scholar's mate*

* I mean simply that Mephisto's queen, supported by king's bishop, took the player's king's bishop's pawn (unmoved) giving mate. I suppose, strictly speaking, to give scholar's mate would mean playing the series of moves

to a player who inadvertently left the mate open. (It was not given, of course, in the usual way which every one knows; but still mate came at the sixth or seventh move.) On this Mephisto took his opponent's king from the board and tapped said opponent's nose with the piece, which to say the least did not imply respect for his opponent's powers. Occasionally he makes movements not connected with the game. Thus on one occasion a lady was standing near Mephisto who expressed laughingly some alarm at her proximity to so terrible a being. As if to show that he could be terrible if he wished, Mephisto brought round his arm and seized her dress, at which she shrieked in real terror. Usually, however, Mephisto's movements are all connected more or less closely with the chess play. He surveys the board every now and then, nodding his head thoughtfully as though taking note of the relative powers of the two colors, or considering how such and such lines of play might be pursued. If he makes a very damaging move he looks up at his opponent with a most sardonic smile. If his opponent delays over-long, Mephisto bestows the same look upon him, but with greater persistency. If a game which has lasted some time seems tolerably equal, Mephisto goes through the movement of counting his own men and his opponent's, and then removes his king to the middle of the board. Nor does this always imply, as some seem to imagine, that in reality he has rather the worst of the game. I have seen him win a game, which he had offered in vain to draw.

I have no intention of inquiring closely here into the nature of the arrangements by which Mephisto's play is conducted. Some tolerably safe inferences may, however, be made, and some points noticed which have come under my own observation during the course of several visits which I have paid to Mephisto's reception-room. We know that there is a concealed player; and as he hears remarks made in a tolerably loud voice, we may infer that he is underneath the floor on which the figure is placed, for that is the only concealed place which is

usually given under that heading in books on chess.

sufficiently near to the players and the bystanders. Since every move made by the player above is communicated at once to the concealed player, we can infer that as a piece is put down some corresponding indication is made on the concealed player's board. It is not yet clear to me whether he knows or does not know when his opponent leaves hold of a man so played. If he does not know, then he is occasionally apt to commit a mistake which in actual play only a tyro would make—moving before his opponent has in reality completed the move. I have seen this happen two or three times; and in one case the sequel was singular and rather significant. The player who was contending with Mephisto claimed his right to move the piece touched wheresoever he pleased (among the moves open to that piece). Accordingly he put back the piece which Mephisto had moved, and completed his own modified move. It so happened that this move was one which could have been made by that piece from the square to which she had been originally moved, but where she had not really been left. Mephisto proceeded to answer the move as if it had been *thus* made; that is, as though his

own piece had been allowed to remain on the square to which he had moved it. He was manifestly unconscious of the fact that his opponent had put this piece back. Finding no resistance to his fingers, he made a signal (striking his fingers against the table) indicative of dissatisfaction or perplexity. His opponent on this resigned the game, rather than enter into an unseemly dispute with his Satanic majesty. It became manifest in this way that the moves of the red men leave no trace on the concealed player's board. The same circumstance was made tolerably clear in the other cases in which Mephisto played before his opponent had, by leaving hold of the moved piece, completed the move. The assistant explained that Mephisto would take no notice of the return of his own piece to the square from which he had moved it. Doubtless we see here the reason why Mephisto plays always with the red men. The white men only communicate (by electrical connection, no doubt) their movements to the concealed player. His own men's movements, being made by himself, need not be communicated to him.—*Belgravia Magazine*.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

THERE is nothing that philosophers object to more decidedly than the very common observation which the ordinary spectator of human affairs finds it difficult to avoid making, that the course of humanity runs in cycles, and that our globe revolves in a spiritual as well as in a physical sense. It is true that this runs contrary to all the laws of development, and to all the doctrines of human perfectibility. And it may be that the philosophers are right. Those who see deepest into the social millstone may perceive the little gain that is made at each new revolution, which—one infinitesimal improvement added on to another—may come at the end of some vast course of ages to show a real improvement in man and in life. But persons of dimmer faculties, and less power of divination, may be pardoned if from one generation to another they miss the advance, and only see the recurrence of

similar phenomena, the return of the wheels of being to the old groove. We are old enough to remember the time when the eighteenth century was in extremely bad odor with all the guides of popular opinion. It was the eighteenth century that whitewashed our old churches, and encumbered their fine areas with senseless pews; it was the eighteenth century which, when it found a noble old building sacked and rent by the violence of an earlier age, carted away the stones, and used up the materials, and made a ruin where only a breach had been. On the other hand, it was this same century which gave false gods to literature, preferring the correct to the great, Pope to Shakespeare, and finding Milton on the whole less satisfactory than the "Night Thoughts" of Dr. Young. It was finicking and critical, fond of china, fond of dress, delighting in fictitious and not very cleanly dec-

oration, in scandal, and in tea (which it pronounced *tay*) on one side, though wallowing, according to its own showing, in all the vilest indulgences on the other. This is the opinion which we were instructed to form of the seventeen-hundreds. The dirt and the affectation, the nicety and the nastiness, the elaborate felicities of style with nothing to say, the ignorant contempt of the past, and supreme self-satisfaction with which it regarded its own achievements—its indifference to nature in all its sublimer forms, and love of landscape-gardening—were all set before us with vigor and a certain reason. But now the whirligig of time, that circle of continuous contrast which philosophers dislike to hear of, and humanitarians deny, has brought us back, if not to the eighteenth century, at least to such an ameliorated reproduction of it as our changed circumstances make possible. As we approach the centenary of that wild and bloody ruin in which, in one country of Europe, all those nastinesses and niceties were engulfed in such a swift and horrible destruction as gave the characteristics of the age their death-blow everywhere, we look with more and more tenderness upon the eighteenth century. Its houses and its dresses have become the fashion, and literature itself has taken up its forms and examples. The critic and the essayist have regained a place in the present time, which an age of ruder impulse and more primitive vigor seldom accords to them—the weight or importance of what a writer has to say having once more become of almost less importance to us than the grace with which he says it. In a far lower and less justifiable form, Gossip, which is to the living and little what criticism is to the great and the dead, has seized upon that easy literature of the moment which is all that many persons in this busy age are capable of reading. On the lower level the imitation is pernicious and debasing; but the return of the Essayist is less inconvenient. At all times, the greater part of us, whom labor and want of leisure, if not want of power, forbid to be students, are thankful for the services of the guide who communicates the result of his own studies in an easy and comprehensible form. Perhaps there are too many of those

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guides about the world: the paths begin to be encumbered with them. As each new "Series" springs into existence, we find in the literary world a somewhat ludicrous resemblance to one of those show cities where tourists congregate. An intelligent *valet-de-place*, a bold and pertinacious cicerone, lurks at every corner. "The Greatest Artists of the world," says one, with a touch to his cap; "the Hundred Greatest Men," cries another. We doff our own bonnet with discreet respectfulness to the admirable scholar and writer who, under the very shadow of Maga, has opened the gallery of the Ancient Classics to the unlearned, and to the able imitators who have followed on the lines he was the first to open up; but the accumulating hosts dismay us. When we have a handbook to everything, shall we be much better informed? Our fathers of the age of Anne did not dream of any such torrent of instruction; for indeed a watchful and enterprising Trade was not then, as now, on the alert to make the most of every idea.

But it is from the eighteenth century that we have got back the essayist, who now once more occupies a place among us. If we cannot altogether claim for Mr. Leslie Stephen* the charm and grace of Addison, we can, at least, say of him that he is far more disposed to give a reason for his judgments than that exquisite writer, and prefers to lead us with him in agreement, or at least consent, rather than to call upon us to follow by mere force of authority. These hundred years (and more) have made a difference so far. It does not affect the ordinary public now (as Mr. Matthew Arnold points out in his volume of essays†) to be told that certain poetical personages "not only interest the reader in their afflictions, but raise in him the most melting passions of humanity and commiseration." To be sure, a very recent attempt has been made by three bold professors of pictorial art to set up a more than papal authority over public opinion and private judgment in respect to the works of a living artist. But supposing even that the world should

* Hours in a Library. By Leslie Stephen. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

† Mixed Essays. By Matthew Arnold. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

agree to this dictation, we have learned to feel less confidence in the word of our conductor into the realms of poetry. If he cannot make us agree cordially in his opinion, he has not advanced us at all in the appreciation of his subject, or in our allegiance to the poet whom he expounds. Mr. Arnold himself, we think, has now and then shown a tendency to the more summary and dictatorial mode of proceeding, as a man who is well aware that he knows better than most other men, has, no doubt, a right to do; but Mr. Leslie Stephen is far too fastidious and sensitive, too keenly alive to the absurdity of every arbitrary assumption, and to the unpleasant things which are capable of being said of every man who claims to be Sir Oracle, to fall into any such error. If he is conscious of knowing much better than the rest of us (which is probable), he keeps that fact most judiciously in the background, incapable of offending himself by its production, whether he might offend us or not. To tell the truth, we are by no means sure that the man who does shake his lordly locks aloft and proclaim himself an authority, is certain to offend his audience by so doing. On the contrary, the persistent adoption of the part of oracle, ignoring or silencing the dogs that insist on barking when he opens his mouth, is a most effectual means of securing it with the vulgar, on whom continuance and steady duration always tell so much. In this particular the two accomplished writers whose names we have placed together differ greatly from each other. They are both masters of English, and boast that limpid distinction of style which is one of the highest results of culture, entirely different from the natural splendor of voices more individual, the utterance which some men are born with—yet not less, perhaps more beautiful, in its soft yet strong continuous flow: and they are both members of that class upon which Mr. Arnold comments largely in one of the essays in his present volume—"the large class of gentlemen as distinct from the nobility,"—"not of the nobility, but with the accomplishments and tastes of an upper class,"—which he says is peculiar to England. Of this class, which holds in its hand the standards of manners, mor-

als, and taste, more than the aristocracy itself, Mr. Arnold and Mr. Stephen are admirable examples. They have intellectual endowments much superior to those which are general to their class, or to any class; but yet they are superiors among equals, indisputable representatives of their kind. The grand difference between them is, that Mr. Stephen puts forth no pretensions to be a Pope, or even a grand inquisitor; while Mr. Arnold cannot help letting us see that he is at least of the staff of which infallible beings are made. It is needless to add that the elder writer possesses one great distinction which the other does not in any way rival. Mr. Arnold is a poet of no small pretensions. It is equally unnecessary to say that with this side of his great reputation we have at present nothing to do. The books before us stand on very similar ground, and naturally compete with and supplement each other.

There is one word, however, to be said as to their contents to start with. That literary essays of a high order should be reprinted from the magazines in which they find a sort of lodging for the moment, and set themselves up, as it were, as permanent members of society, in the actual dwelling-house of a book, is no doubt highly desirable in some cases, and quite justifiable in others; but the selection of the essays should be made upon some rule which will bear examination and stand the test of reason. Essays such as those on "Democracy" and "Equality," in Mr. Arnold's book, have a distinct *raison d'être*. We may not agree with their conclusions—we may differ even as to the power with which they treat the subject, as well as the manner in which they regard it; but when all is said, we are glad to be able to find what such a man has to say on such questions under our hand in a convenient form, and fully allow that what he has said has a right to such promotion. But when we find mere critical articles of no particular importance one way or other, criticisms of a critic, reviews of a review, laid up and garnered for posterity within the boards of a book; and reflect that to all eternity, or as long as booksellers and book-lovers endure, Matthew Arnold's works will be incomplete without the volume of

which these unimportant sketches form a part, we are disposed to conclude, either that there is a great want of discrimination in the author's mind, or that it is a most exaggerated self-importance which thus permits him to believe that every insignificant sentence which falls from his pen is worthy to be garnered up. To be sure—is it Southey that says it?—making money is always more or less laudable when you have nothing better to do; and if the public will pay two or three times over for Mr. Arnold's account of M. Scherer's criticisms upon Milton and upon Goethe, there is no valid reason why the means of doing so should not be permitted it, to the profit of the author's pocket if not of his reputation. But so far as the reputation goes, we are obliged to say that it is not desirable. It shows on Mr. Arnold's part a total absence of that critical faculty in respect to his own productions which he exercises so unhesitatingly in respect to others. Still more entirely unsuitable for republication is the review of Mr. Stopford Brooke's "Primer of English Literature"—a very good review, clear and lucid, and highly satisfactory, no doubt, to the author whose work is under discussion, as well as to the periodical in which the review appeared; but in no great degree superior to the ordinary level of clever reviews in magazines of the higher class, and altogether unworthy of being seriously treasured up as permanent literature. At this rate, if every periodical writer had as high an opinion of himself as Mr. Matthew Arnold, we should be nationally in the position of the man who had to pull down his barns and build greater. No library, however immense, could have room for the unspeakable torrent of books which such an example would pour upon the weary earth. The magazine, that half-way house between the ephemeral and the permanent, that fine and free listed field of literature, would lose its chief privilege and charm.

Mr. Leslie Stephen's reprints are very seldom subject to this reprobation. One or two perhaps may be found scattered among the three volumes of the "Hours in a Library," which might with advantage have been left in their native periodical. Nay, let us correct our statement: there is but one of which this

can certainly be said, and that is the criticism upon Elwin's edition of Pope, which, as being a critical discussion, not of an author and his works, like the rest, but of a certain contemporary publication, is not worthy, we think, to take a permanent place among the fine and thoughtful critical descriptions and sketches which fill the rest of these volumes. In them a large number of notable figures pass before the critic. He discusses the genius, and character so far as it affects the genius, of writers so unlike as Balzac on the one hand and Jonathan Edwards on the other, and extends his survey from the Elizabethan age to our own, from Massinger to Kingsley, with an unflinching and delicate intelligence which is not a common gift even in the most admirable of writers. Let us not be supposed to lessen Mr. Stephen's gift by employing this word to express it. There is no finer endowment than this same intelligence, which preserves its possessor from those misapprehensions which often spoil the most able work, and exhibit the critic in the most ludicrous contrast with his professed omniscience. Nothing could betray him into such a depth of self-committal as the famous "This will never do," which has, more effectually perhaps than his many better judgments, conferred a luckless immortality upon Lord Jeffrey. But at the same time, it must be added that contemporary writers are much less apt to commit themselves in any way than were the dashing and reckless fathers of periodical literature. That kind of literary sharpshooting is now left to the anonymous reconnoiters of the press, whose credit is not pledged to any great extent, and who in some cases have perhaps no great amount of credit to pledge.

It seems natural, having alluded to one of the most important of the band, though in perhaps an ungenerous way—for it is, we admit, unkind to label Francis Jeffrey with his most unfortunate mistake, as if it were the most characteristic of his utterances—to turn to Mr. Stephen's article upon the "Edinburgh Reviewers," which forms part of his last volume. It is the only paper in which there can be said to be any thing like this self-committal, which we have asserted to be very much rarer now

than in former days. About the other subjects treated by Mr. Stephen, the world has pretty well made up its mind. We are glad to have his clear and delicate estimate of Cowper and Fielding, of Scott and Walpole. But yet our opinion is tolerably fixed in respect to those great personages, and the critic's powers are not employed in any attempt to make us change this opinion, or to impress a new view of his own on the world. But in the case of the Edinburgh Reviewers, it is, more or less, a new view which he gives forth. Never was a literary feat more celebrated, or a set of literary men placed in a more conspicuous position, than that which good luck, and a remarkable crisis, and a loud and persistent blowing of their own trumpets, conferred upon the little band who established the first-born of modern periodicals. They did, let us grant, a great feat in so doing. The beginning thus made has had many momentous issues. When we think that even Maga herself, venerable and respected muse, who has inspired so many, might not have been save for the "Edinburgh Review!"—for though we devoutly believe that our own genesis is a more exciting story, and that such an exuberant genius as that of Christopher North had no sort of representative on the other side, yet it cannot be denied that the blue and yellow periodical had the advantage of priority, and was the first magazine of modern days—the fountain-head of that varied stream of serial literature which up to this moment shows no signs of drying up. It is difficult to overestimate the importance of the initiative thus taken, or to refuse a certain admiration to such a feat of literary audacity and cleverness. There has been no literary triumph since so continuously applauded. The men by whom it was done were all very well disposed to celebrate their own and each other's prowess, and spared no pains to impress a sense of the greatness of their performance upon the world. Partly by reason of that performance, and partly by their real energy and talent, most of these adventurers became well-known and notable personages in later life; and the narrative of their early adventure, so brilliant, so rash, undertaken with such *gaieté de cœur*, has become as

one of the legends of the gods to their successors. It is very characteristic of Mr. Stephen that the hitherto unquestioned enthusiasm with which this piece of literary gladiatorship has been received by the world, should have roused a certain impatience in his fine and fastidious mind, notwithstanding the links of hereditary connection which might have given him a prejudice in favor of, rather than against, the "Edinburgh Review." We are all tolerably well aware, when we think of it, that though Jeffrey was a very successful Scots advocate and judge, and Sydney Smith a noted wit and social celebrity, and Brougham the winner of all kinds of contemporary successes—a Lord Chancellor, and for the time one of the foremost men of England—yet they have none of them left any great treasures of literary worth behind them; but this has not hitherto affected the artless conviction in which we have all been brought up—that the establishment of their periodical was one of the most brilliant episodes in literary story. It is to demolish this tradition that Mr. Stephen has addressed himself, and he does it with a completeness which is almost cruel, picking up his victims upon the point of a weapon which has something of the disenchanting quality of Ithuriel's spear. It is unnecessary to tell over again the oft-told tale of the little band of venturesome young men, who, without the least notion of what they were about, in reckless youthful daring and impertinence launched forth this new venture upon the world, in the midst of the animated interest and opposition, the fierce partisanship and emulation, of that characteristic Edinburgh which now exists no longer, and has left no successor, so far as we know, in the world. How much the scene had to do with the success is a question which Mr. Stephen does not enter upon, though it is a very interesting one. Nothing that ever was done in big London could by any possibility have moved the contemporary mind as the two great literary undertakings of the time, the Review and the Magazine, moved the limited but all-excited and sympathetic society of the Scotch metropolis, then in its full flush of intellectual influence, and capable of flinging itself into the discussion of literary, moral,

and political subjects with a complete, earnest, and fervent appreciation of their importance which perhaps no other modern community has shown. A wider audience would have been so convulsed with one impulse: and it would be difficult to calculate how strongly the sight of this unanimous excitement affected the judgment of the rest of the world.

However, Mr. Stephen does not feel himself impelled to account for the success of the "Edinburgh Review," so long as he can demonstrate that it was not owing to any special power in the Edinburgh Reviewers. The result is unquestionable. The first number had an "electrical" effect. "Its science, its philosophy, its literature, were equally admired. Its politics excited the wrath and dread of Tories, and the exultant delight of Whigs." It was, says Cockburn, "a pillar of fire; a far-seen brand suddenly lighted in a dark place." How this effect was *not* produced, let Mr. Stephen say for himself.

"Let us speak," he says, "the plain truth at once. Every one who turns from the periodical literature of the present day to the original 'Edinburgh Review,' will be amazed at its inferiority. It is generally dull, and when not dull, flimsy. The vigor has departed, the fire is extinct. . . . Making all possible allowance for the fading of all things human, I think that every reader who is frank will admit his disappointment. Here and there, of course, amusing passages illuminated by Sydney Smith's humor, or Jeffrey's slashing and swaggering, retain a few sparks of fire. The pertness and petulance of the youthful critics is amusing, though hardly in the way intended by themselves. But as a rule one may most easily characterize the contents by saying that few of the articles would have a chance of acceptance by the editor of a first-rate periodical to-day; and that the majority belong to an inferior variety of what is now called padding—mere perfunctory bits of work joyously manufactured by the critic out of the book before him."

This onslaught will take away the reader's breath. There is something, we cannot but feel, impious in the freedom with which those demi-gods are taken down from their pedestals, and the softened dust and cobwebs of sanctifying time rudely brushed off them. For Mr. Leslie Stephen it is evident nothing is sacred, not even the illusions of a hereditary party, the traditions of his own craft, the respectful prejudices of the trade. To say that Jeffrey and

Brougham would be turned away from the door of a modern editor is like saying something disrespectful of the British Constitution, a liberty which we should not wonder if Mr. Leslie Stephen were also capable of taking. Brougham he treats everywhere with contempt—a contempt against which few people, we believe, will care to defend him. The collapse of this once brilliant and important personage is one of the most extraordinary things in recent history. Why should our papas (we do not say fathers, which is too large a word for the occasion) have thought so much of him, and we so little? Or was it not even the real opinion of the generation that was in his favor, but only that his own restless and boundless activity kept him in the foreground of every thing? Time has bowled him over, almost at the first blow. Mr. Stephen does not take the trouble to prove any thing against Brougham. "His writings are hopelessly commonplace in sentiment and slipshod in style. His garden offers a bushel of potatoes instead of a single peach." (Not a good simile this, for the potatoes are much the more nourishing and useful of the two products, more indispensable than peaches, and more valuable, if not so delicate, which is not, we presume, what Mr. Stephen means.) But Jeffrey is not dismissed so summarily. In his case, with so many points in his favor, the critic takes pains to justify his judgment. "Jeffrey knew history as an English gentleman of average cultivation knew it; that is to say, not enough to justify him in writing about it," he tells us. "He knew as much metaphysics as a clever lad was likely to pick up at Edinburgh during the reign of Dugald Stewart." But it was in the region of criticism that his chief successes were won, and accordingly, it is on this ground that his pretensions are most severely assailed.

"The greatest triumph that a literary critic can win is the early recognition of genius not yet appreciated by his contemporaries. The next test of his merits is his capacity for pronouncing sound judgment upon controversies which are fully before the public; and finally, no inconsiderable merit must be allowed to any critic who has a vigorous taste of his own—not hopelessly eccentric or silly—and expresses it with true literary force. If not a judge, he may in that case be a useful advo-

cate. What can we say for Jeffrey on this understanding? Did he ever encourage a rising genius? The sole approach to such a success is an appreciative notice of Keats, which would be more satisfactory if poor Keats had not been previously assailed by the opposition journal. The other judgments are for the most part pronounced upon men already celebrated; and the single phrase which has survived is the celebrated 'This will never do,' directed against Wordsworth's 'Excursion.' Every critic has a sacred and inalienable right to blunder at times, but Jeffrey's blundering is amazingly systematic and comprehensive. In the last of his poetical critiques (October, 1829) he sums up his critical experience. He doubts whether Mrs. Hemans, whom he is reviewing at the time, will be immortal. 'The tuneful quartos of Southey,' he says, 'are already little better than lumber, and the rich melodies of Keats and Shelley, and the fantastical emphasis of Wordsworth, and the plebeian pathos of Crabbe, are melting fast from the field of vision. The novels of Scott have put out his poetry. Even the splendid strains of Moore are fading into distance and dimness, except when they have been married to immortal music; and the blazing star of Byron himself is receding from its place of pride.' Who survive this general decay? Not Coleridge, who is not even mentioned; nor is Mrs. Hemans secure. The two who show least marks of decay are—of all people in the world—Rogers and Campbell! It is only to be added that this summary was republished in 1843, by which time the true proportions of the great reputations of the period were becoming more obvious to the common observer. It seems almost incredible now that any sane critic should pick out Rogers and Campbell as the sole enduring relics from the age of Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Coleridge, and Byron."

This is unquestionably true; but it is perhaps scarcely generous to take from a critic who privately was, as the writer has occasion to know, in his later years at least, most generously kind in his encouragement of young and diffident authors, the credit of his praise of Keats, which threw a gleam of pleasure over the poor young poet's waning days. The insinuation is more petty than becomes Mr. Stephen, and somewhat cruel. Enough for us that Jeffrey speaks as above of the "*splendid strains of Moore*" as "even" fading when Shelley and Wordsworth had already faded. After this one scarcely wants more. There are, however, many examples of contemporary mistakes of this kind. Rogers was a social power and authority as long as he lived, with a glamour about him which, without any suggestion of meaner motive, might well have dazzled those to whom he held open the doors of para-

dise otherwise unattainable; and many people believed in him. Such a man dies altogether, name and fame, the moment that his windows are darkened and his door closed forever—not by vulgar ingratitude, or as a proof of servile and interested admiration, but by stern necessity of nature. His fame was a pet and cherished half-conscious illusion on the part of those to whom his kindness and grateful patronage were in themselves a kind of poetry.

It is Jeffrey who is Mr. Stephen's chief victim. With Sydney Smith he is much more genial, commending his Plymley letters, and in general his originality and individual style and character, and only doubting whether he ever "really penetrates to the bottom of the question." "The only fault to be found with his statement of the case, as he saw it, is that he makes it rather too clear. The arguments are never all on one side in any political question, and the writer who sees absolutely no difficulty, suggests to a wary reader that he is ignoring something relevant," Mr. Stephen says, with highly characteristic fineness of observation; and very admirable and true, if mingled with just that touch of perversity which makes the criticism all the more piquant, is his severe and dignified reproval of the parson-critic's failure in Christian feeling, as shown in his "inexcusably bitter attacks upon the Methodists."

"He is thoroughly alarmed and disgusted by their progress. He thinks them likely to succeed, and says that if they succeed, 'happiness will be destroyed, reason degraded, and sound religion banished from the world,' and that a reign of fanaticism will be succeeded by a long period of the grossest immorality, atheism, and debauchery." He is not sure that any palliation is possible, but he suggests as possible the employment of ridicule, and applies it himself most unsparingly. When the Methodists try to convert the Hindoos, he attacks them furiously for endangering the empire. They naturally reply that a Christian is bound to propagate his belief. The answer, says Smith, is short: 'It is not Christianity which is introduced (into India), but the debased nonsense and mummary of the Methodists, which has little more to do with the Christian religion than it has to do with the religion of China.' The missionaries, he says, are so foolish 'that the natives almost instinctively duck and pelt them,' as, one cannot help remembering, missionaries of an earlier Christian era had been ducked and pelted."

This, however, has not much to do

with the question of the "Edinburgh Review," since it is not just views or right feelings—things never quite indispensable, as Mr. Stephen knows, to success in literature—but literary skill and faculty that are in question. And so far as these are concerned, it is only Jeffrey who is put at the bar and examined, so to speak, on his oath. Horner is described as "a typical representative of those solid, indomitable Scotchmen whom one knows not whether to respect for their energy or to dread as the most intolerable of bores." On the whole, Mr. Stephen's conclusion is, that while the Edinburgh Reviewers "enormously raised the tone of periodical literature at the time, by opening an arena for perfectly independent discussion," they did this not with any fine or lofty impulse. They did a good thing, but not from any good motive, and worked very successfully without working very well. Perhaps a more extended examination of the facts would be necessary before coming to any decision as to the inferiority of the articles written by Jeffrey's young band of unprofessional *littérateurs*, to those which are contributed by the more strictly technical men of letters of the present time to the pages of contemporary periodicals.

We have taken up the only question treated by Mr. Stephen which has not been decided by the world, and on which he sets forth an original view, still fully open to discussion—though there are many much better things in his volumes than the article on the Edinburgh Reviewers. Among these we may pause to point out the beautiful sketch of Sir Thomas Browne, which is a model of delicate drawing and fine literary perception. The old scientific humorist, so gravely dignified and circumstantial, so fantastic in his profound seriousness, with the smile almost too deep down in his eyes for common apprehension, supplies the critic with the most sympathetic of subjects; and he has done to it the fullest justice.

The questions discussed by Mr. Arnold are not literary in the same sense as those of Mr. Stephen. He has chosen to perpetuate his reviews, as we have said, by giving them renewed existence in this volume; but we have nothing to say to reviews. They are excellent in

their proper place, but that place is not here; and their reproduction shows either a reckless confidence in the devotion of the reader, or a sense on the part of the writer that nothing but pearls and diamonds, as in the fairy tale, ever fell from his own lips. We do not pretend to believe in Mr. Matthew Arnold to this point, and we do not care for his repetitions. Even the sketch of Madame Sand and the visit which he paid her, is too unimportant for a book. It is a graceful sketch enough, but very slight and flimsy, and not teaching us much more about that remarkable personage than a newspaper interviewer might have done. George Sand, or else she is belied, was no such limpid amiability as he depicts her. We remember the tone, full of force and subdued passion, with which an old man who had known her in the bloom of life, turned from the dreadful photograph which in the Paris shop-windows represented her later years, with a vividness much different from Mr. Arnold's somewhat milk-and-water reminiscences. "Elle était belle," said our friend with a kindling of old emotion under his large melancholy eyelids; and he added with that subdued passion we have referred to, the passion of old love and hatred which is the keenest of mortal sentiments, "elle est hideuse!" and so she was in the photograph, and in the mind of the old comrade who had seen her *éplucher* one heart after another, perhaps his own among them, with the composure of a goddess. To Mr. Arnold she gave a cup of tea, and talked in the most admirable old-lady-like manner; and his discourse on the subject is full of that sweetness which he himself prizes so highly, and presents her in the softest ideal colors, as a lofty yet tender enthusiast without soil or stain of earth. We are very willing to allot a high place to George Sand among her contemporaries, and even among the permanent glories of France, which in some of its phases has never had a more skilful or more graceful expositor; but we decline to accept her as a type of the purest and most elevated genius.

The strength, however, of Mr. Arnold's volume is in its politico-moral discussions, with which this sketch has a certain connection; for it is democ-

racy and equality that are his subjects—subjects that cannot be treated without large reference to France and her experiences in both questions. Mr. Arnold informs us that while the bulk of opinion in England is strenuously against the principle of equality, out of England the feeling is very different, and that every Continental State which has had the chance, has held by the Code Napoléon, the system of law founded upon it, and specially intended for its promotion; while America and our own distant colonies, without any formal adherence to the regulations of that legal system, have in fact very much adopted its characteristic proviso in respect to the law of bequest. But Mr. Arnold seems to have confused himself in the coils of his own argument, and to forget that a law of bequest, whatever it may be, can never be a charter of equality to a race or entire nation. It is one thing to equalize property, to prevent the maintenance or establishment of great estates, and to legislate so that every son of a rich parent shall have an equal share of his father's possessions—and quite a different thing to establish a rule of general equality extending to the moneyed and the moneyless, the rich and the poor. When he speaks of "the social system which equality creates in France," he speaks (of course) of a system which entirely leaves out all the dangerous classes, that *proletariat* which has never anywhere launched forth such alarming theories or taken such startling ways of showing itself as in France. *La propriété c'est le vol* is a French doctrine, and there is no small number of Frenchmen who tremble before the red and horrible ghost conjured up by these words. That there is, indeed, no country in the world where the higher classes are subject to such terrible fits of panic in respect to the lower, is evident to most people who have any personal acquaintance with them. Mr. Arnold, however, writes as if there was a completeness of union between class and class on the other side of the Channel, which our aristocratical principles entirely prevented; and with curious disingenuousness contrasts the French peasant with the English middle class, as if there was no *bourgeoisie* in France, to afford a more natural balance to that

difficult and unlovely portion of the community. In respect to this French peasant he quotes from Mr. Hamerton words to which we could all find perfect pendants in opinions given of Scots, Irish, and Welsh peasants certainly, not to speak of the rustic inhabitants of other regions: "their manners are excellent; they have delicate perceptions, they have tact, they have a certain refinement which a brutalized peasantry could not possibly have." How often have the poor Irish in the midst of their poverty, the Highlanders deprived of every comfort, been complimented in the same way! "But you know," adds Mr. Arnold, "how often it happens in England that a cultivated person talking to one of the lower class, or even of the middle class, feels, and cannot but feel, that there is somehow a wall of partition between himself and the other, that they seem to belong to two different worlds. Thoughts, feelings, perceptions, susceptibilities, language, manners—every thing is different. Whereas with a French peasant the most cultivated man may find himself in sympathy—may feel that he is talking to an equal." This sentence might stand with perfect propriety, and exactly the same meaning, if the reader substituted the words Highland gillie (for example) instead of French peasant. With many persons of that class, the highest and most cultivated personages of the realm find it perfectly pleasant to live: and it might be a curious, and, we think, more interesting question than this very halting comparison between the French and English, to ask why it is that the gentleman of aristocratical feelings, whatever may be the breadth of his political tenets, should always be able to find a resting-ground on which he can stand side by side with the humblest class, and make common cause with it; while nothing can overcome his contempt, distrust, and dislike for the intermediary grade—the so-called middle class? Is it because this middle class is perpetually pushing upward to invade the sanctuary of his gentility, a thing the peasant is unlikely to do? or is it that a man who is pure *peuple* (we use the French word, as more expressive of what we mean than the English) recovers his simple standing-ground of humanity by the ab-

sence of all possible claims to any social position which could bring him within the notice of his superiors? It would seem as if Mr. Arnold, in his admiration for the peasant, had forgotten altogether that there is such a thing as an *épicier* in the French world both of life and letters; but Frenchmen in general, we think, are very well acquainted with it, and not much more respectful of it than the English gentleman is of his ideal shop-keeper, that universal pariah whom all men permit themselves to despise.

When Mr. Arnold goes further, and contrasts what he calls "the goodness and agreeableness of life there" with (what he calls) the "hideousness and immense *ennui*" of life here—a life "against which the instinct of self-preservation in humanity rebels"—it is very difficult indeed to know how to classify the facts on either side, and come to any absolute certainty about them. That life may be good and agreeable to the Frenchman we are willing to allow; though it is curious to remark that, according to French writers themselves, there is nothing so killing, so oppressive, so terrible, as the *ennui* of that provincial life in France which some Englishmen hold up as delightful. But the real question for us is not the delight which the Frenchman finds in his way of living, but whether it is quite certain that it would be equally good and agreeable for all. To the mass of English men and English women a French house is the emblem of discomfort, and French habits entirely unattractive. Whatever Mr. Matthew Arnold may think, we sincerely believe that to sit for hours in front of a *café*, or even under the pretty lamps and green branches of the Champs Elysées, is a kind of pleasure which very soon palls upon those who are not to the manner born, and that even the stuffiest domestic parlor would, for a continuance, be found on the whole the more amusing of the two. No doubt we should all like to have the *entrées* to those *salons*, more easily to be found in books than in real life, where the finest of French wits keep up the brilliant ball of conversation to the delight of all listeners. Yes; and so should we like to visit at those houses in London where the best of English society assembles. Very probably we

should find the talk more brilliant, animated, and eloquent in the former, and nothing would please us more than to make the comparison; but when we descend to the lower levels—the common strain of existence which we have all some possibilities of observing—we feel great doubts as to any unspeakable advantage to be derived from a change. Indoors, a French cottage is not nearly so cheerful, so bright and cleanly to look at, as an English one. A French *appartement* is much more monotonous in its aspect, in its inevitable furniture—much less attaching and individual, as well as less comfortable, than an English house; and as for the livelier existence with which we are often vaguely tantalized, what is it?—a routine not less fixed and unalterable than that life of hideous exactness and immense *ennui* which we are said to live. If the reader who may not have the opportunity of judging for himself, will take, for instance, from the less objectionable class of French novels, his data upon which to construct a picture of French domestic life, he will find very little in it of this superlative "goodness and agreeableness," which makes France so happy. He will find its main features to be in very brotherly accord with our own—perhaps a little more society, a little more ease of visiting, a weekly reception instead of our occasional and more formal parties, a greater frequency of holiday excursions; but these compensated for by a spare internal life, a more contracted domestic centre, a keener economy descending to all the cheese-parings and candle-ends of living. As for that blessed rule of equality, there is not much sign of it in the strict exclusivism of the *faubourg*, or in that most servile snobbishness which makes the French *nouveaux riches* glide out of their very name, if they can strain a *de* something or other out of any little bit of newly-acquired property. Mr. Arnold may say that these are petty details not worthy to be taken into account as against his large and blissful *tableau* of French beatitude. But the beatitude is vague, and the details are within the reach of individual eyesight. France is a noble and great country worthy of all respect and sympathy, and from whom we may learn various lessons as she from us.

But it is as foolish to erect her into a model, and regard her as a Paradise, as it is to throw stones at her and call her names according to the old, neighborly way.

A more just ground for this vaunting of France and her superiority will be found, however, in the Essay called "Porro Unum est Necessarium," which treats of the respective advance of France and England in what it is usual to call secondary education. Taking Mr. Arnold's statistics to be beyond question, our inferiority is marked indeed; and at the present crisis of French educational affairs, the reader will find much information and interest in this paper. The French *lycée* ought to have one enormous advantage in the fact that it receives boys of all grades (save the highest and lowest), in a true and noble republicanism which cannot but benefit, one would think, the future brotherliness of Frenchmen. So the old grammar schools in their day brought young squire and yeoman and burgher's son together, and so did the parish schools of old Scotland, weaving links of tender association which were hard to break. Oddly enough, Mr. Arnold takes no notice of this real chance for equality.

These national comparisons bring us with curious appropriateness to the consideration of a small but remarkable series* of books which have attracted attention on all hands, and which in an extremely delicate and subtle way, without any obtrusion of their aim upon the world, have been quietly at work for some time with much elaboration and suggestiveness, though outwardly with a shadowy and sketchy manner, which has disarmed suspicion, on the elucidation of the American character, and its difficulties in respect to other national developments. We think we do not err in attributing this motive to the remarkable social sketches scarcely to be called tales, since they are in general the most unfinished and inconclusive of episodes, with which the circumstantial simplicity of the author's name is in a kind of humorous keeping. His "Jr." at once

defies and excites curiosity, just as the close adherence to fact of all his details and remorseless incompleteness of all his stories may be said to do. Nothing can be more like life than the abrupt chapter lightly begun, rising into perhaps tragical importance, then breaking off as by some sport of merely wanton fate, and coming to nothing, which is the favorite form in which he works. This is very like life, and it is very unlike art, whose mission it is to draw completeness out of the irregularities of fact, and console us with some sense of attainable coherence and symmetry in existence. It is not a vulgar necessity for a pleasurable sensation wherewith to soothe and satisfy the reader, that makes the episode of youthful love, which counts for so little often in our lives, the selected portion of them for all the lighter uses of poetry and fiction. Barring life itself, which is a tragedy, and can, whatever happens, end only in a grave, the period of youth, ending legitimately in marriage, is at once the most dramatic and the most detachable of our lives. Marriage is the only absolute break in life which, though a beginning, affords at the same time an end, and reconciles all the necessities of story-telling; and no drama satisfies the mind in its natural and healthy condition which does not round itself off with something definite, a conclusion, an event. To this all languages and all times bear testimony. Nevertheless, when now and then some artist of special endowments refuses the bondage of art, abandons the necessities of dramatic completeness, and throws us into a vague eternity of wistful suggestions, such as that in which so many minds consciously float and wander—going through all the anguishes and excitements, which ought to bring a conclusion of one kind or another, but always breaking off, never attaining, beginning again in endless and listless renewal, finding every occasion *manqué*, and every new turn of the wheel as continuous yet as incoherent as before—the effect of his delicate perversity is great. It is only, however, when it is apparent that some other and perhaps greater motive than that of the simple artist actuates him, that we begin to be aware how the very fragmentary character of

* The American. By Henry James, Jr. London: Macmillan & Co.—The Europeans: a Sketch. By the Same. Macmillan & Co.—Daisy Miller, and other Stories. By the Same. Macmillan & Co.

his work, its broken lights, its aimless passions, its catastrophes *manglés*, may be serving a better purpose than any regularity of art.

This leading purpose we find in Mr. James's apparently evident intention to set forth his countrymen and countrywomen with all the singular circumstances which affect their position and give them a special character of their own apart from other races—*aux prises* with those other races, and working out, through all the difficulties and mutual misunderstandings of the contact, the special chapter of human experience which is most attractive to them, and without which (it would seem) they do not fully esteem or understand themselves. Though the deep of human variety is infinite, and every great artist till the end of time will no doubt go on drawing new individualities out of the inexhaustable well of poetical being, yet there is no longer much room for novelty in the possible circumstances of modern life. Romantic and extraordinary adventures are scarcely prized as they used to be, and the ideal transcript of our common lives in which imagination has so long worked, and which is, we believe, its best subject, grows wearisome by much repetition. It is scarcely possible to imagine a resource more attractive to one who knows it enough to be able to use it, than the position of the American in Europe, with its mixture of knowledge and ignorance, its almost childhood yet maturity, its command of all which mere education can impart, and deficiency in that which only practical acquaintance with the older world can supply. Mr. James possesses this knowledge; and though he blows no national trumpet, nor ever indulges in flights of patriotism—nay, though he makes no secret of his affection to, perhaps his preference for, the older countries of the globe—he has, or else we are greatly mistaken, a very warm and determined purpose to elevate his countrymen in the eyes of the world—to show their side of the question, their disgust and impatience with the fictitious circumstances of our older civilization, their indignant superiority to some of our meannesses, their scorn of our vulgarities as opposed to their own, their wonder at our misconceptions, and

sometimes proud contempt for them as unworthy even the effort of clearing up. Above all, it is in his American women that Mr. James shows us this delicate impatience, disappointment, and dolorous surprise, mingled with a fresh enthusiasm for, and visionary love of, the old England which was Shakespeare's, and is theirs as well as ours, which gives bitterness to the pang of actual encounter. He has given us this picturesque and remarkable contrast under various lights. In the "American" he has placed his ideal countryman in contact and conflict with French society and its rigid rules and impassable barriers. In the "Europeans," it is a pair from the Old World, whom we cannot call English, nor French, nor German, but whom seem a *mélange* of all these nationalities, and of the species of adventurer as well—who are brought in contact with the equally rigid, though very different, social regulations of American life. In the "International Episode" we have a direct contrast between American and English society. These productions are all of one series, not much more than chapters in one book, fragments broken off, which may hereafter—should Mr. James, as he grows older, become more affected by the ordinary desire of humanity for some conclusion and solid ground upon which to rest his foot—be supplemented and completed, for any thing we can tell to the contrary. But as they stand there is no completion, no addition necessary. They are essays of national revelation—the American side of the question: how it strikes them in distinction from the less original and remarkable expression of how it strikes us. The Transatlantic writer would be more than human if he did not, insensibly perhaps—it might even be involuntarily—give his countryman by far the best of it. His American in France is as fine a fellow as his conscience will permit him to make of an uncultivated and unenlightened, though large and manly type. Whereas his European in America is a shabby bit of an agreeable adventurer—nothing but cultivation and good manners and emptiness. In the same way the American ladies of the third sketch, bewildered and disgusted by the grudging response that is made in London to

their own unbounded hospitalities on the other side, are, by the mere nature of the case, in a position curiously superior to that of the Englishmen who, for their part, had accepted every civility, it is true, by a kind of gentle compulsion, and who are really puzzled how to return these civilities, and truly ashamed of themselves for their inability to do so. Lord Lambeth looks very small beside Bessie Alden. It is the case throughout. We all look small beside the more magnanimous, the more liberal and noble being of our visitors. There is an unconscious elevation in their ignorance which shows against the petty background of our conventional familiarity with the *fade* routine and vulgar prejudices of our Old World life.

The "American" was the work by which Mr. James won the attention of the English public, and it is perhaps the most forcible of his productions; but it is much the least delicate, and the real perplexities of the situation, which were quite enough to tax any reasonable imagination, are complicated by an absurdly unreal bit of melodrama quite unsuited to the scene, and impossible to the author who has not any pencils at his disposal black enough or rough enough for work of this description. The story is *naïf* in the extreme—almost what a Frenchman would call brutal in its simplicity. A rich, prosperous, ignorant, wandering American, fresh from San Francisco and potential money-making, and entirely unacquainted with fine society, finds himself in Paris; and after a few adventures to begin with—in one of which he signalizes the simplicity of his uninstructedness by buying, for two thousand francs, the worthless copy of a picture in the Louvre, "for he admires the squinting Madonna of the young lady with the boyish coiffure, because he thinks the young lady herself uncommonly taking," and giving a commission for a number of others to the same extremely improper young person—he announces, with the utmost frankness and sincerity, his intentions in a more important matter:

"Since you ask me," said Newman, "I will say frankly that I want extremely to marry. It is time, to begin with: before I know it, I shall be forty. And then I'm lonely, and helpless, and dull. But if I marry now, so long as

I didn't do it in hot haste when I was twenty, I must do it with my eyes open. I want to do the thing in handsome style. I not only want to make no mistakes, but I want to make a great hit. I want to take my pick. My wife must be a magnificent woman."

"Voilà ce qui s'appelle parler!" cried Mrs. Tristram.

"Oh, I have thought an immense deal about it."

"Perhaps you think too much. The best thing is simply to fall in love."

"When I find the woman who pleases me I shall love her enough. My wife shall be very comfortable."

"You are superb. There's a chance for the magnificent woman."

"You are not fair," Newman rejoined. "You draw a fellow out and put him off his guard, and then you laugh at him."

"I assure you," said Mrs. Tristram, "that I am very serious. To prove it I will make you a proposal. Should you like me, as they say here, to marry you?"

"To hunt up a wife for me?"

"She is already found. I will bring you together."

"Oh, come," said Tristram, "we don't keep a matrimonial bureau. He will think you want your commission."

"Present me to a woman who comes up to my notions," said Newman, "and I will marry her to-morrow."

"You have a strange tone about it, and I don't quite understand you. I didn't suppose you would be so cold-blooded and calculating."

Newman was silent a while. "Well," he said at last, "I want a great woman. I stick to that. That's one thing I *can* treat myself to; and if it is to be had, I mean to have it. What else have I toiled and struggled for all these years? I have succeeded, and now what am I to do with my success? To make it perfect, as I see it, there must be a beautiful woman perched on the pile like a statue on a monument. She must be as good as she is beautiful, and as clever as she is good. I can give my wife a good deal, so I am not afraid to ask a good deal myself. She shall have everything a woman can desire; I shall not even object to her being too good for me; she may be cleverer and wiser than I can understand, and I shall only be the better pleased. I want to possess, in a word, the best article in the market."

"This is very interesting," said Mrs. Tristram. "I like to see a man know his own mind."

"I have known mine for a long time," Newman went on. "I made up my mind tolerably early in life that a beautiful wife was the thing best worth having here below. It is the greatest victory over circumstances. When I say beautiful, I mean beautiful in mind and in manners as well as in person. It is a thing every man has an equal right to; he may get it if he can."

This supreme acquisition, alas! turns out not to be so easy as Mr. Newman, with his pockets full of dollars and his

fine ambition, thinks ; but his mind is completely set upon it. " I am not afraid of a foreigner," he says when his friend Mrs. Tristram proposes to him her friend, a beautiful Parisian. " Besides, I rather like the idea of taking in Europe too. It enlarges the field of selection." In short, this offspring of the New World, without antecedents of his own, without any thing but his great fortune and the qualities by which he has made it, is determined to spend this fortune of his upon the very best thing that is to be got for the money—the finest, noblest, and most beautiful that the Old World can supply. And such is his originality, his indomitable character, and the genuine feeling in him, that he actually makes a conquest of the lady herself—a perfect creature, who is, as may be supposed, not half so charming as one of Mr. James's imperfect American women. The story is very striking and amusing so long as it relates the prowess of Mr. Newman, and how he conquered every obstacle in his path. We confess, however, that we can neither comprehend why Madame la Marquise and M. le Marquis de Bellegarde, the mother and elder brother of the incomparable Claire, should have sanctioned the engagement in the first place—or why, having done so, they should immediately have broken it off. Such a scandal would have been, one would think, worse even than the marriage itself. The end of the book is very melodramatic. There is a wonderful family secret, of which Newman gets possession, and by means of which he attempts to bully the old lady and her son ; but he comes no speed, and after a great many striking scenes, and some very halting ones, his brief dream is over. He has fallen in love with the beautiful lady, in his way. She satisfies him entirely. She is the very crown he has desired to his fortune. " What he felt was an intense all-consuming tenderness ;" and his straightforward devotion so worked upon her, that when at last she consents to marry him, and is trying to account for the gradual growth of her satisfaction in him—" The only reason—" she says, and pauses. " Your only reason is that you love me," he murmured, with an eloquent gesture ; and

for want of a better reason Madame de Cintré reconciled herself to this one.

The reader understands completely Newman's absolute and intense desire to get an exquisite wife as the best thing in the world ; but it is less easy to comprehend the transaction when it comes this length ; and from the date of the mysterious breaking off all is incomprehensible. The story will not bear examination. But the position of the shrewd yet visionary Californian, in face of so many forces which he has no understanding of—his confidence that he can overcome the difficulties before him, and his hopeless and helpless defeat by what have seemed to him mere thin ghosts of Old World prejudice—is very ably and skilfully shown. From the moment when we find him full of admiration for the bad copy made by the young lady who was " uncommonly taking," his ignorance and self-confidence, his determination to do and have the very best of every thing, and total incapacity to understand the force and meaning of all that is against him, are kept before us with the most distinct and happy reality. His ignorance is great, but he has instincts which are finer than instruction. He does not know that Mademoiselle Nioche's picture is very bad, but he knows the perfection of womanhood which he is in search of when he sees it, and is never for a moment tempted to make an ideal of the bad little painter, though he buys her picture. He thinks, on the other hand, ignorantly and foolishly, that the pride of the decayed family in the *faubourg* is one of the things which such a man as he is bound to subdue. But though he is thus stumbling about in " a world not realized," and is altogether worsted and overthrown, he never loses our sympathy ; we cannot think of him as vain or ignorant, though his ideas are so. His confidence in himself, though so unjustifiable, has always a certain nobleness in it ; and he is never vulgar, nor commonplace, nor petty, but has in him a large and magnanimous nature—something princely and fine, notwithstanding the sharp limitations of his experience, his ignorance and false security. The Old World crushes the representative of the New. It erects before him cruel, incomprehen-

sible barriers, and sucks the soul out of him, and remorselessly cuts off all his hopes. He is no match for it, though he thinks at first that he is far more than a match. This is the way in which aristocratic France deals with the American. It baffles him, confounds him, cuts off his ambition and his ideal, and makes an end of what was to have been so good—his future, the reward of his exertions, the fine dream upon which he had concentrated all his hopes.

England treats with less cruelty the American woman whom Mr. James presents to us, with a touch of indulgence for the mother country, as the representative of the New World in London. We find Miss Bessie Alden first at home in the multitudinous life of an American watering-place, where the whole population sits out in breezy verandas (called piazzas in native phraseology) within sight of the sea, in white dresses, and talks. To this society arrive two Englishmen, Lord Lambeth and Mr. Percy Beaumont, who are made very much of by the pretty wife and beautiful sister of the New York man of business, to whom they have been introduced. Bessie Alden, the sister, is a Boston young lady, not accustomed to the gaiety of the New Yorkers, and much impressed by her first encounter with an Englishman. The picture is very pretty and charming. The girl looks at the handsome, somewhat dull, very ignorant, and perfectly good-tempered and good-mannered Englishman with a little awe. To her he is a type of that cultivated and beautiful Old World, full of associations, full of poetry, about which she has been reading all her days, and to see which is, as she says, the dream of her life. She finds in him every thing that is most attractive to the imagination and most unlike what Americans have. He is a nobleman, a lord, a duke's son, a complete impersonation of the strange, fascinating, and so different life of the old country. But though she is infinitely attracted by the phenomena of his existence, Miss Bessie is never fascinated by the individual, whom Mr. James has made, we are obliged to say, a somewhat silly and stupid young man, though he is very carefully attired in the fragmentary talk and anxious avoidance of all pretence at

any thing better, which is characteristic of Englishmen. The situation will remind the reader of that audacious and brilliant study of American manners to which we may be forgiven a passing reference—the *Tender Recollections* of Miss Irene Macgillicuddy. One could almost fancy that it was in a little natural national irritation against that revelation of the New York young lady and her mode of treating the wandering Englishmen that Mr. James undertook his version of his countrywoman. Yet the picture of the life of Newport, the talk and the sociability, is characteristic enough, very odd to English eyes, and perceptibly the same, though taken from a less malicious point of view, as the society of Irene Macgillicuddy. It is, however, when his gay and elegant and beatifully-dressed and pretty-mannered Americans come to London that Mr. James's intention becomes apparent. We are doubtful whether his indictment is most against the British aristocracy for not rushing to throw itself at the feet of Mrs. Westgate and Miss Alden, or against Mrs. Westgate for expecting this rush. Both are involved in the pretty and lively talk of the lady, who, conscious of having taken so many Englishmen to her heart in America, is delicately and gaily bitter as to the absence of all return on their part when she appears in their kingdom. Lord Lambeth is most anxious to return their civilities, and devotes himself to their service; but he cannot make his duchess-mother equally eager, and the whole brilliant little episode collapses in the inferred refusal by Bessie of her noble lover, which is caused, we are not sure whether by her indifference to himself, or by her indignant perception of the manner in which her proud innocence is regarded by all around him. Thus it all comes to nothing once more; and the pretty Americans go forth "to spread their conquests further," into the gayer French world, where they apparently expect a better reception, but where, as Mr. James has already shown us, still more tragic and incomprehensible hostilities lurk.

Thus we are made to see the generous open-heartedness of American society, and the mean jealousy and unresponsiveness of our own. But do not let us

say our own—for Mrs. Westgate is charmingly *naïve* in her determination to see no society worthy of her which does not include all the dukes and duchesses, personages whom most of us scarcely take into account at all as indispensable to enjoyment.

"I don't want any superior second-rate society" (said this charming woman); "I want the society I have been accustomed to. The first time I came to London I went out to dine. After dinner, in the drawing-room, I had some conversation with an old lady. . . . I forget what she talked about; but she presently said, in allusion to something we were discussing, 'Oh, you know the aristocracy do so-and-so—but in one's own class of life it is very different.' In one's own class of life! What is a poor unprotected American woman to do in a country where she is liable to have that sort of thing said to her?"

This is perhaps the most delicate and refined snobbishness that was ever put upon record, and Mr. James evidently knows the ways of thinking of his people. Mr. Matthew Arnold, on his side, would no doubt be edified to see how little his favorite class of gentlemen, who are "not of the nobility, but with the accomplishments and tastes of an upper class," satisfy the requirements of the wives of New York merchants. These ladies take all the conventionalities of society *au grand sérieux*. They are wounded by the fact that Her Grace must walk before them out of a room; yet they feel themselves not in the society to which they have been accustomed when they are not with the duchesses. The picture is very amusing and characteristic, and full of candor. Miss Alden, however, who is from Boston, is very desirous of carrying with her into the best society another class not always found there—"the eminent people—the authors and artists—the clever people." "We hold them in great honor; they go to the best dinner parties," she says, with delightful simplicity. The young Bostonian is not less conscious of her superiority to "the distinguished people" than is the Marquis of Lambeth; but her sense of her power to do them honor is much more lively. Altogether there have been few things more piquant in recent literature than this contrast and contact of the Old World and the New. The American in France had much the worse of the conflict.

The *Americaine* in England carries off the honors, though they are somewhat barren.

Want of space prevents us from noticing the other works of the series. The "Europeans," as we have said, are very shabby representatives of the Old World in the New—not at all on the same level as Newman and the Newport ladies; and nobody on this side of the Atlantic will grudge Mr. James his easy victory over them, which is very shadowy and indistinct at the same time. We never really know what they want, to start with—and we are left in some uncertainty as to what they obtain. The story of Daisy Miller has a different *motif* from the others. It is a purely American picture; and the strange, beautiful, dainty, innocent, and very foolish little American girl, with her ignorant defiance of all rules, is criticized and condemned by Americans abroad, not by the society native to the places which she scandalizes. The wonderful mother, and still more wonderful little boy, are figures which must be quite familiar to every frequenter of foreign hotels; but we never met any thing so daring as Daisy herself. The end of the story is unnecessarily tragic. The poor little pretty trifler might surely have been shipped home to Schenectady, and let off with her life. There is one other little sketch in Mr. James's last volume which is wonderfully pretty and pathetic, and which he calls "Four Meetings." It is the story of a little New England governess, whose "dream of her life" it has been, as with Bessie Alden, to go to "Europe," and who saves up her money with a kind of passion for this end. She comes to Europe, meets, and is immediately victimized by, an American cousin in France, to whom her money is needful, and goes back again penniless but uncomplaining, having spent but thirteen hours in that Europe for which she had so longed. It is cruel. One instinctively puts one's hand in one's pocket, wondering would it not have been possible somehow to make up Miss Caroline Spencer's loss? But it is the author's *role* to represent himself as entirely passive in such matters; and, on the other hand, it would have spoiled the story. Mr. James cannot refrain from another covert fling at the Old World, by representing his

delicate little martyr as saddled in perpetuity with a vulgar Frenchwoman, the supposed widow of the cousin who robbed her; but the picture of the heroine is very touching in its faint colors and delicate outline, and gives us a pang of sympathy, even though we feel that the pain is unnecessary, and that surely the American lady at the hotel must have managed some way of making it up to the sufferer.

We recommend to romancers of all

nations, who may happen to have the necessary knowledge, this mode of setting forth the mutual grievances of their countries. We have ourselves in England discussed America at great length by means of wandering novelists; but nobody before Mr. James has hit upon this delicate and subtle way of showing how superior the one race is to the other, while saying something not ill-natured, at the same time, of the other too.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE MANDOLINATA.

BY W. W. STORY.

THE night is still, the windows are open,
The air with odors is sweet;
Hark! some one is humming the Mandolinata
Along the open street.
The Mandolinata! Ah me! as I hear it,
Before me you seem to rise
From the other world, with your gentle presence,
Your tender and smiling eyes.

How we jested together, and hummed together
That old and threadbare song,
With forced intonations and quaint affectations,
That ended in laughter long!
How oft in the morning beneath your window
I framed to it bantering words,
And heard from within your sweet voice answer
With a flute-tone like a bird's!

And you opened your shutters and sang, "Good morning,
O Troubadour, gallant and gay!"
And I chanted, "O lovely and lazy lady,
I die of this long delay!
Oh, hasten, hasten!" "I'm coming, I'm coming,
Thy lady is coming to thee;"
And then you drew back in your chamber laughing—
Oh, who were so foolish as we?

Ah me! that vision comes up before me;
How vivid and young and gay!
Ere Death like a sudden blast blew on you,
And swept life's blossoms away.
Buoyant of spirit, and glad and happy,
And gentle of thought and heart;
Ah! who would believe you were mortally wounded,
So bravely you played your part?

We veiled our fears and our apprehensions,
With hopes that were all in vain;
It was only a sudden cough and spasm
Betrayed the inward pain.

In the midst of our jesting and merry laughter,
 We turned aside to sigh,
 Looked out of the window, and all the landscape
 Grew dim to the brimming eye.

And at last, one pleasant summer morning,
 When roses were all in bloom,
 Death gently came with the wandering breezes
 To bear your spirit home.
 A smile on your lips—a tender greeting—
 And all that was once so gay
 Was still and calm, with a perfect sadness,
 And you had passed away.

THROUGH the casement the wind is moaning,
 On the pane the ivy crawls,
 The fire is faded to ashes,
 And the black brand, broken, falls.

The voices are gone, but I linger,
 And silence is over all ;
 Where once there was music and laughter
 Stands Death in the empty hall.

There is only a dead rose lying,
 Faded and crushed on the floor ;
 And a harp whose strings are broken,
 That Love will play no more.

Blackwood's Magazine.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THACKERAY.

IN the absence of any complete biography of the late William Makepeace Thackeray, every anecdote regarding him has a certain value, in so far as it throws a light on his personal character and methods of work. Read in this light and in this spirit, and the tributes to his memory are valuable and interesting. Glancing over some memoranda connected with the life of the novelist, contained in a book which has come under our notice, entitled *Anecdote Biographies*, we gain a ready insight into his character. And from the materials thus supplied, we now offer a few anecdotes treasured up in these too brief memorials of his life.

Thackeray was born at Calcutta in 1811. While still very young, he was sent to England ; on the homeward voyage he had a peep at the great Napoleon in his exile-home at St. Helena. He received his education at the Charterhouse School and at Cambridge, leaving the

latter without a degree. His fortune at this time amounted to twenty thousand pounds ; this he afterward lost through unfortunate speculations, but not before he had travelled a good deal on the continent, and acquainted himself with French and German everyday life and literature. His first inclination was to follow the profession of an artist ; and curious to relate, he made overtures to Charles Dickens to illustrate his earliest book. Thackeray was well equipped both in body and mind when his career as an author began ; but over ten years of hard toil at newspaper and magazine writing were undergone before he became known as the author of *Vanity Fair*, and one of the first of living novelists. He lectured with fair if not with extraordinary success both in England and America, when the sunshine of public favor had been secured. His career of successful novel-writing terminated suddenly on 24th December, 1863, and

like Dickens, he had an unfinished novel on hand.

Thackeray's generosity to others in a struggling position is well known. The following are fair examples.

One morning Thackeray knocked at the door of Horace Mayhew's chambers in Regent Street, crying from without: "It's no use, Horry Mayhew; open the door." On entering, he said cheerfully: "Well, young gentleman, you'll admit an old fogy." When leaving, with his hat in his hand, he remarked: "By the by, how stupid! I was going away without doing part of the business of my visit. You spoke the other day of poor George. Somebody—most unaccountably—has returned me a five-pound note I lent him a long time ago. I didn't expect it. So just hand to George; and tell him, when his pocket will bear it, to pass it on to some poor fellow of his acquaintance. By-bye." He was gone! This was one of Thackeray's delicate methods of doing a favor; the recipient was asked to *pass it on*.

One of his last acts on leaving America after a lecturing tour, was to return twenty-five per cent. of the proceeds of one of his lectures to a young speculator who had been a loser by the bargain. While known to hand a gold piece to a waiter with the remark: "My friend, will you do me the favor to accept a sovereign?" he has also been known to say to a visitor who had proffered a card: "Don't leave this bit of paper; it has cost you two cents, and will be just as good for your next call." Evidently aware that money when properly used is a wonderful health-restorer, he was found by a friend who had entered his bedroom in Paris, gravely placing some napoleons in a pill-box, on the lid of which was written: "One to be taken occasionally." When asked to explain, it came out that these strange pills were for an old person who said she was very ill, and in distress; and so he had concluded that this was the medicine wanted. "Dr. Thackeray," he remarked, "intends to leave it with her himself. Let us walk out together." To a young literary man afterward his amanuensis, he wrote thus, on hearing that a loss had befallen him: "I am sincerely sorry to hear of your position, and send

the little contribution which came so opportunely from another friend whom I was enabled once to help. When you are well-to-do again, I know you will pay it back; and I daresay somebody else will want the money, which is meanwhile most heartily at your service."

Unlike Charles Dickens, he was never happy when he had the prospect of a speech to make or had to act as chairman at some public gathering. One morning his amanuensis found him in bed, and discovered that he had passed a restless night. He was to preside that evening at the dinner of the General Theatrical Fund. His assistant ventured to remark that he was sorry he did not seem well that morning. "*Well!*" he exclaimed; "no; I am not well. I have got to make that confounded speech to-night." It is well known that his speech at the founding of the Free Library Institution, Manchester, which lasted for but three minutes, when he sat down, was a conspicuous failure. He good-naturedly remarked to a friend afterward: "My boy, you have my profoundest sympathy; this day you have accidentally missed hearing one of the finest speeches ever composed for delivery by a great British orator."

When enjoying an American repast at Boston in 1852, his friends there, determined to surprise him with the size of their oysters, had placed six of the largest bivalves they could find, on his plate. After swallowing number one with some little difficulty, a friend asked him how he felt. "Profoundly grateful," he gasped; "and as if I had swallowed a little baby." Previous to a farewell dinner given by his American intimates and admirers, he remarked that it was very kind of his friends to give him a dinner, but that such things always set him trembling. "Besides," he remarked to his secretary, "I have to make a speech, and what am I to say? Here, take a pen in your hand and sit down, and I'll see if I can hammer out something. It's hammering now. I'm afraid it will be stammering by and by." His *short* speeches, when delivered, were as characteristic and unmistakable as any thing he ever wrote. All the distinct features of his written style were present.

It is interesting to remark the senti-

ments he entertained toward his great rival Charles Dickens. Although the latter was more popular as a novelist than he could ever expect to become, he expressed himself in unmistakable terms regarding him. When the conversation turned that way, he would remark: "Dickens is making ten thousand a year. He is very angry at me for saying so; but I *will* say it, for it is true. He doesn't like me. He knows that my books are a protest against his—that if the one set are true, the other must be false. But *Pickwick* is an exception; it is a capital book. It is like a glass of good English ale." When *Domby and Son* appeared in the familiar paper cover, number five contained the episode of the death of little Paul. Thackeray appeared much moved on reading it over, and putting number five in his pocket, hastened with it to the editor's room in *Punch* office. Dashing it down on the table in the presence of Mark Lemon, he exclaimed: "There's no writing against such power as this; one has no chance! Read that chapter describing young Paul's death; it is unsurpassed—it is stupendous!" When *Vanity Fair* was at its best and being published in monthly parts, with a circulation of six thousand a month, Thackeray would remark: "Ah, they talk to me of popularity, with a sale of little more than one half of ten thousand. Why look at that lucky fellow Dickens, with heaven knows how many readers, and certainly not less than thirty thousand buyers."

In a conversation with his secretary previous to his American trip, he intimated his intention of starting a magazine or journal on his return, to be issued in his own name. This scheme eventually took shape, and the result was the now well-known *Cornhill Magazine*. This magazine proved a great success, the sale of the first number being one hundred and ten thousand copies. Under the excitement of this great success, Thackeray left London for Paris. To Mr. Fields, the American publisher, who met him by appointment at his hotel in the Rue de la Paix, he remarked: "London is not big enough to contain me now, and I am obliged to add Paris to my residence. Good gracious!" said he, throwing up his long arms, "where

will this tremendous circulation stop? Who knows but that I shall have to add Vienna and Rome to my whereabouts? If the worst come to the worst, New York also may fall into my clutches, and only the Rocky Mountains may be able to stop my progress." His spirits continued high during this visit to Paris, his friend adding that some restraint was necessary to keep him from entering the jewellers' shops, and ordering a pocketful of diamonds and "other trifles; for," said he, "how can I spend the princely income which Smith* allows me for editing *Cornhill*, unless I begin instantly somewhere!" He complained too that he could not sleep at night "for counting up his subscribers." On reading a contribution by his young daughter to the *Cornhill*, he felt much moved, remarking to a friend: "When I read it, I blubbered like a child; it is so good, so simple, and so honest; and my little girl wrote it, every word of it."

Dickens in the tender memorial which he penned for the *Cornhill Magazine*, remarks on his appearance when they dined together. "No one," he says, "can ever have seen him more genial, natural, cordial, fresh, and honestly impulsive than I have seen him at those times. No one can be surer than I of the greatness and goodness of the heart that then disclosed itself."

Thackeray sometimes made a good point in his replies. He was pestered on one occasion by a young American, who questioned him as to what they thought of this person and that in England. "Mr. Thackeray," he asked, "what do they think of Tupper?" "They don't think of Tupper," he quietly replied. At the weekly *Punch* dinners, Jerrold and he used to sit together when the former seemed inclined to wrangle when every thing was not to his mind. "There's no use quarrelling," said Thackeray; "for we must meet again next week."

Beneath his "modestly grand" manner, his seeming cynicism and bitterness, he bore a very tender and loving heart. In a letter written in 1854, and quoted in James Hannay's sketch, he expresses himself thus: "I hate Juvenal," he

* Of Smith, Elder & Co., the well-known publishers.

says. "I mean I think him a truculent fellow; and I love Horace better than you do, and rate Churchill much lower; and as for Swift, you haven't made me alter my opinion. I admire, or rather admit, his power as much as you do; but I don't admire that kind of power so much as I did fifteen years ago, or twenty shall we say. *Love is a higher intellectual exercise than hatred*; and when you get one or two more of those young ones you write so pleasantly about, you'll come over to the side of the kind wags, I think, rather than the cruel ones." The pathetic sadness visible in much that he wrote sprung partly from temperament and partly from his own private calamities. Loss of fortune was not the only cause. When a young man in Paris, he married; and after enjoying domestic happiness for several years, his wife caught a fever, from which she never afterward sufficiently recovered to be able to be with her husband and children. She was henceforth intrusted to the care of a kind family, where every comfort and attention was secured for her. The lines in the ballad of the *Bouillabaisse* are supposed to refer to this early time of domestic felicity:

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me—
There's no one now to share my cup.

In dictating to his amanuensis during the composition of the lectures on the *Four Georges*, he would light a cigar, pace the room for a few minutes, and then resume his work with increased cheerfulness, changing his position very frequently, so that he was sometimes sitting, standing, walking, or lying about. His enunciation was always clear and distinct, and his words and thoughts were so well weighed that the progress of writing was but seldom checked. He dictated with calm deliberation, and showed no risible feeling even when he had made a humorous point. His whole literary career was one of unremitting industry; he wrote slowly, and, like "George Eliot," gave forth his thoughts in such perfect form, that he rarely re-

quired to retouch his work. His handwriting was neat and plain, often very minute; which led to the remark, that if all trades failed, he would earn sixpences by writing the Lord's Prayer and the Creed in the size of one. Unlike many men of less talent, he looked upon calligraphy as one of the fine arts. When at the height of his fame he was satisfied when he wrote six pages a day, generally working during the day, seldom at night. An idea which would only be slightly developed in some of his shorter stories, he treasured up and expanded in some of his larger works. When he received an adverse criticism, he remarked in a letter to a friend regarding it: "What can the man mean by saying that I am 'uncharitable, unkindly, that I sneer at virtue?' and so forth. My own conscience being pretty clear, I can receive the *Bulletin's* displeasure with calmness—remembering how I used to lay about me in my own youthful days, and how I generally took a good tall mark to hit at." That he felt the gravity of his calling is evident from a reply written in 1848 to friends in Edinburgh, who, presaging his future eminence, had presented him with an inkstand in the shape of a silver statuette of "Punch." "Who is this that sets up to preach to mankind," he wrote, "and to laugh at many things which men reverence? I hope I may be able to tell the truth always, and to see it aright, according to the eyes which God Almighty gives me. And if in the exercise of my calling I get friends, and find encouragement and sympathy, I need not tell you how much I feel, and am thankful for this support."

While Alfred Tennyson the future Laureate received the gold medal at Cambridge given by the Chancellor of the university for the best English poem, the subject being *Timbuctoo*, we find Thackeray satirizing the subject in a humorous paper called *The Snob*. Here are a few lines from his clever skit on the prize poem:

There stalks the tiger—there the lion roars,
Who sometimes eats the luckless blackamoors;
All that he leaves of them the monster throws
To jackals, vultures, dogs, cats, kites, and
crows;

His hunger thus the forest monarch gluts,
And then lies down 'neath trees called cocoa-nuts.

The personal appearance of Thackeray has been frequently described. His nose, through an early accident, was misshapen; it was broad at the bridge, and stubby at the end. He was near-sighted; and his hair at forty was already gray, but massy and abundant; his keen and kindly eyes twinkled sometimes through and sometimes over his spectacles. A friend remarked that what he "should call the predominant expression of the countenance was courage—a readiness to face the world on its own terms." Unlike Dickens, he took no regular walking exercise, and being regardless of the laws of health, suffered in consequence. In reply to one who asked him if he had ever received the

best medical advice, his reply was: "What is the use of advice if you don't follow it? They tell me not to drink, and I *do* drink. They tell me not to smoke, and I *do* smoke. They tell me not to eat, and I *do* eat. In short, I do every thing that I am desired *not* to do; and therefore, what am I to expect?" And so one morning he was found lying, like Dr. Chalmers, in the sleep of death with his arms beneath his head, after one of his violent attacks of illness; to be mourned by his mother and daughters, who formed his household, and by a wider public beyond, which had learned to love him through his admirable works.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE COLORED MAN IN AUSTRALIA.

THE colored races of Australia—as all those not of European extraction are concisely called—are a constant source of anxiety to the white settlers. No sooner has the colonist disposed of one "shade," than he is confronted by some trouble arising out of the commissions of another; and disputes as to the best mode of dealing with Asiatics, Polynesians, and aboriginals form some of the most prominent of Australian questions. From the date of the first settlement, the degraded original owners of the soil have commanded the attention of the settlers who appropriated their property. The mischievous propensities of the aboriginals have been a source of constant annoyance to the pioneers, whilst the rapid decline in their numbers has disappointed the philanthropist, who vainly sought to raise these barbarians in the scale of intelligence, by teaching them habits of continuous toil and a sense of moral responsibility. The helpless brutality of the aboriginal does, however, secure him from active hostility on the part of the white settler; and the problem of dealing with him in the most humane and advantageous manner will at no distant date be solved by his disappearance from the face of the earth. Very different is the case with the aliens who have imported in large numbers from Asia and the South Sea Islands. These races show no signs of decay. Their numbers are constantly increasing.

They have invaded Australia from Cape York to Port Philip, and from South Australia to New Zealand. Partly because they represent cheap labor, partly because "Australia for the white man" is become an article of faith from one end of the continent to the other, these importations have met with the most determined hostility—with antipathy which might long ago have culminated in serious violence, had not the various colonial governments performed something, and promised more, in the way of repressive legislation. The colored man is the stock subject of the newspapers, the regular topic at public meetings, and the theme of numerous parliamentary debates. In short, he has risen to the dignity of the question of the day.

The colored races of Australia are of three principal varieties. The aboriginal is black, the Chinaman is yellow, and the Polynesian may be of any tint from copper to black. Since the conclusion of the Maori war in New Zealand, the aboriginal has not attracted any attention beyond the limits of Australia. The colonists, however, especially in the north, have by no means heard the last of him. The fine race of New Zealand are rapidly declining through the combined influence of too much rum, and, apparently, too little fighting. Drink and inactivity co-operate toward the same result. Peace is now maintained between the natives and the settlers, and

the former are more considerably treated than of yore; but alike in peace or war, whether drinking rum or cutting throats, the native New Zealander goes down before the advance of civilization. The aborigines of Tasmania are extinct. On the continent their condition becomes more degraded, and hopeless in proportion as they are remote from the sea. The coast natives are far superior to those of the inland districts. The former are capable of continuous industry, and display a considerable amount of intelligence. Some specimens that I saw about Moreton Bay (the entrance to the River Brisbane) were remarkably fine men. In the north of Queensland—in the peninsula of Cape York and round about the gulf of Carpentaria—the native is of an entirely different race, and probably migrated originally from the islands of the great Indian archipelago. He is athletic, intelligent, ferocious, untamable, and is credited with an appetite for human flesh. Traces of cannibalism have also been found in the western interior; but nothing exact is known of the natives of that unexplored region. The most degraded of the aboriginal tribes have proved less unteachable than might have been inferred from the accounts of early travellers; but nowhere have these races been so advantageously affected by civilization as to afford any hope of their escaping that natural law which dooms the weaker race to disappear before the stronger. The blacks will occasionally work for the squatters, and work well; but they soon grow tired of remaining in one place. Continuous application seems beyond them. They are useful in tracking malefactors—a business for which most of them have qualified by a long training as evil-doers on their own account. In some places areas have been set apart for them, and homes have been established under the care of white officials. Here the aboriginal has acquired a little knowledge of agriculture and some of the simpler arts; but it is noticeable that women or old and infirm men mostly seek these institutions, which thus do little to lighten the lump of able-bodied savagery. In Northern Queensland the relationship between the whites and the blacks is one of war to the knife. The savage uses his spear,

the settler his rifle, whenever an opportunity presents itself. Nothing is attempted in the way of negotiation, overtures for peace, or reclamation. The latter is pronounced to be an impossibility; but no effort has been made to establish a *modus vivendi*. It is said—and probably with too much truth—that the irreconcilable hostility of these northern savages was first provoked by atrocities on the part of the early settlers; but it is not at all certain that the blacks could not be propitiated. They have decidedly the best of the present permanent state of warfare, which annually costs Queenslanders several lives and a large amount of property.

So much for the black man. The Kanaka, South Sea Islander, or Polynesian, as he is variously termed, may be generally classed as the brown man, though every island rejoices in its peculiar tint. These immigrants are confined to Queensland, and almost to one industry—the cultivation of sugar. About ten years ago the English Government and people were astonished at the receipt of reports to the effect that the South Sea Islanders were systematically kidnapped and compelled to work on the Queensland plantations. These accounts had too much foundation in truth; but such practices wholly ceased long ago. An Act passed in the year 1868 placed this kind of immigration under strict regulations. Every vessel bringing Polynesians to Queensland must be licensed. Every importer of South Sea Islanders must sign a bond with two sureties, agreeing, under a penalty, to fulfil the conditions of the Act. These stipulate that the Polynesian shall be employed for a term of three years, at wages not under £6 a year. He is to be provided with a certain amount of clothing yearly, with rations, and medical attendance when required. At the end of the term of three years his employer must provide him with a passage—the accommodation on board ship being also specified. These laborers are industrious and for the most part well behaved. They suffer no hardship from their employers; but the mortality amongst them is excessive, arising mostly from pulmonary diseases. Though the climate here is tropical, the mornings in midwinter are very cold, with occasional frosts. Some of these

Polynesians remain in Queensland after the expiration of their term of service, and these often display a propensity for arraying themselves in fine linen and gold chains. The remainder return to their native islands (the New Hebrides), carrying with them the equivalent of their £18 in the shape of rifles, revolvers, and other instruments of war. As these are the marks of civilization of which they are most proud, it is to be feared that their intercourse with higher intelligences does not prove an unmixed blessing to their benighted brethren at home. In the year 1877 the number of Polynesians who came to Queensland was 1986, including only 74 females. The number who departed was 906. The total number imported into this colony up to the end of March, 1878, was 13,933. Of these 1694 died, and 5570 went home again, leaving 6669 in the country.

The insignificant number of women who come hither from the islands forms an objection to the employment of Kanakas. As for the rest, it might be thought that a body of laborers who are engaged for a limited period, and who perform a kind of work that is not suitable for Europeans, would excite no jealousy or animosity amongst the whites. This, however, is not the case. The Australian's antipathy to the colored man is beyond the reach of argument. The Polynesian, limited as is the sphere of his operations, has narrowly escaped exclusion from Queensland. The Premier who has just retired from office (Mr. Douglas) was greatly opposed to Kanaka labor; and a measure further "regulating" the employment of the South Sea Islander was all but passed in the session of 1877. The newly-arrived immigrant from Great Britain or Europe, who is landed at the Northern ports, is especially dismayed at the sight of these dark-skinned fellow-laborers. The immensity of the distances in these countries, the interminable forests of gum trees, the roughness of every thing around, the villages where he expected to find cities, and the hamlets where he imagined there would be towns, are calculated to depress the new-comer at first; but these novel influences are as nothing compared with the prospect of having to work side by side with *black labor*! Appalled at such an unexpect-

ed discovery, many of the immigrants, who are brought hither at a cost to the colony of some £20 a head, hasten southward; and thus New South Wales secures many a good citizen at the expense of Queensland.

The Polynesian, however, as an object of public interest and of public dread, sinks into insignificance before the Chinese. This ubiquitous, all-suffering, all-capable individual—the future possessor of the world in his own opinion—has invaded Australia in thousands. He competes with the white man in almost every industry. He is careless of hardship, and apparently indifferent to climate. He flourishes equally under the almost equatorial heat of northern Queensland, and in the moist cool atmosphere of New Zealand. He possesses the power of working almost without limit, though he is slower and feebler than the Englishman; he can live upon a sum which would astonish a Dorsetshire laborer; and he regards an occasional period of semi-starvation as something quite in the ordinary way of business. These qualities, much more than certain vices to which the yellow man is addicted, have excited against him the bitterest aversion. The slang name for this invasion of the celestial children is sufficiently expressive. It is called the Yellow Agony. The Chinaman is regarded, in short, as an instrument for taking the bread out of the white man's mouth, as an agent for the reduction of wages, and his tendency is undoubtedly to monopolize any industry in which he once gets a footing.

It is remarkable that a question which is vital to Australia, and which is of no little imperial importance, should have excited so little attention in England. From time to time the English papers have noticed the Chinese invasion of California; and some years ago the Philadelphia correspondent of the *Times* very felicitously described the hostility to the Chinese in America as caused by their "underselling white labor, and setting up their idols in a Christian land." The *Times* itself brought the artillery of political economy to bear; it upheld the right of the employer to buy labor in the cheapest market. And possibly this off-hand decision was sufficient as regards the case in America.

The Chinese there are only obnoxious in the one corner where they reside ; they are but a drop in the ocean of the great republic. If we estimate the Chinese in California at 35,000—an extreme number, I believe—such an alien population is not likely to cause any social disturbance amongst a community of forty millions, however offensive they may be to their immediate neighbors. In Australia the case is widely different. The Chinese swarm throughout the eastern continent. There are 4000 in Sydney alone. In Queensland they number at least 20,000, out of a total population of little over 200,000. The report of the Queensland Department of Mines for the year 1877 states that the total number of gold-miners at the end of the year was 17,903. Of these only 4634 were Europeans, and the remainder, 13,269, were Chinese. In some places, notably Cooktown, these visitors form the majority of the population. Viewing the matter apart from prejudice, antipathy, or panic, these figures do suggest a serious question. If this immigration of Chinese be continued, is there not a danger lest the yellow race should, at any rate in certain districts, become the dominant one ? These colonies are held by white men in the name of Queen Victoria ; are we to allow any portion of them practically to pass to the Emperor of China ? The question is a complicated one, since we have to consider—first, the general right of the employer to get his work done at the cheapest rate ; secondly, the treaty obligations of the empire of which Australia forms a part ; thirdly, the undoubted right of the colonies to self-preservation. The last consideration seems likely to overpower the others. Rightly or wrongly, the colonial electors and their representatives have decided that Chinese immigration constitutes a danger which must not be suffered to continue. If one expedient fails to keep out the yellow man, another must be tried ; excluded he must be. This feeling is practically unanimous. It has brought about repressive legislation in Queensland, and the example of the younger colony will soon be followed in New South Wales.

When the Chinaman first arrived in Queensland, he devoted himself to occu-

pations in which his services were very welcome. He raised vegetables which no one else would raise ; he caught the fish which had hitherto swum almost unmolested in Moreton Bay ; and he did the work both of an English country hawker and a London costermonger. The Queenslander is apt to despise small industries. The command of boundless territory, the enervating climate, and the still more enervating system of government, all tend to foster a dislike to occupations which require attention to minute detail. To such a community the plodding Chinaman was useful—and, indeed, still is, as far as the above-mentioned occupations go. But the case assumed a totally different aspect after the discovery of the northern gold-fields, especially that on the Palmer River (1873). The almond-eyed race rushed thither in thousands, all animated with the hope of realizing that very modest capital which secures a competence in China. The alluvial diggings of the North* were totally unequal to the support of the multitudes who flocked to them. In some localities the yield of gold was insufficient to procure the necessaries of life—even the necessaries of Chinese life. Great privations were endured by the majority. Many died of sheer starvation. But their fate did not check the invasion. A few gained the coveted fortune, and each individual was willing to brave every risk in the hope that he might be numbered among the lucky minority. The Chinese are inveterate gamblers—a propensity in strange contrast with their indomitable perseverance and plodding industry. Suffering the Celestial bears patiently ; he holds life cheaply ; and so long as he sees a chance of success for himself, he views with the utmost unconcern the bleached bones of his companions around him. Nearly all the yellow immigrants to the gold-fields came out under a sort of contract with their wealthier brethren at home. Not having the money to pay their own passages to Queensland, they engaged to make over a certain propor-

* In alluvial mining the gold is sought by washing the soil ; in the other branch of gold-mining, "reefing," the precious metal is extracted from the quartz rock by crushing. The latter operation requires expensive machinery, the former only the simplest appliances.

tion of their gains to the capitalists who gave them a start. Notwithstanding the number who left home never to return, the speculation seems to have paid the Hong Kong merchants who embarked in it, for the stream of Chinese immigration never ceased to flow as long as the alluvial deposits on the northern fields held out, and until the adoption by the Queensland Parliament and Government of the measures which I am about to describe.

This form of Chinese enterprise gave rise among the Europeans to a measure of discontent and enmity that never could have been excited by fishing or market-gardening. No matter that a European could not live upon the gains out of which the Chinese would save money; no matter that the aliens often worked ground that the European would regard as worthless. The total amount carried off by the Asiatics was imposing in the mass, and the white men considered themselves robbed of their property. It must be admitted that these Chinese gold-seekers were perfectly useless as colonists. They did not bring their families, they did not settle. Their only object was to secure as much gold as would recoup their patrons and leave a balance for themselves. They then decamped. During their stay here they dealt with traders of their own race, so that much of even their necessary expenditure would also find its way back to China. Immigrants who have left no trace behind them, except the exhaustion of the alluvial fields over which they worked, could hardly be regarded as desirable colonists. Such visitors cannot be welcomed. The Colonial feeling, however, goes far beyond this negative phase. It is a feeling of determined hostility; it has brought about several Acts of Parliament; and, whilst I write, further dramatic novelties of the same order are announced by the new government as being in preparation.

But, however precise the public demand might be, a practical method of meeting it was not readily discovered. Queensland is an integral portion of the British Empire, and the treaty obligations of the Imperial Government must be respected here as elsewhere. The Chinese could not be forcibly kept out. They could not be hanged or imprisoned

after they landed. At length the Brisbane Government resolved to exclude these visitors by the indirect method of rendering their expeditions hither unprofitable. The Hong Kong patrons would not send their countrymen over, unless the speculation proved remunerative; and accordingly the Ministry set themselves to prevent such a favorable result by imposing extra licenses, and exacting a sort of caution money. In a word, the white man was to be *protected* by a *duty* on the yellow man. The first measure passed by the Queensland Legislature was the Gold Fields Act Amendment Act of 1877. This provided that all Asiatic or African aliens should pay £3 for a miner's right or license, whereas the ordinary fee is 10s., and £10 for a business license, whereas the charge to Europeans is £4. Governor Cairns withheld his assent from this measure, on the ground that to impose special charges upon the Chinese was contrary to the spirit of the Imperial treaties with China. That the measure was directed against the Chinese only was obvious, since Queensland contains no African aliens, nor any Asiatics except Chinese. The Queensland Ministry of the day waxed wrath at this interference. They sought and obtained sympathy from the other Australian Governments, and they composed some Ministerial effusions which must have given intense amusement in Downing Street. Finally, the bill was assented to. Whilst it was in abeyance, the Government passed a second measure, which, though still more oppressive to the yellow man, received the royal assent without delay. This was the Chinese Immigrants Regulation Act of 1877. It stipulates that the master of every vessel bringing Chinese passengers to any Queensland port shall, before making an entry at the Customs, deliver to the collector a list of the Chinese on board, and pay a deposit of ten pounds for each one of them. A certificate is given to each of these passengers, and constitutes a sort of passport through the colony. The purpose for which this deposit is made may be best exemplified by quoting the 7th Clause of the Act:—

"7. All sums so paid by or on behalf of any Chinese shall be paid over to the Colonial Treasurer, and be by him applied in manner following, that is to say: If at any time within three

years from the date of the landing or arrival of any Chinese in respect of whom such sums shall have been paid, such Chinese shall depart from the colony to parts beyond the seas, and shall before his departure prove to the satisfaction of the Colonial Treasurer that during his residence in the colony he has not been confined in any jail or lock-up after conviction of any offence, and that he has paid all fines and penalties imposed upon him under the provisions of any Act in force in the colony, and that he has paid all expenses incurred in respect of his confinement or medical treatment in any public hospital, benevolent asylum, lunatic asylum, or other place for the care, treatment, or cure of the sick poor or insane, and that no expense of charge has fallen upon the revenue,—then upon the production to the collector or other principal officer of customs at the port of embarkation, of the certificate given to such Chinese on his arrival, the amount so paid in respect of such Chinese shall be repaid to him on board of the ship by which he shall so depart. But if he shall fail to make such proof within the period aforesaid, the amount shall be paid into the Consolidated Revenue."

The penalties for the infringement of any of the provisions of this Act are very severe—heavy fines, the forfeiture of the vessel, etc. The chance of any Chinese immigrant getting his £10 back is obviously infinitesimal. He must not only keep out of jail, not only pay for his maintenance if he is compelled to go to a hospital, a benevolent asylum (a sort of workhouse) or a lunatic asylum—the latter being a very likely destination for any Chinese who come hither after the passage of this Act—but he must prove all this. The onus of showing that he has been immaculate rests with him. Imagine Ah Sing, the Hong Kong John Smith, endeavoring to prove in a strange country that he was not the Ah Sing who did this or that which he ought not to have done! In nine cases out of ten the deposit must remain an absolute poll-tax.

The deposit, however, is not all. No vessel can carry more than one Chinese passenger for every ten tons of registry. Previously to the adoption of this proviso in Queensland, the steamship companies were able to make this trade profitable by carrying large numbers, tightly packed, at £3 or £4 a head. The Chinese had no objection to the tight-packing; indeed, they are not thankful for any of the blessings of civilization, as Europeans interpret them; and they were only too glad to get here anyhow, provided the demand upon their pockets

was of moderate amount. I am informed by a leading merchant that, under the Act of 1877, a Chinaman cannot be profitably carried from Hong Kong to Cooktown (the most northerly Queensland port) under £30. Any thing like this charge would be prohibitory. As a matter of fact the Chinese Immigrants Regulation Act has achieved its object, that of preventing immigration altogether. The number of Chinese who arrived in Queensland in 1875 was 7254; in 1876, 6555; and in 1877, 7460. Since the end of 1877, the total of yellow immigrants has not reached 200. In all likelihood a falling off in the number of visitors from Hong Kong would have been inevitable in any case, since the alluvial fields of the north are well-nigh exhausted. But so complete a suspension of the "yellow agony" can only be owing to the effect of these prohibitive measures.

Yet even the two Acts I have described were not deemed sufficient by an anxious Ministry. The first one—The Gold Fields Act Amendment Act—proved a dead letter. It was found impossible to get the license money from the Chinese. In many cases they did not possess it; in other cases they would not pay. As this patient race were always ready to starve or to go to jail, their *vis inertiae* gained them a complete victory as regards this measure. The deposit under the Regulation Act must be paid before the Chinese can land, and hence the decisive effect of that law; the license was payable after the Chinese had got on shore, and in practice could not be obtained at all. This result was, of course, unsatisfactory. The Regulation Act prevented fresh importations, but it did not affect those Chinese who were already in the colony. Something was needed to make these uncomfortable, and the Gold Fields Act Amendment Act had proved a complete failure. Nothing daunted, the Ministry passed the Gold Fields Act Amendment Act of 1878, which repealed the Amendment Act of 1877, and forbade "Asiatic or African aliens" from mining on new gold fields, a field being defined as "new" for three years after proclamation. Thus if a Chinese gold-seeker does get over the difficulty of the £10 deposit—which has so far proved insu-

perable—he can only take the leavings of the Europeans. No new fields worth mentioning have recently been discovered, and the old alluvial deposits must speedily cease to afford a livelihood even to a Chinaman. Some of the ground has been worked over three times already. Whether this repressive legislation is in accordance with the spirit of British treaties with China is a question for the Colonial Secretary at home: certain it is that the desire of the vast majority of Queenslanders is rapidly being realized.

The history of the Chinese question in New South Wales has been marked by a very significant episode. For some time past the competition of the Chinese in that colony has excited the same feeling of dissatisfaction which is manifested throughout Australia. In Sydney alone the obnoxious race number 4000. They have almost monopolized the cabinet-making business, for which they display remarkable aptitude, and in other trades their rivalry is formidable. The animosity of the whites has often seemed on the point of breaking out into violent measures, in that most rowdy-ridden of Australian cities—Sydney; but peace was preserved up to the middle of last November, when the Australasian Steam Navigation Company—much to their own surprise—brought about a serious crisis. The A. S. N. Company (as it is popularly called) is one of the most powerful of Australian corporations. Its large fleet of steamers ply along the whole coast of the continent from Cooktown to Adelaide, and trade with New Zealand, Tasmania, Fiji, and New Caledonia. Previously to the middle of November Chinese firemen and dockhands were employed on board three steamers trading with Fiji and New Caledonia. The directors resolved to avail themselves further of this cheap labor, and Chinese began gradually to make their appearance in the vessels trading between Sydney and Queensland. There cannot be the slightest doubt that the Company intended to supersede European seamen and firemen as far as possible throughout their service. One hundred Chinese were brought specially from Hong Kong, and this consignment was followed by another and a much larger one. On Monday, November 18th, the

directors attempted to put their resolution into force at Sydney, and were met by a strike of all the crews in port. The whites broke their engagements, packed up their effects, and went on shore. The example was followed by every other crew, when and wherever they landed, until nearly the whole fleet was laid up. Only with the utmost difficulty could the Company insure the imperfect fulfilment of their mail contracts. One steamer was manned entirely by captains and officers; and very amusing it was to hear the "Have the goodness to belay that rope, Mr. A.," and the "Be kind enough to keep her off, Mr. B." The weekly loss to the Company was enormous; but they held out in the full expectation that the men would be beaten in the end. And doubtless so powerful a body would have triumphed without much difficulty in an ordinary strike. But this was no ordinary dispute between capital and labor. It was a strike against the yellow man. Thus it acquired a sacred character; it became an Australian movement, securing universal sympathy, and, what was more to the purpose, substantial support.

A storm of popular feeling—unanimous, with insignificant exceptions, from one end of the continent to the other—burst upon the Company. Public meetings were held everywhere, and without ceasing. The newspapers mostly took the side of the seamen. Ministers, *in esse* and *in posse*, were interviewed, and promised to "settle" the Chinese question as soon as Parliament assembled, or as soon as they got into office, as the case might be. The public put their hands in their pockets, and subscribed for the support of the strikers a sum much in excess of the requirements of the case. So bitter was the feeling of Australians generally, that large numbers of working men forbade their wives to deal with Chinese hawkers and gardeners, and thus endangered the health of their children, for in this climate vegetables form a specially essential element in the food of the young. Violence was studiously avoided, save in one or two trivial cases; albeit the *canaille* of Sydney was with difficulty restrained from displaying its peculiar style of patriotism. But no feature of this popular movement was so striking as the fact that the cause of the

seamen was supported not merely by raw politicians seeking after popularity, *novi homines* grasping at a chance of making themselves, but by the moderate and established leaders of Australian politics. In Queensland the Ministry and the Opposition were at one in the matter; and the former gave notice to the A. S. N. Company that, in consequence of the irregular delivery of the mails, the contract for carrying them would be terminated. In a word, the Company, instead of having to contend against a few seamen and stokers, found itself face to face with the entire Australian community. Long before the strike terminated, defeat became inevitable; indeed, the Government of New South Wales threatened legislative measures. In one circular to the shareholders the directors hinted at the preposterous expedient of selling their property; in other words, having declared that they could not make a profit unless they employed Chinese labor, they would sell their steamers because they were prevented from using such labor! Better sense prevailed in the end; and ultimately the directors accepted a compromise, by which they agreed to pay the wages of the strikers up to the time of their leaving work, to employ Chinese on certain lines only, and to restrict the total number so employed to 130. So ended this important contest; important because it was brought about by the first attempt of European employers to introduce Chinese labor on a large scale; for, be it noted, though the yellow man abounds in such numbers in these countries, he almost invariably works for himself or an employer of his own race.

The Prime Minister of New South Wales, Sir Henry Parkes, has lost no time in drawing up a measure for the purpose of effecting for his colony what the Chinese Immigrants Regulation Act has so thoroughly done for Queensland. Indeed, the bill is an exact copy of the Act, with the exception of the use to made of the £10 deposit. The Queensland Act makes a pretence, as we have seen, of returning this sum. Sir Henry Parkes proceeds in a more straightforward manner. His bill provides that all sums "so paid by or on behalf of any Chinese shall be paid over to the Colonial Treasurer, and by him set apart

under a separate account as a fund to be applied toward the support of Chinese within the hospitals or other public institutions of the colony. This affords the Celestial a substantial prospect. Instead of being buoyed up with the delusive hope of regaining his deposit in money, he has before him the certainty of being able to take it out in medicine, or even to claim a wooden leg for nothing. The measure is not yet passed, but there is no doubt that it will become law. Sir Henry Parkes commands a large majority, and it is not probable that any of his followers either could or would rebel in the present state of the public temper.

The total number of Chinese in New South Wales at the end of last year was 9616. There are few, if any, women of this race in the colony, but 352 European women live with Chinese, of which number 181 are married. The condition of the remainder is a favorite topic at the indignation meetings, but it is right to say that these women had small social standing to lose when they joined fortunes with their Mongolian partners. In Victoria the number of Chinese is comparatively small, and no measures have been taken against them. A few meetings have been held, and the general attitude is one of sympathy with the anti-Chinese movements in the north. In South Australia the Government have issued an order prohibiting contractors from employing Chinese on any public work. It will thus be seen that the same disposition prevails throughout the colonies.

Such are the facts of the case. The logic, the justice of this question, are of course another matter. To most Englishmen, probably, these legislative proceedings will appear monstrous. In British Columbia, indeed, an impost similar to the deposit or protection duty levied upon the Chinese in Queensland has been pronounced unconstitutional by the supreme court; but as "constitution" and its derivatives are precisely that class of words to which everybody attaches the meaning that pleases him best, it is not probable that a decision of this kind will make much difference. The Queenslanders have secured the royal assent to their measure, and what has been granted to one colony can

hardly be refused to another. Equally little to the purpose is it to uphold the virtues of the Chinese on the one hand, or his vices on the other, though these are generally the subject of fierce contention between the advocates of the two sides. Both the good and the bad qualities of the unpopular race are more or less doubtful quantities. The Chinese are inveterate gamblers, but they are not alone in this respect. Many of them smoke opium, but the consumption of this drug by the yellow man does not produce worse effects than the consumption of rum by the white man. Intoxication is a greater public nuisance than stupefaction. Then these invaders bring no women with them, and very few can or will obtain European wives. Hence very mischievous consequences; but it is alleged with much reason on behalf of the Chinese that they cannot be expected to bring women hither, while the men meet with such scant courtesy. The yellow man, in fact, invariably becomes of a more deplorable moral character, in proportion as his industrial rivalry grows more formidable. "Henceforth I'm opposed to cheap labor," said Bret Harte's Californian, when he found that the Heathen Chinese could cheat at euchre more effectively than he could himself. On the other hand, the virtues of the Chinese have been absurdly extolled, and equally require discounting. He is "orderly and inoffensive." Is he so at home, when he finds himself supported by an overwhelming superiority of numbers. Here in Australia his quiet behavior is very intelligible. The 4000 Chinese, for example, who inhabit Sydney have good reasons for being orderly, in the presence of an unfriendly population of 140,000. Again, that the Chinaman is industrious is a rule to which I have never met with any exception. He labors to excess; his capacity for patient toil seems inexhaustible. But he has never had any opportunity of developing any other qualities besides this plodding perseverance. White philosophy now universally recognizes that man should not live for work alone; yet many generations of something very like serfdom have left the masses in China with the power of labor, and with very little else. The industry of the Chinese is a virtue run to seed.

Let us fix the moral status of the Celestial as nicely as we may, there still remains unsolved the perplexing problem arising out of the European's instinct of self-preservation. For this is really the root of the matter. The Australian is neither intolerant nor unreasonable with respect to other races generally. All manner of Europeans are welcomed here: they arrive in shiploads, settle down, and amalgamate with the rest of the population. The Irish are remarkably numerous in Brisbane, and, as a class, are prosperous. Germans swarm in the best agricultural region of Queensland, the Darling Downs. Out of 6212 European immigrants who landed in this colony during 1877, 1378 were Germans. At the last general election an important constituency rejected an Englishman who had sat in Parliament for five years, and had been Chairman of the Committees, in favor of a German storekeeper. Italians also have been brought hither at the public expense. The ordinary European is, in short, sought after, whether he speaks English or not. Why is the Asiatic so bitterly opposed? The specious pleas of "passion," "prejudice," "antagonism of race," will not serve to explain a feeling which is so deep and universal. The instinct of self-preservation, I repeat, is the true explanation of this difficulty: the Australian is fully convinced that the issue is one of life or death, and that where the Chinese are, the Europeans will, sooner or later, cease to be. Nor is the question merely one of cheap labor—of underbidding in the wages market. The adhesion to the cause of the seaman of nearly all the Australian political leaders—including many men of wealth—shows that something more is at stake. A very few words will suffice to show what this is.

When the A. S. N. Company made their attempt to supersede white labor, the rate of wages for a European fireman was £8 a month. The Eastern and Australian Mail Company pay their Chinese firemen £2 15s. a month, and four Chinese are equal to three Europeans. The difference between the wages of the two is therefore equal to the difference between 11 and 24. Can it be doubted that, with such an advantage in prospect, the employment of Chinese

would, if the A. S. N. Company had succeeded, in time have become universal? It may be argued that if the capitalists can command this difference, they have a right to it; but, before admitting this inference, let us glance at another set of facts. The population of Australia is augmented not only by natural increase, but also by the constant influx of immigrants brought hither at the expense of the various colonial governments. These new-comers are collected in shiploads by agents in London, and, in the case of Queensland, lecturers are paid to travel throughout Great Britain, and explain to the multitude the advantages of settling in this El Dorado. Neither lecturers nor agents spare the coloring in their pictures of colonial life; yet in the main an artisan or laborer does benefit by availing himself of these facilities. Queensland is now suffering from a period of temporary depression, but in ordinary times the chances of success here are much greater than in the old country, whilst comfort is almost a certainty. The case would be utterly altered if the myriads who are ready to leave China at a moment's notice were allowed free ingress and an industrial *champ libre*.

To induce Europeans to come hither by holding out a prospect of from six to fourteen shillings a day, and to leave them after their arrival to compete with a race who are thankful for half-a-crown, would be a cruel fraud. It would, indeed, be impossible to practise such deception. European free immigration would cease altogether, and what such discontinuance would mean may be inferred from the fact that of the 6212 Europeans who came to Queensland in 1877, only 420 paid their own passages. And not only would the white man cease to come in; he would in many cases be driven out. A slow but sure transformation of these British colonies into Asiatic communities would be brought about, with a result disastrous to all classes, not excepting the capitalists, whose gain by the employment of yellow labor would be more than counterbalanced by the loss of white custom. The spendings of the Chinese are proportionate to their earnings. Such a result would be all the more calamitous, since Australians generally are beginning to

evinced a desire for a closer connection with the mother country, and it is probable that some of the starving workpeople of Great Britain will be compelled ere long to seek a new home. This they might find here with advantage to themselves and the colonies. If, as is more than probable, England has reached the limit of her population-bearing capacity, an advantageous arrangement might be made by which the boundless capabilities of these regions might be rendered, available for the surplus—Australia would obtain the population she needs, and England would secure a more extended market for her commodities. This, however, can never be, if the unrestrained competition of the Chinese is to be tolerated. That my forecast of the consequences of such competition is not overdrawn, is evidenced by the present condition of Cooktown and the district round about. This region is a Mongolian province. The Chinese are predominant. It is true that they are not allowed to share in the government, but they have not been trained to desire this kind of power. Their persons and property are safe, and they are sagely content to leave the trouble of government to the whites.

It is the reality of this danger which has led a majority of the educated and well-to-do colonists to join the multitude in the campaign against the unwelcome visitors. On the whole they cannot be blamed. The balance of argument in this most difficult question inclines to the side of the exclusionists. The expedients with which they have met the invaders are undoubtedly artificial; they are even, as we have seen, grotesque; but it is only fair to their originators to say that they were not tried until all others had proved useless. Nor can it be doubted that any other English community, or any European community whatsoever, would adopt similarly decisive measures if they were suddenly swamped by a horde of uninvented guests. In matters of this kind the advocates of toleration are always those who have nothing to tolerate. In reluctantly arriving at a conclusion like this, I trust I have overlooked nothing that can be urged on the Chinese side of the question. Indeed, it would be difficult to do so, since the Chinese have spoken with

no uncertain sound in their own behalf. Three Chinese merchants of Melbourne, L. Kong Meng, Cheok Hong Cheong, and Louis Ah Mony, have issued a pamphlet, in which the case is discussed from their side with great force. They are not supposed to have written this paper, but the fact that they have been the means of giving so excellent an argument to the world does them the greatest credit. Here is their estimate of the Chinese character:—"Man for man, we unhesitatingly assert that our countrymen will compare favorably with any European people in morals and manners; in proof whereof we refer to Hayter's Statistics on Crime, etc.: and that they are superior to the average Englishman in filial affection, in respect for the aged, in honesty, in cheerfulness, and in patient, plodding industry. They are free from moroseness and discontent, very good-tempered, grateful for kindness, faithful to their employers, quick to learn, clever to imitate, peaceful, orderly, sober, and methodical." Kong Meng and his coadjutors then proceed to argue that Australia is large enough for all, and that China is overcrowded. Australia is probably half as large again as China proper, and it contains fewer than two millions and a quarter of Europeans. Why, then, do not the Chinese betake themselves to some part of Australia where they will not interfere with Europeans? If the average Chinaman is half as fine a fellow as these three merchants represent him

to be, he is fully the equal of the Englishman. Why, then, does he not (being "clever to imitate") do as the Englishman has done, and found colonies of his own, instead of trespassing upon other people's preserves? The world would be all the better for a few independent Chinese communities. For the yellow men to settle down amongst a people with whom they can no more amalgamate than oil can mix with water, is merely tempting Providence. During the last ten years they have invaded various white communities, and yet have made no more progress toward fusion than is indicated by the formation of a few connections with women who are generally the most degraded of their sex. That painful industry, that life-darkening frugality, which are so much admired by some observers, are not the offspring of innate virtue, but the result of a permanently inadequate food supply. It is not possible that a race reared like the English can imitate such qualities; nor is it desirable, except on the theory that man was born to make himself miserable. Why continue an attempt which is obviously futile, and which involves such fierce antagonism of race? The world is wide, and still contains numerous unsettled areas. If the Chinese fail in the endeavor to possess them, the result will go far to establish that inferiority which their advocates so strenuously deny.—*Fortnightly Review*.

WORDSWORTH.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

I REMEMBER hearing Lord Macaulay say, after Wordsworth's death, when subscriptions were being collected to found a memorial of him, that ten years earlier more money could have been raised in Cambridge alone, to do honor to Wordsworth, than was now raised all through the country. Lord Macaulay had, as we know, his own heightened and telling way of putting things, and we must always make allowance for it. But probably it is true that Wordsworth has never, either before or since, been so accepted and popular, so established in

possession of the minds of all who profess to care for poetry, as he was between the years 1830 and 1840, and at Cambridge. From the very first, no doubt, he had his believers and witnesses. But I have myself heard him say, that, for he knew not how many years, his poetry had never brought him in enough to buy his shoe-strings. The poetry-reading public was very slow to recognize him, and was very easily drawn away from him. Scott effaced him with this public, Byron effaced him. The death of Byron seemed, however,

to make an opening for Wordsworth. Scott, who had for some time ceased to produce poetry himself, and stood before the public as a great novelist; Scott, too genuine himself not to feel the profound genuineness of Wordsworth, and with an instinctive recognition of his firm hold on nature and of his local truth, always admired him sincerely, and praised him generously. The influence of Coleridge upon young men of ability was then powerful, and was still gathering strength; this influence told entirely in favor of Wordsworth's poetry. Cambridge was a place where Coleridge's influence had great action, and where Wordsworth's poetry, therefore, flourished especially. But even amongst the general public its sale grew large, the eminence of its author was widely recognized, and Rydal Mount became an object of pilgrimage. I remember Wordsworth relating how one of the pilgrims, a clergyman, asked him if he had ever written any thing besides the *Guide to the Lakes*. Yes, he answered modestly, he had written verses. Not every pilgrim was a reader, but the vogue was established, and the stream of pilgrims came.

Mr. Tennyson's decisive appearance dates from 1842. One cannot say that he effaced Wordsworth as Scott and Byron had effaced him. The poetry of Wordsworth had been so long before the public, the suffrage of good judges was so steady and so strong in its favor, that by 1842 the verdict of posterity, one may almost say, had been already pronounced, and Wordsworth's English fame was secure. But the vogue, the ear, and applause of the great body of poetry-readers, never quite thoroughly perhaps his, he gradually lost more and more, and Mr. Tennyson gained them. Mr. Tennyson drew to himself, and away from Wordsworth, the poetry-reading public and the new generations. Even in 1852, when Wordsworth died, this diminution of popularity was visible, and occasioned the remark of Lord Macaulay which I quoted at starting.

The diminution has continued. The influence of Coleridge has waned; Wordsworth's poetry can no longer draw succor from this ally. The poetry has not, however, wanted eulogists; and it may be said to have brought its

eulogists luck, for almost every one who has praised Wordsworth's poetry has praised it well. But the public has remained cold, or, at least, undetermined. The abundance of Mr. Palgrave's fine and skilfully chosen specimens of Wordsworth, in the *Golden Treasury*, surprised many readers, and even gave offence to some. To tenth-rate critics and compilers, for whom any violent shock to the public-taste would be a temerity not to be risked, it is still quite permissible to speak of Wordsworth's poetry, not only with ignorance, but with impertinence. On the Continent he is almost unknown.

I cannot think, then, that Wordsworth has up to this time at all obtained his deserts. "Glory," said M. Renan the other day, "glory after all is the thing which has the best chance of not being altogether vanity." And when M. Renan presents himself to the French Academy—the only authentic dispensers, he says, of glory, of "this grand light"—he presents himself supported by M. Victor Hugo, his "dear and illustrious master," a poet irradiated with it; a poet "whose genius has throughout our century struck the hour for us, has given body to every one of our dreams, wings to every one of our thoughts." Yet probably not twenty people in that magnificent assemblage, all coruscating with the beams of the "grand light," had ever even heard of Wordsworth's name.

Wordsworth was a homely man, and would certainly never have thought of talking of glory as that which, after all, has the best chance of not being altogether vanity. And it is quite impossible for us to esteem recognition by the French academy, or by the French nation, or by any single institution or nation, as so decisive a title to glory as M. Renan supposes it. Yet we may well allow to him, after these reserves, that few things are less vain than *real* glory. Let us conceive of the whole group of civilized nations as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working toward a common result; a confederation whose members have a due knowledge both of the past, out of which they all proceed, and of one another. This was the ideal of

Goethe, and it is an ideal which will impose itself upon the thoughts of our modern societies more and more. Then to be recognized by the verdict of such a confederation as a master, or even as seriously and eminently worthy, in one's own line of intellectual or spiritual activity, is indeed glory; a glory which it would be difficult to rate too highly. For what could be more beneficent, more salutary? The world is forwarded by having its attention fixed on the best things; and here is a tribunal, free from all suspicion of national and provincial partiality, putting a stamp on the best things, and recommending them for general honor and acceptance. A nation, again, is furthered by recognition of its real gifts and successes; it is encouraged to develop them further. And here is an honest verdict, telling us which of our supposed successes are really, in the judgment of the great impartial world, and not in our own private judgment only, successes, and which are not.

It is so easy to feel pride and satisfaction in one's own things, so hard to make sure that one is right in feeling it! We have a great empire. But so had Nebuchadnezzar. We extoll the "unrivalled happiness" of our national civilization. But then comes a candid friend, and remarks that our upper class is materialized, our middle class vulgarized, and our lower class brutalized. We are proud of our painting, our music. But we find that in the judgment of other people our painting is questionable, and our music non-existent. We are proud of our men of science. And here it turns out that the world is with us; we find that in the judgment of other people, too, Newton among the dead, and Mr. Darwin among the living, hold as high a place as they hold in our national opinion.

Finally, we are proud of our poets and poetry. Now poetry is nothing less than the most perfect speech of man, that in which he comes nearest to being able to utter the truth. It is no small thing, therefore, to succeed eminently in poetry. And so much is required for duly estimating success here, that about poetry it is perhaps hardest to arrive at a sure general verdict, and takes longest. Meanwhile, our own conviction of the

superiority of our national poets is not decisive, is almost certain to be mingled, as we see constantly in English eulogy of Shakespeare, with much of provincial infatuation. And we know what was the opinion current amongst our neighbors the French, people of taste, acuteness, and quick literary tact, not a hundred years ago, about our great poets. The old *Biographie Universelle* notices the pretension of the English to a place for their poets among the chief poets of the world, and says that this is a pretension which to no one but an Englishman can ever seem admissible. And the scornful, disparaging things said by foreigners about Shakespeare and Milton, and about our national over-estimate of them, have been often quoted, and will be in every one's remembrance.

A great change has taken place, and Shakespeare is now generally recognized, even in France, as one of the greatest of poets. Yes, some anti-Gallican cynic will say, the French rank him with Corneille and Victor Hugo! But let me have the pleasure of quoting a sentence about Shakespeare, which I met with by accident not long ago in the *Correspondant*, a French review which not a dozen English people, I suppose, look at. The writer is praising Shakespeare's prose. With Shakespeare, he says, "prose comes in whenever the subject, being more familiar, is unsuited to the majestic English iambic." And he goes on: "Shakespeare is the king of poetic rhythm and style, as well as the king of the realm of thought. Along with his dazzling prose, Shakespeare has succeeded in giving us the most varied, the most harmonious verse, which has ever sounded upon the human ear, since the verse of the Greeks." M. Henry Cochin, the writer of this sentence, deserves our gratitude for it; it would not be easy to praise Shakespeare, in one short sentence, more felicitously. And when a foreigner and a Frenchman writes thus of Shakespeare, and when Goethe says of Milton, in whom there was so much to repel Goethe rather than to attract him, that "nothing has been ever done so entirely in the sense of the Greeks as *Samson Agonistes*," and that "Milton is in very truth a poet whom we must treat with all respect," then we understand what constitutes a European

recognition of poets and poetry as contradistinguished from a merely national recognition, and that in favor both of Milton and of Shakespeare the judgment of the high court of appeal has finally gone.

Or, again, judgment may go the other way. Byron has had an immense reputation, not in England only, but on the Continent. M. Taine, in his history of English literature, takes Byron as seriously as he takes Shakespeare. Byron is the supreme and incomparable expression of the English genius after eight centuries of preparation; he is the one single contemporary author who has *atteint à la cime*, "reached the summit;" *Manfred* is the twin brother of *Faust*. But then Mr. Scherer strikes in with his words of truth and soberness. Remarking that "Byron is one of our French superstitions," he points out how Byron's talent is oratorical rather than poetical; he points out how to high and serious art, art impersonal and disinterested, Byron never could rise; and how the man in Byron, finally, is even less sincere than the poet. And by this we may perceive that we have not in Byron what we have in Milton and Shakespeare—a poetical reputation which time and the authentic judgment of mankind will certainly accept and consecrate.

So excellent a writer and critic as M. Renan sees in M. Victor Hugo a "beloved and illustrious master, whose voice has throughout our century struck the hour for us." Of these "striking of the hour" by the voice of M. Victor Hugo, none certainly was more resonant, none was hailed with more passionate applause by his friends, than *Hernani*. It is called for again, made to strike over again; we have the privilege of hearing it strike in London. And still there is no lack of applause to this work of a talent "combining," says Théophile Gautier, "the qualities of Corneille and of Shakespeare." But I open by chance a little volume, the conversations of Goethe with the Chancellor von Müller. There I come upon this short sentence: "Goethe said, 'Hernani' was an absurd composition." *Hernani sei eine absurde Composition*. So speaks this great foreign witness; a German, certainly, but a German favorable to

French literature, and to France, "to which," said he, "I owe so much of my culture!" So speaks Goethe, the critic who, above all others, may count as European, and whose judgment on the value of a work of modern poetry is the judgment which will, we may be almost sure, at last prevail generally.

I come back to M. Renan's praise of glory, from which I started. Yes, real glory is a most serious thing, glory authenticated by the Amphictyonic Court of final appeal, definitive glory. And even for poets and poetry, long and difficult as may be the process of arriving at the right award, the right award comes at last, the definitive glory rests where it is deserved. Every establishment of such a real glory is good and wholesome for mankind at large, good and wholesome for the nation which produced the poet crowned with it. To the poet himself it can seldom do harm; for he, poor man, is in his grave, probably, long before his glory crowns him.

Wordsworth has been in his grave for some thirty years, and certainly his lovers and admirers cannot flatter themselves that this great and steady light of glory as yet shines over him. He is not fully recognized at home; he is not recognized at all abroad. Yet I firmly believe that the poetical performance of Wordsworth is, after that of Shakespeare and Milton, of which all the world now recognizes the worth, undoubtedly the most considerable in our language from the Elizabethan age to the present time. Chaucer is anterior; and on other grounds, too, he cannot well be brought into the comparison. But taking the roll of our chief poetical names, besides Shakespeare and Milton, from the age of Elizabeth downwards, and going through it—Spenser, Dryden, Pope, Gray, Goldsmith, Cowper, Burns, Coleridge, Campbell, Moore, Byron, Shelley, Keats (I mention those only who are dead)—I think it certain that Wordsworth's name deserves to stand, and will finally stand, above them all. Several of the poets named have gifts and excellences which Wordsworth has not. But taking the performance of each as a whole, I say that Wordsworth seems to me to have left a body of poetical work superior in power, in interest, in the qualities which give enduring freshness,

to that which any one of the others has left.

But this is not enough to say. I think it certain, further, that if we take the chief poetical names of the Continent since the death of Molière, and omitting Goethe, confront the remaining names with that of Wordsworth, the result is the same. Let us take Klopstock, Lessing, Schiller, Uhland, Rückert, and Heine for Germany; Filicaia, Alfieri, Manzoni, and Leopardi for Italy; Voltaire, André, Chenier, Béranger, Lamartine, Musset, M. Victor Hugo (he has been so long celebrated that although he still lives I may be permitted to name him), for France. Several of these, again, have evidently gifts and excellences to which Wordsworth can make no pretension. But in real poetical achievement it seems to me indubitable that to Wordsworth, here again, belongs the palm. It seems to me that Wordsworth has left behind him a body of poetical work which wears, and will wear, better on the whole than the performance of any one of these personages, so far more brilliant and celebrated, most of them, than the homely poet of Rydal. Wordsworth's performance in poetry is on the whole, in power, in interest, in the qualities which give enduring freshness, superior to theirs.

This is a high claim to make for Wordsworth. But if it is a just claim, if Wordsworth's place, among the poets who have appeared in the last two or three centuries, is after Shakespeare, Molière, Milton, Goethe, indeed, but before all the rest, then in time Wordsworth will have his due. We shall recognize him in his place, as we recognize Shakespeare and Milton; and not only we ourselves shall recognize him, but he will be recognized by Europe also. Meanwhile, those who recognize him already may do well, perhaps, to ask themselves whether there are not in the case of Wordsworth certain special obstacles which hinder or delay his due recognition by others, and whether these obstacles are not in some measure removable.

The *Excursion* and the *Prelude*, his poems of greatest bulk, are by no means Wordsworth's best work. His best work is in his shorter pieces, and many

indeed are there of these which are of first-rate excellence. But in his seven volumes the pieces of high merit are mingled with a mass of pieces very inferior to them; so inferior to them that it seems wonderful how the same poet should have produced both. Shakespeare frequently has lines and passages in a strain quite false, and which are entirely unworthy of him. But one can imagine his smiling if one could meet him in the Elysian Fields and tell him so; smiling and replying that he knew it perfectly well himself, and what did it matter? But with Wordsworth the case is different. Work altogether inferior, work quite uninspired, flat and dull, is produced by him with evident unconsciousness of its defects, and he presents it to us with the same faith and seriousness as his best work. Now a drama or an epic fill the mind, and one does not look beyond them; but in a collection of short pieces the impression made by one piece requires to be continued and sustained by the piece following. In reading Wordsworth, the impression made by one of his fine pieces is constantly dulled and spoiled by a very inferior piece coming after it.

Wordsworth composed verses during a space of some sixty years; and it is not much of an exaggeration to say that within one single decade of those years, between 1798 and 1808, almost all his really first-rate work was produced. A mass of inferior work remains, work done before and after this golden prime, imbedding the first-rate work and clogging it, obstructing our approach to it, chilling the high-wrought mood with which we leave it. To be recognized far and wide as a great poet, to be possible and receivable as a classic, Wordsworth needs to be relieved of a great deal of the poetical baggage which now encumbers him. To administer this relief is indispensable, unless he is to continue to be a poet for the few only, a poet valued far below his real worth by the world.

There is another thing. Wordsworth classified his poems not according to any commonly received plan of arrangement, but according to a scheme of mental physiology. He has poems of the fancy, poems of the imagination, poems of sentiment, and reflection, and

so on. His categories are ingenious but far-fetched, and the result of his employment of them is unsatisfactory. Poems are separated one from another which possess a kinship of subject or of treatment far more vital and deep than the supposed unity of mental origin which was Wordsworth's reason for joining them with others.

The tact of the Greeks in matters of this kind was infallible. We may rely upon it that we shall not improve upon the classification adopted by the Greeks for kinds of poetry; that their categories of epic, dramatic, lyric, and so forth, have a natural propriety, and should be adhered to. It may sometimes seem doubtful to which of two categories a poem belongs; whether this or that poem is to be called, for instance, narrative or lyric, lyric or elegiac. But there is to be found in every good poem a strain, a predominant note, which determines the poem as belonging to one of these kinds rather than the other; and here is the best proof of the value of the classification, and of the advantage of adhering to it. Wordsworth's poems will never produce their due effect until they are freed from their present artificial arrangement, and grouped more naturally.

Naturally grouped, and disengaged, moreover, from the quantity of inferior work which now obscures them, the best poems of Wordsworth, I hear many people say, would indeed stand out in great beauty, but they would prove to be very few in number, scarcely more than half a dozen. I maintain, on the other hand, that what strikes me with admiration, what establishes, in my opinion, Wordsworth's superiority, is the great and ample body of powerful work which remains of him, after all his inferior work has been cleared away. He gives us so much to rest upon, so much which communicates his spirit and engages ours!

This is of very great importance. If it were a comparison of single pieces, or of three or four pieces, by each poet, I do not say that Wordsworth would stand decisively above Gray, or Burns, or Keats, or Manzoni, or Heine. It is in his ampler body of powerful work that I find his superiority. His good work, his work which counts, is not all

of it, of course, of equal value. Some kinds of poetry are in themselves lower kinds than others. The ballad kind is a lower kind; the didactic kind, still more, is a lower kind. Poetry of this latter sort counts, too, sometimes, by its biographical interest partly, not by its poetical interest pure and simple; but then this can only be when the poet producing it has the power and importance of Wordsworth, a power and importance which he assuredly did not establish by such didactic poetry alone. Altogether, it is, I say, by the great body of powerful and significant work which remains to him, after every reduction and deduction has been made, that Wordsworth's superiority is proved.

To exhibit this body of Wordsworth's best work, to clear away obstructions from around it, and to let it speak for itself, is what every lover of Wordsworth should desire. Until this has been done, Wordsworth, whom we, to whom he is dear, all of us know and feel to be so great a poet, has not had a fair chance before the world. When once it has been done, he will make his way best not by our advocacy of him, but by his own worth and power. We may safely leave him to make his way thus, we who believe that superior worth and power in poetry finds in mankind a sense responsive to it and disposed at last to recognize it. Yet at the outset, before he has been duly known and recognized, we may do Wordsworth a service, perhaps, by indicating in what his superior power and worth will be found to consist, and in what they will not.

Long ago, in speaking of Homer, I said that the noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness. I said that a great poet receives his distinctive character of superiority from his application, under the conditions immutably fixed by the laws of poetic beauty and poetic truth, from his application, I say, to his subject, whatever it may be, of the ideas

"On man, on nature, and on human life,"

which he has acquired for himself. The line quoted is Wordsworth's own; and his superiority arises from his powerful use, in his best pieces, his powerful ap-

plication to his subject, of ideas "on man, on nature, and on human life."

Voltaire, with his signal acuteness, most truly remarked that "no nation has treated in poetry moral ideas with more energy and depth than the English nation." And he adds: "There, it seems to me, is the great merit of the English poets." Voltaire does not mean by "treating in poetry moral ideas," the composing moral and didactic poems—that brings us but a very little way in poetry. He means just the same thing as was meant when I spoke above of "the noble and profound application of ideas to life?" and he means the application of these ideas under the conditions fixed for us by the laws of poetic beauty and poetic truth. If it is said that to call these ideas *moral* ideas is to introduce a strong and injurious limitation, I answer that it is to do nothing of the kind, because moral ideas are really so main a part of human life. The question, *how to live*, is itself a moral idea; and it is the question which most interests every man, and with which, in some way or other, he is perpetually occupied. A large sense is of course to be given to the term *moral*. Whatever bears upon the question, "how to live," comes under it.

"Nor love thy life, nor hate; but, what thou liv'st,
Live well; how long or short, permit to heaven."

In those fine lines, Milton utters, as every one at once perceives, a moral idea. Yes, but so too, when Keats consoles the forward-bending lover on the Grecian Urn, the lover arrested and presented in immortal relief by the sculptor's hand before he can kiss, with the line,

"For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair"—

he utters a moral idea. When Shakespeare says that, "we are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep," he utters a moral idea.

Voltaire was right in thinking that the energetic and profound treatment of moral ideas, in this large sense, is what distinguishes the English poetry. He sincerely meant praise, not dispraise or hint of limitation; and they err who suppose that poetic limitation is a neces-

sary consequence of the fact, the fact being granted as Voltaire states it. If what distinguishes the greatest poets is their powerful and profound application of ideas to life, which surely no good critic will deny, then to prefix to the word ideas here the term moral makes hardly any difference, because human life itself is in so preponderating a degree moral.

It is important, therefore, to hold fast to this: that poetry is at bottom a criticism of life; that the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life—to the question, How to live. Morals are often treated in a narrow and false fashion, they are bound up with systems of thought and belief which have had their day, they are fallen into the hands of pedants and professional dealers, they grow tiresome to some of us. We find attraction, at times, even in a poetry of revolt against them; in a poetry which might take for its motto Omar Kheyam's words: "Let us make up in the tavern for the time which we have wasted in the mosque." Or we find attractions in a poetry indifferent to them, in a poetry where the contents may be what they will, but where the form is studied and exquisite. We delude ourselves in either case; and the best cure for our delusion is to let our minds rest upon that great and inexhaustible word *life*, until we learn to enter into its meaning. A poetry of revolt against moral ideas is a poetry of revolt against *life*; a poetry of indifference toward moral ideas is a poetry of indifference toward *life*.

Epictetus had a happy figure for things like the play of the senses, or literary form and finish, or argumentative ingenuity, in comparison with "the best and master thing" for us, as he called it, the concern how to live. Some people are afraid of them, he said, or they disliked and undervalued them. Such people were wrong; they were unthankful or cowardly. But the things might also be over-prized, and treated as final when they are not. They bear to life the relation which inns bear to home. "As if a man, journeying home, and finding a nice inn on the road, and liking it, were to stay forever at the inn! Man, thou hast forgotten thine object; thy journey was not to this, but *through* this.

'But this inn is taking.' And how many other inns, too, are taking, and how many fields and meadows! but as places of passage merely. You have an object, which is this: to get home, to do your duty to your family, friends, and fellow-countrymen, to attain inward freedom, serenity, happiness, contentment. Style takes your fancy, arguing takes your fancy, and you forget your home and want to make your abode with them and to stay with them, on the plea that they are taking. Who denies that they are taking? but as places of passage, as inns. And when I say this, you suppose me to be attacking the care for style, the care for argument. I am not; I attack the resting in them, the not looking to the end which is beyond them."

Now, when we come across a poet like Théophile Gautier, we have a poet who has taken up his abode at an inn, and never got further. There may be inducements to this or that one of us, at this or that moment, to find delight in him, to cleave to him; but, after all, we do not change the truth about him—we only stay ourselves in his inn along with him. And when we come across a poet like Wordsworth, who sings—

"Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love and hope,
And melancholy fear subdued by faith,
Of blessed consolations in distress,
Of moral strength and intellectual power,
Of joy in widest commonalty spread,"

then we have a poet intent on "the best and master thing," and who prosecutes his journey home. We say, for brevity's sake, that he deals with *life*, because he deals with that in which life really consists. This is what Voltaire means to praise in the English poets—this dealing with what is really life. But always it is the mark of the greatest poets that they deal with it, and to say that the English poets are remarkable for dealing with it, is only another way of saying, what is true, that in poetry the English genius has especially shown its power.

Wordsworth deals with it, and his greatness lies in his dealing with it so powerfully. I have named a number of celebrated poets above all of whom he, in my opinion, deserves to be placed. He is to be placed above poets like Voltaire, Dryden, Pope, Lessing, Schiller, because these famous personages,

with a thousand gifts and merits, never, or scarcely ever, attain the distinctive accent and utterance of the high and genuine poets—

"Quique pili vates et Phœbo digna locuti,"

at all. Burns, Keats, Heine, not to speak of others in our list, have this accent—who can doubt it? And at the same time they have treasures of humor, felicity, passion, for which in Wordsworth we shall look in vain. Where, then, is Wordsworth's superiority? It is here: he deals with more of *life* than they do; he deals with *life*, as a whole, more powerfully.

No Wordsworthian will doubt this. Nay, the fervent Wordsworthian will add, as Mr. Leslie Stephen does, that Wordsworth's poetry is precious because his philosophy is sound; that his "ethical system is as distinctive and capable of exposition as Bishop Butler's;" that his poetry is informed by ideas which "fall spontaneously into a scientific system of thought." But we must be on our guard against the Wordsworthians, if we want to secure for Wordsworth his due rank as a poet. The Wordsworthians are apt to praise him for the wrong things, and to lay far too much stress upon what they call his philosophy. His poetry is the reality, his philosophy the illusion. Perhaps we shall one day learn to make this proposition more general, and to say: Poetry is the reality, philosophy the illusion. But in Wordsworth's case, at any rate, we cannot do him justice until we dismiss his philosophy.

The *Excursion* abounds with philosophy, and therefore the *Excursion* is to the Wordsworthian what it never can be to the disinterested lover of poetry—a satisfactory work. "Duty exists," says Wordsworth, in the *Excursion*; and then he proceeds thus:

... "immutably survive,
For our support, the measures and the forms,
Which an abstract Intelligence supplies,
Whose kingdom is, where time and space are
not."

And the Wordsworthian is delighted, and thinks that here is a sweet union of philosophy and poetry. But the disinterested lover of poetry will feel that the lines carry us really not a step further than the proposition which they would

interpret ; that they are a tissue of elevated but abstract verbiage, alien to the very nature of poetry.

Or let us come direct to the centre of the philosophy, as "an ethical system as distinctive and capable of systematic exposition as Bishop Butler's :"

... "One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists, one only ;—an assured belief
That the procession of our fate howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power ;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good."

That is doctrine such as we hear in church, too, religious and philosophic doctrine ; and the Wordsworthian loves passages of such doctrine, and brings them forward in proof of his poet's excellence. But however true the doctrine may be, it has, as here presented, none of the characters of *poetic* truth, the kind of truth which we require from a poet, and in which Wordsworth is really strong.

Even the "intimations" of the famous Ode, those corner-stones of the supposed philosophic system of Wordsworth—the idea of the high instincts and affections coming out in childhood, testifying of a divine home recently left, and fading away as our life proceeds—this idea, of undeniable beauty as a play of fancy, has itself not the character of poetic truth of the best kind ; it has no real solidity. The instinct of delight in Nature and her beauty had no doubt extraordinary strength in Wordsworth himself as a child. But to say that universally this instinct is mighty in childhood, and tends to die away afterwards, is to say what is extremely doubtful. In many people, perhaps with the majority of educated persons, the love of nature is nearly imperceptible at ten years old, but strong and operative at thirty. In general we may say of these high instincts of early childhood, the base of the alleged systematic philosophy of Wordsworth, what Thucydides says of the early achievements of the Greek race : "It is impossible to speak with certainty of what is so remote ; but from all that we can really investigate, I should say that they were no very great things."

Finally the "scientific system of

thought" in Wordsworth gives us at last such poetry as this, which the devout Wordsworthian accepts :

"O for the coming of that glorious time
When, prizing knowledge as her noblest
wealth
And best protection, this Imperial Realm,
While she exacts allegiance, shall admit
An obligation, on her part, to *teach*
Them who are born to serve her and obey ;
Binding herself by statute to secure
For all the children whom her soil maintains
The rudiments of letters, and inform
The mind with moral and religious truth."

Wordsworth calls Voltaire dull, and surely the production of these un-Voltairian lines must have been imposed on him as a judgment ! One can hear them being quoted at a Social Science Congress ; one can call up the whole scene. A great room in one of our dismal provincial towns ; dusty air and jaded afternoon daylight ; benches full of men with bald heads and women in spectacles ; an orator lifting up his face from a manuscript written within and without, to declaim these lines of Wordsworth ; and in the soul of any poor child of nature who may have wondered in thither, an unutterable sense of lamentation, and mourning, and woe !

"But turn we," as Wordsworth says, "from these bold, bad men," the haunters of Social Science Congresses. And let us be on our guard, too, against the exhibitors and extollers of a "scientific system of thought" in Wordsworth's poetry. The poetry will never be seen aright while they thus exhibit it. The cause of its greatness is simple and may be told quite simply. It is great because of the extraordinary power with which Wordsworth feels the joy offered to us in nature, the joy offered to us in the simple elementary affections and duties ; and because of the extraordinary power with which, in case after case, he shows us this joy, and renders it so as to make us share it.

The source of joy from which he thus draws is the truest and most unfailing source of joy accessible to man. It is also accessible universally. Wordsworth brings us word, therefore, according to his own strong and characteristic line, he brings us word

"Of joy in widest commonalty spread."

Here is an immense advantage for a

poet. Wordsworth tells of what all seek, and tells of it at its truest and best source, and yet a source where all may go and draw for it.

Nevertheless we are not to suppose that every thing is precious which Wordsworth, standing even at this perennial and beautiful source, may give us. Wordsworthians are apt to talk as if it must be. They will speak with the same reverence of *The Sailor's Mother*, for example, as of *Lucy Gray*. They do their master harm by such lack of discrimination. *Lucy Gray* is a beautiful success; *The Sailor's Mother* is a failure. To give aright what he wishes to give, to interpret and render successfully, is not always within Wordsworth's own command. It is within no poet's command; here is the part of the Muse, the inspiration, the God, the "not ourselves." In Wordsworth's case, the accident, for so it may almost be called, of inspiration, is of peculiar importance. No poet, perhaps, is so evidently filled with a new and sacred energy when the inspiration is upon him; no poet, when it fails him, is so left "weak as is a breaking wave." I remember hearing him say that "Goethe's poetry was not inevitable enough." The remark is striking and true; no line in Goethe, as Goethe said himself, but its maker knew well how it came there. Wordsworth is right, Goethe's poetry is not inevitable; not inevitable enough. But Wordsworth's poetry, when he is at his best, is inevitable, as inevitable as Nature herself. It might seem that Nature not only gave him the matter for his poem but wrote his poem for him. He has no style. He was too conversant with Milton not to catch at times his masters manner, and he has fine Miltonic lines; but he has no assured poetic style of his own, like Milton. When he seeks to have a style he falls into ponderosity and pomposity. In the *Excursion* we have his style, as an artistic product of his own creation; and although Jeffrey completely failed to recognize Wordsworth's real greatness, he was yet not wrong in saying of the *Excursion*, as a work of poetic style: "This will never do." And yet magical as is that power, which Wordsworth has not, of assured and possessed poetic style, he has something which is an equivalent for it.

Every one who has any sense for these things feels the subtle turn, the heightening, which is given to a poet's verse by his genius for style. We can feel it in the

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well"—
of Shakespeare; in the

... "though fall'n on evil days."
On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues"—
of Milton. It is the incomparable charm of Milton's power of poetic style which gives such worth to *Paradise Regained*, and makes a great poem of a work in which Milton's imagination does not soar high. Wordsworth has in constant possession, and at command, no style of this kind; but he had too poetic a nature, and had read the great poets too well, not to catch, as I have already remarked, something of it occasionally. We find it not only in his Miltonic lines; we find it in such a phrase as this, where the manner is his own, not Milton's—

... "the fierce confederate storm
Of sorrow barricaded evermore
Within the walls of cities"—

although even here, perhaps, the power of style, which is undeniable, is more properly that of eloquent prose than the subtle heightening and change wrought by genuine poetic style. It is style, again, and the elevation given by style, which chiefly makes the effectiveness of *Laodameia*. Still the right sort of verse to choose from Wordsworth, if we are to seize his true and most characteristic form of expression, is a line like this:

"And never lifted up a single stone."

There is nothing subtle in it, no heightening, no study of poetic style, strictly so called, at all; yet it is expression of the highest and most truly expressive kind.

Wordsworth owed much to Burns, and a style of perfect plainness, relying for effect solely on the weight and force of that which with entire fidelity it utters, Burns could show him.

"The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame;
But thoughtless follies laid him low
And stain'd his name."

Every one will be conscious of a likeness

here to Wordsworth ; and if Wordsworth did great things with this nobly plain manner, we must remember, what indeed he himself would always have been forward to acknowledge, that Burns used it before him.

Still Wordsworth's use of it has something unique and unmatched. Nature herself seems, I say, to take the pen out of his hand, and to write for him with her own bare, sheer, penetrating power. This arises from two causes : from the profound sincerity with which Wordsworth feels his subject, and also from the profoundly sincere and natural character of his subject itself. He can and will treat such a subject with nothing but the most plain, first-hand, almost austere naturalness. His expression may often be called bald, as, for instance, in the poem of *Resolution and Independence* ; but it is bald as the bare mountain tops are bald, with a baldness which is full of grandeur.

Wherever we meet with the successful balance, in Wordsworth, of profound truth of subject with profound truth of execution, he is unique. His best poems are those which most perfectly exhibit this balance. I have a warm admiration for *Laodameia* and for the great *Ode* ; but if I am to tell the very truth, I find *Laodameia* not wholly free from something artificial, and the great *Ode* not wholly free from something declamatory. If I had to pick out the kind of poems which most perfectly show Wordsworth's unique power, I should rather choose poems such as *Michael*, *The Fountain*, *The Highland Reaper*. And poems with the peculiar and unique beauty which distinguishes these he produced in considerable number ; besides very many other poems of which the worth, although not so rare as the worth of these, is still exceedingly high.

On the whole, then, as I said at the beginning, not only is Wordsworth eminent because of the goodness of his best work, but he is eminent, also, because of the great body of good work which

he has left to us. With the ancients I will not compare him. In many respects the ancients are far above us, and yet there is something that we demand which they can never give. Leaving the ancients, let us come to the poets and poetry of Christendom. Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, even Goethe, are altogether larger and more splendid luminaries in the poetical heaven than Wordsworth. But I know not where else, among the moderns, we are to find his superiors.

I have spoken lightly of Wordsworthians ; and if we are to get Wordsworth recognized by the public and by the world, we must recommend him not in the spirit of a clique, but in the spirit of disinterested lovers of poetry. But I am a Wordsworthian myself. I can read with pleasure *Peter Bell*, and the whole series of *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, and the address to Mr. Wilkinson's spade, and even the *Thanksgiving Ode*—every thing of Wordsworth, I think, except *Vaudracour and Julia*. It is not for nothing that one has been brought up in the veneration of a man so truly worthy of it ; that one has seen him and heard him, lived in his neighborhood and been familiar with his country. No Wordsworthian has a tenderer affection for this pure and sage master than I, or is less really offended by his defects. But Wordsworth is something more than the pure and sage master of a small band of devoted followers, and we ought not to rest satisfied until he is seen to be what he is. He is one of the very chief glories of English poetry ; and by nothing is England so glorious as by her poetry. Let us lay aside every weight which hinders our getting him recognized as this, and let our one study be to bring to pass, as widely as possible and as truly as possible, his own word concerning his poems : "They will co-operate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, and will, in their degree, be efficacious in making men wiser, better, and happier."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

FOOD AND FEEDING.

BY SIR HENRY THOMSON.

(Concluded.)

THE remainder of the second portion of my subject—viz., the preparation of food, which ought to have been concluded in the first paper—must appear, although in very brief terms, at the commencement of this. After which I shall proceed to consider the chief object of the present article, viz., the combination and service of dishes to form a meal—especially in relation to dinners and their adjuncts.

I think it may be said that soups, whether clear (that is, prepared from the juices of meat and vegetables only), or thick (that is, *purées* of animal or vegetable matters), are far too lightly esteemed by most classes in England, while they are almost unknown to the working-man. For the latter they might furnish an important cheap and savory dish; by the former they are too often regarded as the mere prelude to a meal, to be swallowed hastily, or disregarded altogether as mostly unworthy of attention. The great variety of vegetable *purées*, which can be easily made and blended with light animal broths, admits of daily change in the matter of soup to a remarkable extent, and affords scope for taste in the selection and combination of flavors. The use of fresh vegetables in abundance—such as carrots, turnips, artichokes, celery, cabbage, sorrel, leeks, and onions—renders such soups wholesome and appetizing. The supply of garden produce ought in this country to be singularly plentiful; and, owing to the unrivalled means of transport, all common vegetables ought to be obtained fresh in every part of London. The contrary, however, is unhappily the fact. It is a matter of extreme regret that vegetables, dried and compressed after a modern method, should be so much used as they are for soup, by hotel-keepers and other caterers for the public. Unquestionably useful as these dried products are on board ship and to travellers camping out, to employ them at home, when fresh can be had, is the result of sheer indolence or of gross ignorance. All the finest qualities of scent and flavor,

with some of the fresh juices, are lost in the drying process; and the infusions of preserved vegetables no more resemble a freshly made odoriferous soup, than a cup of that thick brown, odorless, insipid mixture, consisting of some bottled "essence" dissolved in hot water, and now supplied as coffee at most railway stations and hotels in this country, resembles the recently made infusion of the freshly roasted berry. It says little for the taste of our countrymen that such imperfect imitations are so generally tolerated without complaint.

The value of the *gridiron* is, perhaps, nowhere better understood than in England, especially in relation to chops, steak, and kidney. Still it is not quite so widely appreciated as it deserves to be in the preparation of many a small dish of fish, fowl, and meat, to say nothing of a grilled mushroom, either alone or as an accompaniment to any of them. And it may be worth while, perhaps, remarking that the sauce *par excellence* for broils is mushroom ketchup; and the garnish cool lettuce, watercress, or endive. And this suggests a word or two on the important addition which may be made to most small dishes of animal food under the title of "garnish." Whether it be a small fillet, braised or roasted, or a portion thereof broiled; a fricandeau, or the choice end of a neck of mutton made compact by shortening the bones; or a small loin, or a dish of trimmed neck cutlets, or a choice portion of broiled rump-steak; a couple of sweetbreads, poultry, pigeon, or what not—the garnish should be a matter of consideration. Whether the dish be carved on the family table, as it rarely fails to be when its head is interested in the cuisine, or whether it is handed in the presence of guests, the quality and the appearance of the dish greatly depend on the garnish. According to the meat may be added, with a view both to taste and appearance, some of the following—*purées* of sorrel, spinach, and other greens, of turnips, and of potatoes plain, in shapes, or in croquettes; cut

carrots, peas, beans, endive, sprouts, and other green vegetables; stewed onions, small or Spanish; cucumbers, tomatoes, macaroni in all forms; sometimes a few sultanas boiled, mushrooms, olives, truffles. In the same way chestnuts are admirable, whole, boiled or roasted, and as a *purée* freely served, especially in winter when vegetables are scarce; serving also as farce for fowls and turkeys. While such vegetables as green peas, French and young broad beans, celery and celeirac, asparagus, seakale, cauliflower, spinach, artichokes, vegetable marrows, etc., are worth procuring in their best and freshest condition, to prepare with especial care as separate dishes.

It is doubtful whether fish is esteemed so highly as an aliment as its nutritious qualities entitle it to be; while it offers great opportunity for agreeable variety in treatment. As a general observation, it may be said that in preparing it for table sufficient trouble is not taken to remove some portion of the bones; this can be advantageously done by a clever cook without disfiguring or injuring the fish. Sauces should be appropriately served: for example, the fat sauces, as *hollandaise* and other forms of melted butter, are an appropriate complement of hot boiled fish, while *mayonnaise* is similarly related to cold. These and their variations, which are numerous, may also accompany both broiled and fried fish, but these are often more wholesome and agreeable when served with only a squeeze of lemon-juice, and a few grains of the zest, if approved, when a fresh green lemon is not to be had—and it rarely can be here. But the juice of the mushroom is preferred, and no doubt justly, by some. Endless variations and additions may be made according to taste on these principles. But there is another no less important principle, viz., that the fish itself often furnishes a source from its own juices, more appropriate than some of the complicated and not very digestible mixtures prepared by the cook. Thus "melted butter"—which is regarded as essentially an English sauce—when intended to accompany fish, should not be, as it almost invariably is, a carelessly made compound of butter, flour, and water; but

in place of the last-named ingredient there should be a concentrated liquor made from the trimmings of the fish itself, with the addition of a few drops of lemon juice, and strengthened if necessary from other sources, as from shell-fish of some kind. Thus an every-day source of wholesome and agreeable quality is easily made: it finds its highest expression in that admirable dish, the sole with *sauce au vin blanc* of the French, or, as associated with shell-fish, in the *sole à la normande*. Some fish furnish their own sauce in a still simpler manner, of which an illustration no less striking is at hand in the easiest, but best mode of cooking a red mullet, viz., baking it, and securing the gravy of delicious flavor, which issues abundantly from the fish, chiefly from the liver, as its only sauce.

Passing rapidly on without naming the ordinary and well-known service of cold meats, fresh and preserved, poultry and game, open or under paste in some form, to be found in profusion on table or sideboard, and in which this country is unrivalled, a hint or two relating to some lighter cold *entrées* may be suggested. It is scarcely possible to treat these apart from the salad which, admirable by itself, also forms the natural garnish for cold dishes. A simple aspic jelly, little more than the *consommé* of yesterday, flavored with a little lemon-peel and tarragon vinegar, furnishes another form of garnish, or a basis, for presenting choice morsels in tempting forms, such as poultry livers, ox-palates, quenelles, fillets of game, chicken, wild fowl, fish, prawns, etc., associated with a well-made salad. On this system an enterprising cook can furnish many changes of light but excellent nutritious dishes.

On salad so much has been written, that one might suppose, as of many other culinary productions, that to make a good one was the result of some difficult and complicated process, instead of being simple and easy to a degree. The materials must be secured fresh, are not to be too numerous and diverse, must be well cleansed and washed without handling, and all water removed as far as possible. It should be made by the hostess, or by some member of the family, immediately before the meal, and be

kept cool until wanted. Very few servants can be trusted to execute the simple details involved in cross-cutting the lettuce, endive, or what not, but two or three times in a roomy salad-bowl; in placing one saltspoonful of salt and half that quantity of pepper in a tablespoon, which is to be filled three times consecutively with the best fresh olive oil, stirring each briskly until the condiments have been thoroughly mixed, and at the same time distributed over the salad. This is next to be tossed well, but lightly, until every portion glistens, scattering meantime a little finely chopped fresh tarragon and chervil, with a few atoms of chives over the whole. Lastly, but only immediately before serving, one small tablespoonful of mild French vinegar is to be sprinkled over all, followed by another tossing of the salad.* The uncooked tomato, itself the prince of salads, may be sliced and similarly treated for separate service, or added to the former, equally for taste and appearance. Cold boiled asparagus, served with a *mayonnaise*, forms a dish, of its kind not to be surpassed. At present ranking, when the quality is fine, as an expensive luxury, there is no reason why, with the improved methods of cultivating this delicious and wholesome vegetable, it should not be produced in great abundance, and for less than half its present price.† As to the manifold green stuffs which, changing with the season, may be presented as salad, their name is legion; and their choice must be left to the eater's judgment, fancy, and digestion, all of which vary greatly.

The combination of dishes to form a meal now demands our consideration. The occupations of man in a civilized state, no less than the natural suggestions of his appetite, require stated and regular times for feeding. But the number of these set apart in the twenty-four hours differs considerably among different peoples and classes. Taking a general view of the subject, it may be said that there are three principal systems to which all varieties of habit may be re-

duced. From an English point of view, these may be regarded as—

1. The Continental system of two meals a day.
2. The system of provincial life (Great Britain), or four meals.
3. The system of town life (ditto), or three meals.

1. In the Continental system, the slight refreshment served in the early morning, in the form of coffee or chocolate, with a rusk or a morsel of bread, does not amount to a meal. It is only a dish, and that a light one, and not a combination of dishes, which is then taken. At or about noon a substantial meal, the *déjeuner*, is served; and at six or seven o'clock, an ample dinner. Such is the two-meal system, and it appears to answer well throughout the West and South of Europe.

2. What I have termed the provincial system consists of a substantial breakfast at eight or nine, a dinner at one or two, a light tea about five, and a supper at nine or ten. It is this which is popular throughout our own provincial districts, and also among middle-class society of our northern districts throughout both town and country. The habits also of the great German nation correspond more to this than to the first-named system.

3. The prevailing system of London, and of the numerous English families throughout the country whose habits are formed from partial residence in town, or by more or less intimate acquaintance with town life, is that of three meals daily. In general terms the breakfast takes place between eight and ten; the lunch from one to two; the dinner from half past six to eight.

In all cases each meal has its own specific character. Thus, here, breakfast is the most irregular in its service, and least of all demands general and intimate coherence of the party assembled. Individual interests concerned in the letter-bag, in the morning news, in plans for the day, in cares of coming business, etc., are respected. Provision for acknowledged dietetic peculiarities on the part of individuals is not forgotten, and every one comes or goes as he pleases.

At lunch the assembly is still somewhat uncertain. Thus some members

* A salad for five or six persons is supposed.

† On this subject, and also on salad culture, see *The Parks and Gardens of Paris*, by W. Robinson, F.L.S., p. 468 et seq. 2d ed. Macmillan, 1878.

of the family are absent without remark ; intimate friends may appear without special invitation ; while those less intimate can be asked with small ceremony. Occupations of pleasure or of business still press for pursuit during the afternoon, and the meal for such may not be too substantial. It should suffice amply to support activity ; it should never be so considerable as to impair it.

The last meal of the three, dinner, has characters wholly different from the preceding. The prime occupations of the day are over ; the guests are known and numbered ; the sentiment is one of reunion after the dispersion of the day—of relaxation after its labors, sports, or other active pleasures. Whatever economy of time may have been necessary in relation to the foregoing meals, all trace of hurry should disappear at dinner. A like feeling makes the supper of the provincial system a similarly easy and enjoyable meal. And all this is equally true of dinner, whether it unites the family only, or brings an addition of guests. General conversation : the events and personal incidents of the day, the current topics of the hour, are discussed in a light spirit, such as is compatible with proper attention to the dishes provided. All that follows late dinner should for the most part be amusement—it may be at the theatre, an evening party, or a quiet evening at home. There should be ample time, however, for every coming engagement, and security for some intervening rest for digestion. Dinner, then, is the only meal which—as the greater includes the less—need be discussed in the third part of our subject, which claims to treat of custom and art in combining dishes to form a repast. With the requirements and under the circumstances just specified, it should not be a heavy meal, but it should be sufficing. No one after dinner should feel satiety or repletion, with a sense of repugnance at the idea of eating more ; but all should still enjoy the conviction that a good meal furnishes delightful and refreshing occupation.

Dinners are of two kinds—the ordinary meal of the family, and the dinner to which guests are invited. There is a third dinner in this country, of common—too common—occurrence, viz., the

public dinner, which is essentially a British institution, and cannot be passed by in silence.

The late dinner should never include children. It is a meal which is in every way unsuited to them ; and they are quite unfitted to take part in its functions ; besides, the four-meal system is better adapted to their requirements of growth and digestion in early life. A family dinner may usually consist of a soup, fish, *entrée*, roast and sweet ; the *entrée* may even be omitted ; on the other hand, if the meal is required to be more substantial, a joint may be served in addition after the fish ; but this should be very rarely necessary. A dish of vegetables may be advantageously placed before or after the roast, according to circumstances ; and supplementary vegetables should be always at hand.

The *rationale* of the initial soup has often been discussed : some regard it as calculated to diminish digestive power, on the theory that so much fluid taken at first dilutes the gastric juices. But there appears to be no foundation for this belief ; a clear soup, or the fluid constituents of a *purée*, disappear almost immediately after entering the stomach, being absorbed by the proper vessels, and in no way interfere with the gastric juice which is stored in its appropriate cells ready for action. The habit of commencing dinner with soup has without doubt its origin in the fact that aliment in this fluid form—in fact, ready digested—soon enters the blood and rapidly refreshes the hungry man, who, after a considerable fast and much activity, sits down with a sense of exhaustion to commence his principal meal. In two or three minutes after taking a plate of good warm *consommé*, the feeling of exhaustion disappears, and irritability gives way to the gradually rising sense of good-fellowship with the circle. Some persons have the custom of allaying exhaustion with a glass of sherry before food—a gastronomic no less than a physiological blunder, injuring the stomach and depraving the palate. The soup introduces at once into the system a small instalment of ready digested food, and saves the short period of time which must be spent by the stomach by deriving some portion of nutriment from

solid aliment; as well as indirectly strengthening the organ of digestion itself for its forthcoming duties. Few will be found to dispute the second place in order to fish, although this arrangement is in some quarters an open question; its discussion, however, can scarcely be regarded as within the limit of our space. The third dish should consist of the chief meat, the joint, if desired; if not, one of the smaller dishes of meat, such as fricandeau, cutlets, fillet, or sweetbread, before spoken of, well garnished, will be appropriate, and to many preferable. Next the well-roasted bird—of game or poultry—accompanied or followed by salad, and a dish of choice vegetables. Then one light simple sweet, for those who take it, and a slight savory biscuit or morsel of cheese completes the repast. Such a meal contains within its limits all that can be desired for daily enjoyment and use. If well and liberally served, it is complete in every sense of the word. Dessert and its extent is a matter of individual taste; of wines, coffee, and liqueurs I shall speak hereafter.

A word about *hors-d'œuvres*. It is well known that the custom exists to a very wide extent among Continental nations of commencing either midday *déjeuner* or dinner by eating small portions of cold pickled fish, vegetables, of highly-flavored sausage thinly sliced, etc., to serve, it is said, as a whet to appetite. This custom reaches its highest development in the *sakuska* of the Russian, which, consisting of numerous delicacies of the kind mentioned, is sometimes to be found occupying a table in an anteroom to be passed between the drawing-room and dining-room; or, and more commonly, spread on the sideboard of the latter. The Russian eats a little from three or four dishes at least, and "qualifies" with a glass of strong grain spirit (*vodka*) or of some liqueur before taking his place at the table. Among these savory preliminaries may often be found caviare in its fresh state, gray, pearly, succulent and delicate, of which most of the caviare found in this country is, speaking from personal experience of both, but as the shadow to the substance.

I have no hesitation in saying, after much consideration of the practice of

thus commencing a meal, that it has no *raison d'être* for persons with healthy appetite and digestion. For them, both pickled food and spirit are undesirable, at any rate on an empty stomach. And the *hors-d'œuvres*, although attempts to transplant them here are often made, happily do not, as far as I have observed, thrive on our soil. They have been introduced here chiefly, I think, because their presence, being demanded by foreign gastronomic taste, is supposed to be therefore necessarily correct. But the active exercise and athletic habits of the Englishman, his activity of body and mind in commercial pursuits, all tend to bring him to the dinner-table wanting food rather than appetite, and in no mind to ask for "whets" to increase it. Among idle men, whose heavy lunch, liberally accompanied with wine and not followed by exercise, has barely disappeared from the stomach at the hour of dinner, a piquant prelude as stimulus of appetite is more appreciated. Hence the original invention of *hors-d'œuvres*; and their appearance in a very much slighter and more delicate form than that which has been described, still to be observed in connection with the chief repasts of the Latin races. The one plate which heralds dinner, indigenous to our country, is also one of its own best products—the oyster. But this is scarcely a *hors-d'œuvre*. In itself a single service of exquisite quality, served with attendant graces of delicate French vinegar, brown bread and butter, and a glass of light chablis for those who take it, the half-dozen natives occupying the hollow shells, and bathed in their own liquor, hold rank of a very different kind to that of the miscellaneous assortment of tit-bits alluded to. Oysters are in fact the first dish of dinner and not its precursor; the first chapter, and not the advertisement. And this brings us to the dinner of invitation.

And of this dinner there are two very distinct kinds. First there is the little dinner of six or eight guests, carefully selected for their own specific qualities, and combined with judgment to obtain an harmonious and successful result. The ingredients of a small party, like the ingredients of a dish, must be well chosen to make it "complete." Such are the first conditions to be attained in

order to achieve the highest perfection in dining. Secondly, there is the dinner of society, which is necessarily large; the number of guests varying from twelve to twenty-four.

The characteristics of the first dinner are—comfort, excellence, simplicity, and good taste. Those of the second are—the conventional standard of quality, some profusion of supply, suitable display in ornament and service.

It must be admitted that, with the large circle of acquaintances so commonly regarded as essential to existence in modern life, large dinners only enable us to repay our dining debts, and exercise the hospitality which position demands. With a strong preference, then, for the little dinners, it must be admitted that the larger banquet is a necessary institution; and therefore we have only to consider now how to make the best of it.

No doubt the large dinner has greatly improved of late; but it has by no means universally arrived at perfection. Only a few years ago excellence in quality and good taste in cuisine were often sacrificed in the endeavor to make a profuse display. Hence, abundance without reason, and combinations without judgment, were found coexisting with complete indifference to comfort in the matters of draughts, ventilation, temperature, and consumption of time. Who among the diners-out of middle age has not encountered many a time an entertainment with some such programme as the following: one of an order which, it is to be feared, is not even yet quite extinct?

Eighteen or twenty guests enter a room adapted at most to a dinner of twelve. It is lighted with gas; the chief available space being occupied by the table, surrounding which is a narrow lane, barely sufficing for the circulation of the servants. Directly—perhaps after oysters—appear turtle soups, thick and clear. A *consommé* is to be had on demand, but so unexpected a choice astonishes the servitor, who brings it after some delay, and cold: with it, punch. Following, arrive the fish—salmon and turbot, one or both, smothered in thick lobster sauce: sherry. Four *entrées* promenade the circuit in single file, whereof the first was always oyster pat-

ties; after which came mutton or lamb cutlets, a vol-au-vent, etc.: hock and champagne. Three-quarters of an hour at least, perhaps an hour, having now elapsed, the saddle or haunch of mutton arrives, of which gentlemen who have patiently waited get satisfactory slices, and currant jelly, with cold vegetables or a heavy flabby salad. Then come boiled fowls and tongue, or a turkey with heavy forcemeat; a slice of ham and so on, up to game, followed by hot substantial pudding, three or four other sweets, including an iced pudding, wines in variety, more or less appropriate; to be followed by a *poté de foie gras*, more salad, biscuits and cheese. Again, two ices, and liqueurs. Then an array of decanters, and the first appearance of red wine; a prodigious dessert of all things in and out of season, but particularly those which are out of season, as being the more costly. General circulation of waiters, handing each dish in turn to everybody, under a running fire of negatives, a ceremonial of ten or fifteen minutes' duration, to say the least. Circulation of decanters; general rustle of silks, disappearance of the ladies; and first change of seat, precisely two hours and a half after originally taking it. It may be hoped that a charming companion on either side has beguiled and shortened a term which otherwise must have been felt a little long. Now the general closing up of men to host, and reassembling of decanters; age and qualities of wine, recommendation of vintages. Coffee which is neither black nor hot. Joining the ladies; service of gunpowder tea, fatal to the coming night's rest if taken in a moment of forgetfulness; and carriages announced.

Admitted that such an exhibition is impossible now in any reasonable English circle, it nevertheless corresponds very closely in style with that of the public dinner; a state of things without excuse. And the large private dinner is still generally too long, the menu too pretentious. Let me, however, be permitted to record, equally in proof of growing taste and as grateful personal duty, how many admirable exceptions to the prevailing custom are now afforded. Then, of course, it must be understood, that while the dinner for six

or eight persons is designed as an harmonious whole of few, well-chosen dishes, all of which are intended to be eaten in their order, the menu of the larger party must offer various dishes for choice to meet the differing tastes of more numerous guests, and it must therefore be larger. Let us see how this is to be met. First, the soups: it is the custom to offer a *consommé*, which ought to be 'perfect in clearness, color, and savor, and to be served perfectly hot; containing vegetables, etc., variously treated—doubtless the best commencement, as it is the key-note, of the dinner; revealing also, as it does nine times out of ten, the calibre of the cook to whose talent the guest is entrusted. But there is mostly an alternative of "white soup," and this is almost always a mistake. Many persons refuse it, and they are right, containing, as it generally does, a considerable proportion of cream—an injudicious beginning, when there is much variety to follow; excellent sometimes as one of three or four dishes, but dangerous otherwise to the guest who has not an exceptionally powerful digestion. But suppose oysters, vinegar, and chablis have just been swallowed! A brown *purée*, as of game, or one of green vegetable, less frequently met with, would be far safer. Two fish, of course, should always be served; as, for example, a slice of Severn or Christchurch salmon, just arrived from the water, for its own sake; and a fillet of white fish for the sake of its sauce and garnish, which should be therefore perfect. The next dish is, in London, a question under discussion: viz., the question of precedence to an *entrée*, or to the *pièce de résistance*. The custom has been to postpone the appearance of the latter until lighter dishes have been despatched or declined. If, however, the English joint is required at a meal already comprehensive in the matter of dishes, and taken at a late hour, it seems more reasonable to serve it next to the fish, when those who demand a slice of meat may be expected to have an appropriate appetite, which will certainly be impaired, equally by accepting the *entrées*, or fasting partially without them. After the joint, two light *entrées* may follow, and these must necessarily be either in themselves peculiarly tempting morsels,

or products of culinary skill, offering inducement to the palate rather than to an appetite which is no longer keen. Then the best roast possible in season, and a salad; a first-rate vegetable, two choice sweets, one of which may be iced; a light savory biscuit or a morsel of fine barley salted caviare, which may be procured in one or two places at most in town, will complete the dinner. For dessert, the finest fruits in season to grace the table and for light amusement after; or simply nuts in variety, and dry biscuits; nothing between the two is tolerable, and little more than the latter is really wanted; only for decorative purposes fruit equals flowers. But it may be admitted that the diminished number of sweet *entremets* strengthens the plea for a supply of delicious fruits, rendering the dessert useful and agreeable as well as ornamental.

And now that dessert is over, let me say that I do not admit the charge sometimes intimated, although delicately, by foreigners, of a too obvious proclivity to self-indulgence on the part of Englishmen, in permitting the ladies to leave the table without escort to the drawing-room. The old custom of staying half an hour, or even an hour afterward, to drink wine, which is doubtless a remnant of barbarism, has long been considered indefensible. Still, the separation of the party into two portions for fifteen or twenty minutes is useful to both, and leads perhaps more completely to a general mixture of elements on reunion after than is attained by the return of the original pairs together. Whether this be so or not, the ladies have a short interval for the interchange of hearsays and ideas relative to matters chiefly concerning their special interests; while the men enjoy that indispensable finish to a good dinner, an irreproachable cup of coffee and a cigarette, and the sooner they arrive the better. With the small diners of men it can scarcely too quickly follow the last service.

But marked by a special character are some dinners, which may be either small or large in relation to the number of guests, but which are necessarily limited as regards the variety of aliments served. I refer to dinners at which either turtle or fish predominate. In accordance with a principle already enunciated, a

bowl of substantial stock, containing four or five broad flakes of the gelatinous product, often miscalled "fat," which alone represents the turtle in the compound, is not a judicious prelude to a dinner arranged according to the orthodox programme, and offering the usual variety. A lover of turtle indulges freely in the soup, both thick and clear, making it in fact an important instalment of his repast; and he desires, with or without some slight interlude, to meet the favorite food again in the form of an *entrée*. After so substantial a commencement, the dinner should be completed chiefly by poultry, and game if in season, and for the most part by dishes which are grilled or roast, in contrast to the succulent morsels which have preceded.

The fish dinner, also an occasional departure from daily routine, is acceptable, and gratifies the taste for that delicate and pleasant food in considerable variety. But if so indulged, very few dishes ought to appear subsequently. It is a curious fact that the traditional bacon and beans, which appear toward the close of a Greenwich whitebait dinner, should afford another illustration of undesigned compliance with the natural law referred to at the outset, the bacon furnishing complementary fat to supply its notable absence in fish.

The enjoyment of a curry—and when skilfully made it is almost universally admitted to be one of the most attractive combinations which can be offered to the senses of taste and smell—is only possible at a limited repast. When freely eaten, very little is acceptable to the palate afterwards, exhausted as it is by the pervading fragrance of the spice and other adjuncts. Hence a curry should form the climax of a short series of dishes leading up to it: when presented, as it sometimes is, among the *entrées* of a first course, it is wholly out of place.

Here we may appropriately take a rapid glance at the characteristics of the feast where the guests are few in number.

The small dinner-party should be seated at a round or oval table, large enough for personal comfort, small enough to admit of conversation in any direction without effort. The table should of course be furnished with taste, but is not to be encumbered with

ornaments, floral or other, capable of obstructing sight and sound. A perfect *consommé*, a choice of two fish, a *filet* or a *châteaubriand*, a *gigot* or a *fricandeau*; followed by a *chaudfroid*, a *crème de volaille garni*, a roast and salad, a choice vegetable, and an iced *soufflé* or *charlotte*; and in summer a *macédoine* of fresh fruits in an old china family bowl, if there is one; and lastly, a savory *biscuit*; accompanying vegetables and appropriate wines;—may be regarded as furnishing a scheme for such a party—or a theme of which the variations are endless. Seven or eight guests can thus be brought into close contact: with a larger number the party is apt to form two coteries, one on each side of the host. The number is a good one also in relation to the commissariat department—eight persons being well supplied by an *entrée* in one dish; while two are necessary for ten or twelve. Moreover, one bottle of wine divides well in eight; if, therefore, the host desire to give with the roast one glass of particularly fine ripe Corton or Pomard, a single bottle is equal to the supply; and so with any other choice specimen of which a single circulation is required; and of course the rule holds equally if the circuit is to be repeated.

And this leads us to the question—and an important one it is—of the Wine.

I have already said that, among all civilized nations, wine in some form has for centuries been highly appreciated as a gastronomic accompaniment to food. I cannot, and do not attempt to deny it this position. Whether such employment of it is advantageous from a dietetic or physiological point of view is altogether another question. I am of opinion that the *habitual* use of wine, beer, or spirits is a dietetic error, say, for nineteen persons out of twenty. In other words, the great majority of the people, at any age or of either sex, will enjoy better health, both of body and mind, and will live longer, without any alcoholic drinks whatever, than with habitual indulgence in their use, even although such use be what is popularly understood as moderate. But I do not aver that any particular harm results from the habit of now and then enjoying a glass of really fine pure wine—and, rare as this is, I do not think any other

is worth consuming—just as one may occasionally enjoy a particularly choice dish; neither the one nor the other, perhaps, being sufficiently innocuous or digestible for frequent, much less for habitual use. Then I frankly admit that there are some persons—in the aggregate not a few—who may take small quantities of genuine light wine or beer with very little if any appreciable injury. For these persons such drinks may be put in the category of luxuries permissible within certain limits or conditions; and of such luxuries let tobacco-smoking be another example. No one probably is any better for tobacco; and some people are undoubtedly injured by it; while others find it absolutely poisonous, and cannot inhale even a small quantity of the smoke without instantly feeling sick or ill. And some few indulge the moderate use of tobacco all their lives without any evil effects, at all events that are perceptible to themselves or to others.

Relative to these matters, every man ought to deal carefully and faithfully with himself, watching rigorously the effects of the smallest license on his mental and bodily states, and boldly denying himself the use of a luxurious habit if he finds any signs of harm arising therefrom. And he must perform the difficult task with a profound conviction that his judgment is very prone to bias on the side of indulgence, since the luxurious habit is so agreeable, and to refrain therefrom in relation to himself and to the present opinion of society, so difficult. Be it remarked, however, that the opinion of society is notably and rapidly changing relative to the point in question.

Having premised thus much, I have only now to say, first, that wine, in relation to dinner, should be served during the repast; it should never be taken, in any form or under any circumstances, before, that is, on an empty stomach, and rarely after the meal is finished. Regarded from a gastronomic point of view alone, nothing should appear after fruit but a small glass of cognac or liqueur, and coffee. The postprandial habit of drinking glass after glass even of the finest growths of the Gironde, or of the most mature or mellow shipments from Oporto, is doubtless a pleasant,

but, in the end, for many persons, a costly indulgence.

Secondly, whatever wine is given should be the most sound and unsophisticated of its kind which can be procured. The host had far better produce only a bottle or two of sound *bourgeois* wine from Bordeaux—and most excellent wine may be found under such a denomination—with no pretence of a meretricious title, or other worthless finery about it, than an array of fictitious mixtures with pretentious labels procured from an advertising cheap wine house. I can only speak in terms of contempt and disgust, did I not feel pity for the deluded victims, of the unscrupulous use of the time-honored and historical titles which advertisers shamelessly flaunt on bottles of worthless compounds by means of showy labels, in lists and pamphlets of portentous length, and by placards sown broadcast through the country. So that one may buy "Lafite" or "Margaux,"—"Chambertin" or "Nuits"—'47 port, or even '34—at any village store! No terms can be too strong to characterize such trade.

If fine wines of unquestionable character and vintage are to be produced, there are only two ways of possessing them: one, by finding some wine-merchant of long standing and reputation who will do an applicant the favor to furnish them, and the price must be large for quality and age. We may be certain that such a one will never advertise: no man who really has the *grands vins* of esteemed vintages in his cellar need spend a shilling in advertisements, for he confers a favor on his customer by parting with such stock. But better and more satisfactory is it to obtain from time to time a piece or two of wine, of high character and reputed vintage, when they are to be had, just fit to bottle, and lay them down for years until ripe for use. Commencing thus in early life, a man's cellar becomes in twenty or thirty years a possession of interest and value, and he can always produce at his little dinners, for those who can appreciate it, something curiously fine, and free at all events from the deleterious qualities of new and fictitious wines.

Briefly: the rule, by general gastronomic consent, for those who indulge in the luxury of wine, is to offer a glass of

light pale sherry or dry Sauterne after soup; a delicate Rhine wine, if required, after fish; a glass of Bordeaux with the joint of mutton; the same, or champagne—dry, but with some true vinous character in it, and not the tasteless spirit and water just now enjoying an evanescent popularity—during the *entrées*; the best red wine in the cellar, Bordeaux or Burgundy, with the grouse or other roast game; and—but this ought to suffice, even for that exceptional individual who is supposed to be little if at all injured by “moderate” potatoes. With the ice or dessert, a glass of full-flavored but matured champagne, or a liqueur, may be served; but at this point dietetic admonitions are out of place, and we have already sacrificed to luxury. The value of a cigarette at this moment is that with the first whiff of its fragrance the palate ceases to demand either food or wine. After smoke the power to appreciate good wine is lost, and no judicious host cares to open a fresh bottle from his best bin for the smoker, nor will the former be blamed by any man for a disinclination to do so.

For unquestionably tobacco is an ally of temperance; certainly it is so in the estimation of the gourmet. A relationship for him of the most perfect order is that which subsists between coffee and fragrant smoke. While wine and tobacco are antipathetic, the one affecting injuriously all that is grateful in the other, the aroma of coffee “marries” perfectly with the perfume of the finest leaf. Among the Mussulmans this relationship is recognized to the fullest extent; and also throughout the Continent the use of coffee, which is almost symbolical of temperate habits, is intimately associated with the cigarette or cigar. Only by the uncultured classes of Great Britain and of other northern nations, who appear to possess the most insensitive palates in Europe, have smoke and alcoholic drinks been closely associated. By such, tobacco and spirit have been sought chiefly as drugs, and are taken mainly for their effects on the nervous system—the easy but disastrous means of becoming stupid, besotted, or drunk. People of cultivated tastes, on the other hand, select their tobacco or their wines, not for their qualities as drugs, but for those subtler attributes of flavor and

perfume, which exist often in inverse proportion to the injurious narcotic ingredients; which latter are as much as possible avoided, or are accepted chiefly for the sake of the former.

Before quitting the subject of dining it must be said that, after all, those who drink water with that meal probably enjoy food more than those who drink wine. They have generally better appetite and digestion, and they certainly preserve an appreciative palate longer than the wine-drinker. Water is so important an element to them, that they are not indifferent to its quality and source. As for the large class which cannot help itself in this matter, the importance of an ample supply of uncontaminated water cannot be overrated. The quality of that which is furnished to the population of London is inferior, and the only mode of storing it possible to the majority, renders it dangerous to health. Disease and intemperance are largely produced by neglect in relation to these two matters. It would be invidious, perhaps, to say what particular question of home or foreign politics could be spared, that Parliament might discuss a matter of such pressing urgency as a pure water supply; or to specify what particular part of our enormous expenditure, compulsory and voluntary, might be better employed than at present, by diverting a portion to the attainment of that end. But for those who can afford to buy water no purer exists in any natural sources than that of our own Malvern Springs, and these are aerated and provided in the form of soda and potash waters of unexceptionable quality. Pure water, charged with gas, does not keep so long as a water to which a little soda or potash is added; but for this purpose six to eight grains in each bottle suffice—a larger quantity is undesirable. All the great makers of these beverages have now their own artesian wells or other equally trustworthy sources, so that English aerated waters are unrivalled in excellence. On the other hand, the foreign *siphon*, made, as it often is, at any chemist's shop, and from the water of the nearest source, is a very uncertain production. Probably our travelling fellow-countrymen owe their attacks of fever more to drinking water contaminated by sewage matter,

than to the malarious influences which pervade certain districts of southern Europe. The only water safe for the traveller to drink is a natural mineral water, and such is now always procurable throughout Europe, except in very remote or unfrequented places.* In the latter circumstances no admixture of wine or spirit counteracts the poison in tainted water, and makes it safe to drink, as people often delight to believe; but the simple process of boiling it renders it perfectly harmless; and this result is readily attained in any locality by making weak tea to be taken hot or cold; or in making toast-water, barley-water, lemonade, etc. The table waters now so largely imported into this country from Germany and France contain a considerable proportion of mineral matter in solution, and while they are wholesome as regards freedom from organic impurities, are, of course, less perfect for daily use than absolutely pure waters, such as those above referred to. Vaunted frequently as possessing certain medicinal properties, this very fact ought to prohibit their constant use as dietetic agents for habitual consumption, inasmuch as we do not require drugs as diet, but only as occasional correctives. Among them the natural Selters, Apollinaris, Gieshübel, and St. Galmier—but of this latter some of the sources are inferior to others, the best appearing now to be chiefly retained for Paris—

are perhaps among the most satisfactory within our reach. A dash of lemon-juice, and a thin cutting of the peel, form sometimes an agreeable addition. I am compelled to say that the sweet compounds and fruity juices which have of late been produced as dinner drinks, and apparently in competition with wine, are rarely wholesome adjuncts to a dinner. Such liquids rapidly develop indigestible acid products in the stomachs of many persons; while for all, the sipping of sweet fluids during a meal tends to diminish appetite, as well as the faculty of appreciating good cookery. If wine is refused, let the drink be of pure water—with a sparkle of gas in it, or a slight acid in it if you will—but in obedience both to gastronomic and dietetic laws let it be free from sugar. No doubt there are exceptional circumstances in which fruity juices, if not very sweet, can be taken freely. Thus I have rarely quaffed more delicious liquor at dinner in the warm autumn of southern Europe, notably in Spain, than that afforded by ample slices of a watermelon, which fill the mouth with cool fragrant liquid; so slight is the amount of solid matter, that it only just serves to contain the abundant delicate juices of the fruit grown in those climates. Here the saccharine matter is present only in small proportion.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

THE MILKY WAY.

FROM THE SWEDISH OF TOPELIUS.

I.

Lo, now the lamp is quenched, and the night is still and clear,
And now rise up sweet memories of many a vanished year,
And quaint old legends flit around, like cloud-streaks in the sky,
And wondrous are the feelings then that make our hearts beat high.

2.

The bright-eyed stars look down through the sheen of the wintry night,
Calm as though Death had fled from earth before their holy light.
Canst understand their silent speech?—I mind me of it still
That legend once they taught me. You shall hear it, if you will.

* Throughout France, St. Galmier; in Germany, Selters; in Austria and Bohemia, Gieshübel, are always obtainable, being the table water of most repute, in each case respectively, of the country itself. In all chief places in

Italy, either Selters or St. Galmier, often both, are supplied by the hotels. In Spain these are not at present to be had, but the alternatives recommended are easily obtained.

3.

Far up amid the Afterglow he lived upon a star ;
 And in another world, another clime, she dwelt afar.
 Now she was callèd Salami, he Zulamith, by name ;
 And they two loved each other dear, and each loved each the same.

4.

Whilome, they both had dwelt on earth and loved already there,
 But cruel Death had parted them, and night, and sin, and care ;
 And on them, in the sleep of Death, white wings had grown apace,
 And they were doomed on two far distant stars to seek their place.

5.

Though each dreamt of the other in their azure home above,
 There lay a fathomless abyss of suns between their love ;
 And worlds, whereof the least God's own Omnipotence displays,
 Lay, in their hosts, 'twixt Salami and Zulamith ablaze.

6.

And then, consumed of his desire, did Zulamith one night
 Begin from world to world to build himself a bridge of light ;
 And then did Salami, like him, from *her* sun's glowing shore
 Begin a bridge from pole to pole, as he had done before.

7.

One thousand years so built they, with faith that wavered ne'er,
 And thus was built the Milky Way, the starry bridge so fair
 That fathoms Heaven's farthest depths, and links the planet band,
 And spans the mighty sea of space with light from strand to strand.

8.

The Cherubim were seized with fear, and flew to God's white throne :
 —“ O Lord ! see thou what Salami and Zulamith have done !”
 But God Almighty smiled, and, as a glory spread below :
 —“ What in My world true love hath built that will I not o'erthrow !”

9.

And Salami and Zulamith, so soon their toil was done,
 Leapt forth into each other's arms ; and, straight, a brilliant sun,
 The brightest in the vaulted sky, shone out where they had been,
 As through a thousand years of grief a heart may bloom again.

10.

For all who on this dreary earth once loved aright and true,
 And fall apart through Death, and care, and sin, and night, and rue,
 So this their love be strong enough to link the stars with love,
 May trust such love for sure to find their longings rest above.

Temple Bar.

MADEMOISELLE DE MERSAC.

CHAPTER XVI.

MADAME DE VAUBLANC STIRS UP EVIL
PASSIONS.

"THE question is," mused Barrington, "whether a man who isn't a soldier doesn't look more or less of a fool in soldier's clothes? But then, again, what is the use of dragging a Yeomanry uniform about the world if one is not to wear it? And Frenchmen always think it rather odd if one appears in plain evening dress on a gala occasion. I suppose I had better put the thing on."

The subject of these hesitating reflections was a very smart blue tunic, loaded with a profusion of silver lace, which lay outstretched on Barrington's bed beside a pair of trowsers with a broad silver stripe, a sword, and a white-plumed helmet.

"It is tight, it is uncomfortable, and I am not sure that it isn't a little bit ridiculous; but it don't do to seem wanting in respect, and that sort of thing. I hope the Governor-General will take my appearance in it as a compliment," concluded Barrington, who in truth loved bright colors and showy apparel, and never by any chance missed the Yeomanry ball which closed his short annual period of training. And so he struggled into his nether garments with a sigh of mingled resignation and contentment.

A few doors off M. de Saint-Luc, who had worn a gay jacket long enough to have grown tired of it, was arraying himself in the plainest of plain clothes, in preparation for the same festivity as that to which Barrington had been bidden. Not without sundry misgivings had he decided to present himself at the ball; for he was by no means sure what Jeanne would think of his reappearance in society so soon after the shattering of all his hopes, nor could he feel any certainty with regard to the footing upon which he would now stand with her, or as to whether he might venture to ask her for a dance or not. Yet, since they must meet before long, what signified time and place? The first encounter might be a little awkward, but it would soon be over; and as to his future line of conduct, that must be regulated in a great

measure by hers. He did not delude himself into the belief that success could be won by any other means than time and much patience; and, as he had a limitless supply of both these necessities at command, it seemed best to take the earliest opportunity of drawing upon them. He had completed his toilet long before Barrington had done studying the effect of his full-length figure before his pier-glass, and, calling a passing *fiacre*, presently joined the stream of vehicles which was wending its slow way up the hill of Mustapha Supérieur, where the summer palace stands.

The majority of the company had already arrived when Saint-Luc made his entrance, and it was with some little difficulty that he threaded his way through the crowded approaches to the ball-room, where the orchestra was in full swing, and where toilettes Parisian and Algerian, mingled with uniforms of every conceivable cut and hue, produced a bewildering, shifting effect of color and glitter which, taken as a spectacle, might, to a less preoccupied man, have seemed worth gazing at for a few minutes. But Saint-Luc had seen it all before, and was not in the mood for studying *tableaux vivants*. The generals and admirals; the Spahis in their scarlet, and the Chasseurs d'Afrique in their pale blue jackets; the préfets and sous-préfets in their green and gold coats, the portly mayors, whose gold embroidery, not content with covering their breasts, overflowed, and meandered agreeably down their broad backs; the violet robes of a stray ecclesiastic or two; the white bur-nous of some Arab chief, against which the cross and red ribbon of the Legion of Honor showed somewhat incongruously; the swarthy Moors and black-eyed, be-diamonded Jewesses—all these were objects with which he had long been familiar; and it was neither to look at them nor to admire the graceful Oriental architecture of the palace and the beauty of the illuminated gardens that he had forsaken his nocturnal cigar and the quietude of his own chamber. But she whom he had come out to see was nowhere to be discovered; and, instead of greeting her, he found himself ere long

compelled to shake hands with a lady whom he would gladly have avoided.

Madame de Trémonville was not one of those persons who can be avoided without their own good will and pleasure. She was far too well satisfied with herself to suppose that any man could really wish to escape from her, and interpreted Saint-Luc's rather distant bow and abstracted gaze as a mere indication of that boredom which was, in her eyes, one of the chief evidences of his superiority to the common herd.

"You do not amuse yourself too well, M. le Vicomte," said she, pausing beside him, and dismissing her attendant cavalier with an unceremonious nod. "*Ma foi !* I am not surprised. From Paris to Algiers—from the Tuileries to Mustapha—what a change ! Were you ever in such a crowd of droll people before ? What faces ! what manners ! what clothes !"

And Madame de Trémonville disdainfully shrugged her plump shoulders, which were thickly coated with *blanc de perles*, and heaved a piteous sigh.

"Madame, you are too severe upon the company," answered Saint-Luc, pulling himself together. "I have been but a few minutes in the room, and already I see one face and one toilette which could not be surpassed either in Paris or elsewhere."

"Oh, monsieur !"

"Beauty and good taste always find imitators. With such an example before them, these ladies will assuredly learn soon to reform any little errors in their dress or conduct," pursued Saint-Luc. "(How shall I get rid of this detestable woman ?) But it is a sin to expose your exquisite lace flounce to the risk of being torn in such a crowd. Will you not allow me to find you a seat ?"

"Let them tear it—so much the better if they do," answered Madame de Trémonville, passing by the hint. "I have worn it half-a-dozen times already, and I am tired of the sight of it. There is the music beginning again ; shall we dance ? Quick ! I see my partner coming for me."

Saint-Luc, who always accepted the inevitable with a good grace, passed his arm round the waist of his fascinating companion, and floated away with her into the whirling throng of dancers, while

the young officer whom he had supplanted looked after the couple with mingled sorrow and reproach.

"What a strange world it is, and how little any of us know of our fellow-creatures !" thought the philosophical Vicomte, with an inward laugh. "That young fellow, who would quarrel with any of his brother-officers for robbing him of a partner, does not dream of interfering with a man of my prestige. Such a career as mine has been fills him with admiration and respect. I suppose he thinks he would be perfectly happy if he could change places with me, and be looked upon as a hero by a few fools, and flirt with this painted, vulgar woman, who has already managed to get into the society of her betters, and is miserable because she will never reach a still higher circle. I daresay there are even people who envy Madame de Trémonville too. Is there such a thing as contentment, I wonder ? and does everybody wish for something he has not got, and hate it as soon as he gets it ? Is it because what I long for would make me so supremely happy that I feel such a certainty of failure ?"

Saint-Luc had time to debate all these questions, and sundry others, while he was mechanically piloting Madame de Trémonville in and out among the erratic couples who revolved around him. He had just arrived at the sage conclusion that the happiest of mortals is the man who has ceased to seek for happiness, when his meditations and his career were alike cut short by the apparition in the doorway of a cap whose violet bows could only belong to Madame de Vaublanc.

"She is coming !" thought Saint-Luc, forgetting all his philosophy ; and he brought his partner to a sudden standstill.

Madame de Vaublanc indeed it was ; but where, alas ! was the tall, graceful figure and the pale, proud face that should have followed her ? Saint-Luc, peering anxiously out into the corridor, could discover no familiar countenance save the puzzled and angry one of Mr. Barrington, frowning above the silver lace of the Royal Surrey Yeomanry Cavalry. "I am not the only one who is disappointed to-night," thought he, with a smile and

a sigh, as he turned to greet Madame de Vaublanc, who clutched his hand as a drowning man seizes a rope.

"*Mon Dieu, monsieur !*" she exclaimed, "how glad I am to see you ! What a terrible crush, is it not ?—and not a person here whom I know—and I who have crowds in horror ! Is there a possibility, do you think, of my finding a chair anywhere ?"

Madame de Trémonville pounced upon the bewildered old lady before Saint-Luc could reply, and saluted her with a *feud-de-joie* of shrill ejaculations.

"What, dear madame ! You at a ball, and alone too ! But where is your charming *protégé* ? What have you done with Mademoiselle Jeanne ? I have been looking for her arrival, that I might present to her some most agreeable young men who are dying to make her acquaintance—M. de Monceaux, M. d'Arville

"Mademoiselle de Mersac is not with me," interrupted the old lady, sourly ; "and if she were, I should not think it my duty to allow her to dance with the first that came."

"Oh, madame ! you know that I am discretion itself. My friends are all persons of the highest respectability ; if they were not alive at the accession of Louis XVIII. that is neither my fault nor theirs. But I trust Mademoiselle Jeanne will join us before the evening is over."

"She is not coming at all," answered Madame de Vaublanc, too full of her grievance to refrain from speaking of it, even to the enemy. "She wrote to me at the last moment to say she had the *migraine*. It is very inconsiderate—very inconvenient, I mean. Having accepted the Maréchale's invitation, I felt bound to come here, much as I dislike such entertainments. Indeed, it is only out of politeness that I sometimes attend even the small Monday receptions, though there, of course, I am more among my friends."

At this moment a young aid-de-camp, whose pinched-in waist and voluminous trousers gave his figure somewhat the appearance of a brightly-coloured hour-glass, shouldered his way towards the little group. He was an acquaintance of Madame de Trémonville's, who put on

one of her most telling smiles to receive him ; but he passed her with a bow, and bent down to offer his arm to Madame de Vaublanc.

"Madame la Maréchale sends me to say that she has a seat for you beside her, madame," said he. "Will you permit me ?"

So the violet cap-ribbons went bobbing and nodding away through the crowd beside the blue jacket, and presently Madame de Trémonville had the satisfaction of making out her old friend, seated at the far end of the room, among a circle of magnates whom, bold as she was, she dared not approach. The lady who at that time exercised vice-regal sway over the society of Algeria was generally thought to have leanings toward Legitimists, and was notoriously averse to fast women of the type of Madame de Trémonville. The latter had never been able to obtain an invitation to those Mondays of which Madame de Vaublanc had spoken, and this was a very sore point with her.

"Of all the people I have ever met, I think that old woman is the ugliest, the most ill-natured, and the most ill-bred," she cried, with a fine hearty emphasis and unaffected warmth which made Saint-Luc laugh a little.

"Poor old soul !" said he. "She resembles a walnut in character as well as in the appearance of her skin. If you want to get at the good in her, you must break through a hard outer shell of obstinacy and prejudice, beneath which lies a not very thick covering of bitterness against the human race, which has not treated her over well ; but the good qualities are there, and not so hard to discover after all."

"Bah ! everybody has good qualities," returned Madame de Trémonville, impatiently. "I may say, without vanity, that I also have good qualities. We all know that that frightful old Vaublanc and the Duchesse de Breuil and Mademoiselle de Mersac give money to the poor and visit the sick occasionally ; but that is not what society requires of them. If they say their prayers regularly and keep all the ten commandments, so much the better for them—that is their affair. Society does not concern itself with such things, but simply asks that they should

show some signs of *savoir-vivre* and good breeding, and that is precisely what none of them does."

"Pardon me, madame, but I must differ from you entirely, so far as Mademoiselle de Mersac and the Duchess are concerned. I never met two ladies of more perfectly refined and amiable manners. As for Madame de Vaublanc, she is a little brusque; but I find that, as I grow older, I value people more for what they are than for what they seem to be, and——"

"Enough! enough!" cried Madame de Trémonville, throwing up her hands with a gesture of simulated terror. "One does not go to a ball to hear a sermon. Go away, M. le Vicomte; you weary me."

"I must obey your commands, madame, however cruel," replied Saint-Luc, with suspicious alacrity.

"Stop! Before you go, take me to that M. Barainton. I want to ask him what is that fine uniform he wears. I did not know he was *militaire*," said Madame de Trémonville, whose tastes in more respects than one were identical with those of the Grande Duchesse de Gréolstein.

People who have the harmless mania of ferreting out the original sources of great events are fond of proving, or seeming to prove, that the course of the world's history has been affected over and over again by some paltry occurrence to which no one paid any attention at the time, nor recollected until long afterward. A fit of indigestion, they tell us, costs thousands of lives; an apple falling from a tree leads to a scientific discovery of incalculable importance; an angry word decides the fate of an empire. As regards such important matters, the chain of reasoning is, perhaps, more curious than valuable, and serves, at most, only to show how the inevitable may be hastened or delayed by trifles; yet there can be but few men who, looking back upon their past lives, will deny that their personal history has been fashioned less by what they have done than by what has happened to them. Wise and foolish, strong and weak, must yield alike to the influence of trivialities, in which some see the hand of Providence, some the blind, uncontrollable working of an infinitely complicated machine, and

some mere accident. If Madame la Maréchale had not, out of pure good nature, sent an aide-de-camp to look after an unattractive old woman; if Saint-Luc had not happened to annoy his volatile partner; if Barrington's silver lace had been a little less conspicuous, Madame de Trémonville would never have worked the mischief that she did that night, and the course of more than one life would have taken a different direction.

She was not an ill-natured person, this quick-witted, underbred little Frenchwoman. She did not want to injure or afflict anybody, and was no more capable of hatred than she was of love. Her vulnerable point was her vanity, and if that were touched she would show spite and temper for a time, as a cat arches her back and spits when a big dog stalks past her without turning his head. Because she had been ignored and Madame de Vaublanc honored, she felt it a necessity to say some sharp things of that lady and her clan; and since Saint-Luc did not seem disposed to swallow her little dose of calumny, she thought she would administer it to Mr. Barrington, whom she knew to be also a constant visitor at the Campagne de Mersac.

Long afterward, when he recalled that evening, and Madame de Trémonville's envious disparagement of one whom he knew to be immeasurably her superior, Barrington used to wonder how he could have allowed such vain babbling to produce even a passing impression upon his mind. Earlier in the day he would, perhaps, hardly have attended to it; but at that moment he was annoyed and perplexed by Jeanne's failure to keep her appointment, and the misgivings which he had only half stifled in the morning had begun to return upon him. The mind, as well as the body, has seasons at which it is more liable to receive poison than at others, and, having received it, is less able to shake it off.

After all, it was nothing very terrible that Madame de Trémonville said. They were standing, she and her partner, on a broad veranda, whither they had escaped from the heated air of the ball-room. Before them stretched the garden with its trim lawns, its flower-beds, its trees and shrubs, its colored lamps, its expanses of light and dark patches of shadow. Barrington, leaning

against a marble pillar, and looking out upon the soft beauty of the night, was listening, not very attentively, to his companion's rapid chatter. She had been denouncing and ridiculing the Duchesse de Breuil and Madame de Vaublanc. She had mimicked, rather cleverly, the high and mighty manner of the one, and the harsh, rasping voice of the other. "A pair of old ogresses, who fancy themselves princesses; nobody is cruel enough to disabuse them of their error," she said. Barrington listened to it all, not without amusement. He thought the two ogresses were very well able to stand up for themselves—as indeed they were—and did not feel called upon to undertake their defence. Now it was Jeanne's turn.

"Tell me, monsieur," cried the little lady, resting her rounded arms upon the marble balustrade, and fluttering her fan as she looked up in the Englishman's face, "you who are so well acquainted with her—do you find her very attractive?"

Barrington had found her very decidedly so; but he replied, in a tone of judicial impartiality, "Well, yes; he should say that Mademoiselle de Mersac was certainly an attractive person."

"Really? But gentlemen and ladies so seldom agree on these points. The truth is, that one woman is always a fairer judge of another than any man can be."

Barrington observed that the world at large had long ago arrived at a diametrically opposite conclusion.

"I know that; but the world is mistaken, as it very often is. The world starts by assuming that all women are jealous of one another—which is absurd. It is easy enough for a woman to please men; beauty alone will do that, not to speak of a hundred other weapons which she learns to use before she is out of the nursery. But if she wishes to be loved by other women, she must have a heart. Jeanne de Mersac has no heart. She is as cold as a stone; she has no real affection for anybody; and that is why I, for one, am repelled by her."

"You will allow, at least, that she has some affection for her brother?" said Barrington.

"Affection? I do not know. She is kind to him, and does a great deal for

him; but that explains itself. *Tenez*, M. Barainton, I will give you the key to Jeanne de Mersac's character in three words—love of power. She has one of those natures—happily not very common among young girls—which can be magnanimous, generous, amiable even, to subordinates, but which revolt against all authority. Have you remarked her passion for animals? It is easily understood; they do not question her orders. She devotes herself to her brother—why? Because he does nothing without consulting her. When he begins to act for himself, she will abandon him, and seek for some other slave. Madame de Breuil, who is completely under her thumb, she tolerates, but does not like; because, after all, the most easy-going of chaperons must occasionally lay some restrictions upon her charge. In short, this girl, who might have made herself talked of if she had been born to a throne, will never be any thing but an insupportable wife; and, for my part, if I were M. de Saint-Luc, I would not marry her, though she had twice her beauty and ten times her fortune."

"Possibly she may decline to marry M. de Saint-Luc," said Barrington.

"For his sake, I hope with all my heart that she may. Her husband will have two alternatives open to him. Either he will have to submit to her at once, and unreservedly, to allow her to control every thing, not excepting his expenditure—in which case she will doubtless manage his affairs well, and treat him with every consideration—or he will have to fight a long battle, out of which he can only come victorious at the cost of his happiness. No man is very likely to adopt the former course, and it is not every one who will succeed in the latter. All things considered, I do not envy Mademoiselle Jeanne's future husband," concluded Madame de Trémonville, as she turned to re-enter the ball-room.

Barrington donned his helmet and his martial cloak, and went clanking down the hill, pensive and vaguely uneasy. The broad high road before him was barred by black shadows from the acacia trees that bordered it; and, as he walked, it seemed to him that he was looking forward into his own future path in life, and could see some such patches of gloom lying across it. "Love of power

her only passion"—"She will never be any thing but an insupportable wife"—"She is as cold as a stone"—what were all these accusations but the reflections of his own forebodings magnified, perhaps a little distorted, by an angry woman? Or was it only that they were rendered more distinct? Well, if it were so, that did not make them more real. It is oblique lights—half lights—that fling shadows, and seem to convert them into tangible realities. When the sun is high overhead, and all dark nooks and corners are illuminated, they vanish away. But then common-sense stepped in, and pointed out that similes were not facts, and that after making every allowance for the exaggerations of a hostile critic, there still remained some basis of truth to support her assertions. Jeanne was, undoubtedly, fond of her own way, and accustomed to get it. She had a certain royal fashion of issuing her commands to those about her without assigning reasons for them; she was far more disposed to unbend in the presence of her inferiors than in that of her equals, and toward the latter her bearing was almost invariably cold and indifferent. Barrington had long since remarked these traits in her character, and had been attracted by them. Had she been more like the rest of the world, he would hardly have fallen in love with her. But then, is originality a desirable quality in a wife? The whole question lay there. Would not the very incentives which had called his passion into existence contribute more strongly than any thing toward its extinction "in the knot there's no untying?" All experience seemed to answer Yes. If only the present state of affairs could be infinitely prolonged, and the question of marriage adjourned *sine die*! thought Barrington, as he toiled wearily upstairs to his bedroom, a prey to doubts and fears with which, it is to be hoped, that no one will feel any sympathy.

The French mail had come in late that evening, and a pile of letters lay on his table awaiting perusal.

"Ernest Seymour's fist," muttered Barrington, as he took up one of them, and sank into an arm-chair. "I wonder what he has got to complain about now; he never writes unless he has some

grievance. Amelia ill again, I suppose."

"110 Portland Place: June 5.

"MY DEAR HARRY:

"The anxiety and distress which, during the last three days, have almost overwhelmed me must be my excuse for not have written to you before this. I am positive that I several times gave directions to have a telegram sent to Broadridge, but it seems that, through the negligence of the servants, this was not done; and now, to my great surprise, I have just learnt from your Aunt Susan that you have not yet returned from Algeria.

"I have not ventured as yet to communicate this news to dear Amelia, who is constantly asking for you, and I shall try, if possible, to tranquillize her with assurances of your speedy arrival. In her present exhausted state she does not, I think, take much note of the passage of time. Were I to let her know how many days must necessarily elapse before we can hope to have you with us, the shock would, I am convinced, have a most deleterious effect upon her.

"Alas, poor dear! she has had one of her most alarming attacks. For twenty-four hours she was almost entirely unconscious; and, though she has now to some extent rallied, it is impossible to describe her state otherwise than as one of extreme peril. Her emaciation is frightful, and, as for nourishment, I may say that for days past she has taken literally none. Even the Liebig, which you may remember that we have found so useful hitherto, she has been unable to retain; and though the light farinaceous food ordered by the doctor has, up to the present time, been kept upon her stomach, who can say how long it may remain there? But I must not afflict you with these painful details.

"Sir William Puffin, whom we called in some days ago, seems to hesitate about giving any decided opinion upon the case, but tells me he does not apprehend any *immediate* danger. Dear Amelia herself, however, has little expectation of ever leaving her bed again.

"Your Aunt Susan tries to cheer us up in her well-intentioned but rather rough way, and says the whole thing is nothing but hysteria, and will go away as

suddenly as it came. She is opposed to my recalling you to England ; but I am sure that you will feel, with me, that I am right in doing so. How difficult it seems to be, to thoroughly robust people, to sympathize with those who are in constant ill health ! To hear your Aunt Susan talk, you would imagine that Amelia and I were to *blame* for being the wretched invalids that we are !

" I myself am very far from well ; and Puffin being in the house, I thought it only prudent to consult him. But I doubt whether, in the very short interview he thought fit to grant me, he can have properly grasped the significance of my symptoms. He says I am dyspeptic, and that may be so ; but dyspepsia cannot possibly account for all the strange sensations that I have experienced of late. A continual and most distressing singing in the ears, sudden and unaccountable pains in the back and limbs, palpitation of the heart, giddiness, distaste for food, drowsiness, and sad depression of spirits are only a few of these. Should my life be spared until the summer, I propose, with Sir William's permission, to give a trial to the cold-water cure at Malvern. What the effect of that drastic treatment will be upon so enfeebled a frame as mine time alone can show ; but I am willing to run the risk, and am, I hope, justified in so doing."

The same interesting subject was pursued through two more closely-written pages, which Barrington dismissed with a hasty glance, and then threw the letter aside. The Amelia, whose sufferings were so touchingly depicted therein, was his only sister, Mrs. Seymour, who, having been delicate, nervous, and fanciful all her life, had developed into a confirmed invalid, after linking her fortunes with those of a valetudinarian husband. This was neither the first, nor the second, nor the third time that Barrington had been summoned, in all haste, to attend her death-bed, and had arrived to find her on the sofa, and not much worse than usual. She was always dying, but, somehow or other, never died. At the same time it was undeniable that so fragile a creature might die upon small provocation ; and though Barrington felt very little alarm on the

present occasion, and was rather disposed to coincide with the views of the unfeeling Aunt Susan mentioned by Mr. Seymour, he could scarcely hesitate to obey the summons conveyed to him. The only question was whether he could and should see Mademoiselle de Mersac before sailing for England. Now as the Marseilles boat did not sail till noon on the following day, and as Barrington was aware that Jeanne was a very early riser, it is evident that he might have obtained an interview with her if he had so desired it ; but, in truth, he desired no such thing. To see Jeanne again would be pleasant ; to hear from her own lips that she loved him would be pleasanter still ; but to find himself an irrevocably engaged man would be—well, a shade less pleasant. Circumstances not of his creating or seeking had, as it appeared to this prudent lover, put it in his power to gain the very thing that he wanted—namely, the continuance of his present relations with the girl whom he loved. And why should he not take advantage of them ? He had no thought of giving Jeanne up ; nevertheless, he was not prepared immediately to ask her to be his wife. He wanted to blow hot and cold at the same time, in short, and thought he could now see his way to the accomplishment of this impossible feat. He resolved, therefore—though not without many sighs—that he would deny himself the delight of meeting her once more before his departure, and sat down to write her a letter instead.

Yet, when he had composed and addressed this missive, he was more than half inclined to tear it up again, and would very likely have done so if Madame de Trémonville's prophetic words had not hung in his memory, and warned him against straying from the safe path of delay.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN WHICH M. DE FONTVIEILLE TELLS AN OLD STORY.

" MY DEAR MADEMOISELLE DE MERSAC : I cannot tell you how disappointed I was at not meeting you at the ball last night. I was very sorry at the time, but I am a great deal more sorry now ; for, as it turns out, I have not only missed the opportunity of a few pleasant dances

with you, to which I had been looking forward immensely, but also that of bidding you good-by.

"I little thought, when I rode away from your door yesterday, that I had taken what may very likely be my last look of that dear and familiar house where I have passed so many happy hours and have met with a hospitality and kindness for which, I assure you, I am not ungrateful, though I have said little about it. But so it was to be. The mail brought me a letter from my brother-in-law, telling me of my sister's serious illness, and begging me to return to England immediately. One cannot very well disregard a request of that kind, although in this particular instance it might perhaps be possible to do so without any real heartlessness or indifference. All my previous experience of my sister's illnesses leads me to anticipate that, when I reach my journey's end, I shall find that I might quite as well have remained where I am, and where I wish with all my heart that I could stay. But there is, of course, the possibility of matters being more serious than I imagine, and therefore I have no alternative but to go. By the time this reaches you I shall be on board the *Euphrate*, and outside the harbor, I daresay. I wonder whether you will be looking down at us from the terrace where I have so often stood beside you and watched the great steamers crawling away like toy-boats toward the horizon. I shall fancy you there, at any rate, and shall keep my eyes upon the old cliffs and woods until their outlines melt into the blue mass of a hilly coast, which, in its turn, will gradually fade into a dim cloud and grow fainter and fainter till it vanishes altogether, and Algeria, for me, resolves itself into a memory.

"I am sure I need not say how much I regret leaving in this abrupt manner; but, as you see, it is no fault of mine, and I am longing for the time to come when we shall meet in Switzerland, for I take it for granted that I am to be allowed to join you there. Would it be asking too much of your kindness to beg you to let me have a few lines as soon as your plans are fixed, saying when and where I may hope to see you again? A letter addressed to the Conservative Club, St. James's Street, or to the Trav-

ellers', Pall Mall, London, will always find me.

"Will you please make my excuses to the Duchesse de Breuil, and remember me very kindly to your brother and M. de Fontvieille?

"And believe me,

"My dear Mademoiselle de Mersac,

"Most sincerely yours,

"H. BARRINGTON."

Looked upon in the light of a written farewell intended to imitate the letter of an engaged man to his *fiancée* as closely as may be without actually compromising the writer, the above composition can hardly be reckoned a success. Taken, on the other hand, as the last word of an unfortunate who has gone a great deal further than he meant, and sees no safety for himself but in flight, it may, perhaps, be considered as sufficiently suitable for its purpose—the manner in which such unfortunate may choose to blunder out of the meshes being of very slight importance. But, as the reader is aware, it was in the former, not in the latter character that Barrington regarded himself, and wished to be regarded; and if he had been a few years younger and a little less mortally afraid of committing himself to paper, he might possibly have produced some less clumsy expression of his sorrow at parting.

As it was, he was fully sensible of the defects of his letter, and had the grace to feel thoroughly ashamed of it. He perceived that it was too long, too constrained in tone, and, worst of all, too apologetic. He knew that after what had passed between him and Jeanne, he ought either to have said more or less. He even went further, and acknowledged to himself that, unless he were prepared to indite a formal offer of marriage, he ought not to have written at all. But in that case he must have resigned all intention of making such an offer at any future time; and this also he was not prepared to do. So, dissatisfied as he was with the result of his labors, he thrust it at length into an envelope, with a groan and a despairing shrug of his shoulders, feeling that the difficulties of the emergency were too many for him, and being, moreover, if the truth must be told, a trifle pressed for time, for no

man, lovelorn or otherwise, can set out upon a journey without having first packed up his clothes.

And in due course the missive reached its destination. It was brought up to the Campagne de Mersac by a messenger from the Hôtel d'Orient, and was handed to Jeanne as she sat at the breakfast-table, round which, as ill-luck would have it, were grouped the Duchess, M. de Fontvieille, and Léon. Not half a dozen times in as many weeks did the Duchess leave her room before the afternoon was well advanced; scarcely more often was M. de Fontvieille wont to demand hospitality of his neighbors; while, as for the young master of the house, his avocations frequently led him miles away from home at the breakfast hour. But on this particular morning of all others, Madame de Breuil had woke up feeling unusually brisk and strong; M. de Fontvieille's cat had made a raid upon the fried soles and the dish of small birds to which that gentleman had been looking for his midday sustenance; and Léon, being in sore trouble of mind, had fallen out with Pierre Cauvin, and had ridden back in the sulks, leaving his day's duties half accomplished. Thus it came to pass that Jeanne had to open her letter in the presence of three witnesses; and, what was worse still, had to read it with six inquiring eyes fixed upon her face.

People who have intelligence of a startling nature to impart ought to send their communications in the ordinary manner, through the post. In these days, everybody gets one or two letters at breakfast time, and may, by exercising a little self-command, make shift to receive a sharp epistolary blow without displaying unbecoming emotion, or exciting the attention of those who sit at meat with him—especially if, as is to be anticipated, the latter be busy over the study of their own correspondence. But a note delivered after post-hours must, in the nature of things, create some slight stir of curiosity in the least inquisitive and best-bred circles, which is sometimes apt to be a little hard upon the recipient, upon whom the consciousness of being more or less furtively watched can hardly fail to produce a sensation of discomfort. Had Barrington been possessed of that nice consid-

eration for the feelings of others which he imagined—and still imagines—to be one of his most salient characteristics, he might possibly have thought of this, and put a stamp upon his letter. But being what he was, and having before his mind's eye a sentimental picture of Jeanne standing on the terrace and wistfully gazing after the good ship which was bearing her lover away beyond seas, he chose rather to expend five francs upon sending it up the hill by special messenger. The consequence was that M. de Fontvieille was interrupted in the middle of a piquant anecdote, and was fain to wind it up in a hurried and lame manner; for he and his audience too were naturally anxious to learn what news could be contained in Jeanne's lengthy epistle, and as naturally tried to discover from her features whether it were of an agreeable or interesting nature.

They might, however, as well have looked at each other, or at the pictures on the wall. Jeanne, who was habitually pale, seldom changed color, and was never more outwardly calm than when she was most deeply moved. She perused her letter very slowly and deliberately, folded it up again, restored it to its envelope, and then, without saying a word to anybody, resumed her occupation of breaking up dog-biscuit for Turco's breakfast.

If there was one thing that irritated the Duchess more than another, it was conduct of this kind. She was an inquisitive old body, who liked to have a finger in every one's business, and to be consulted in every emergency. She hated secrets (except, of course, her own, which she made a prodigious fuss over), and could not bear the thought that any thing in the shape of a mystery should exist under the same roof with her. Sooner, indeed, than that matters should remain in so unsatisfactory a condition she would clear them up by means of direct questions; but this was a humiliating mode of procedure to which she seldom resorted until she had essayed to work round to her end through a series of artless circumlocutions.

Upon the present occasion she drummed upon the table impatiently with her withered, jewelled fingers for a minute or two, and then, addressing herself to

nobody in particular, remarked that it was a strange thing that people never came to see her now. And yet, she resumed, after a momentary break, perhaps it was not such a very strange thing after all. She was a very old woman, and loneliness was one of the necessary evils of old age. "You and I, my dear M. de Fontvieille, have been out of the race for many years past : and, perhaps, it is too much to expect that young people should take the trouble to amuse us. They have their own interests and their own pleasures, which they keep to themselves, without thinking, perhaps, that we, too, like to have our share in what goes on around us. Very likely they find us in the way. Well, they have the consolation of knowing that we cannot interfere with them long."

"My letter is from Mr. Barrington. Would you like to read it, madame?" asked Jeanne, who did not like circumlocutions.

"I make it a rule never to read correspondence which is not addressed to me," answered the old lady, with dignity, "particularly when it is written in a language which I do not understand."

Whereat M. de Fontvieille had a little laugh all to himself behind his napkin.

"He writes to say that he has been suddenly called away to England by the illness of his sister, and to apologize for not having been able to call and say good-by to us," continued Jeanne. "He particularly begs me to make his excuses, to you, madame."

"And so he is really gone!" said the Duchess. "I regret it very sincerely. He was an amiable and entertaining young man, and I had become accustomed to seeing him here. The house will seem quite dull at first without him."

"We shall all miss Mr. Barrington," observed Léon; "and Jeanne more than any of us."

"I shall miss him very much," said Jeanne, steadily; "but in any case he could hardly have remained here much longer at this season of the year. That is the worst of making friends with birds of passage. As soon as one has got to know them tolerably well they are off, and one probably never sees them again."

"I should be sorry to think that we had seen the last of Mr. Barrington,"

remarked the Duchess. "Does he not speak of returning, Jeanne?"

"Oh, no! He says something about meeting us in Switzerland in the summer."

"I shall never be able to drag myself as far as Switzerland," sighed the old lady—"never, I am convinced. The next journey I shall undertake will be a short one—only as far as the cemetery. I dread the hot season here, but I will not run the risk of dying in an hotel and leaving Jeanne with all the trouble and inconvenience of arranging about the funeral. If Léon could be with me, I should not so much mind."

"I will certainly accompany you, madame, if you wish it," said Léon, speaking without much alacrity.

"No, no, *mon enfant*, you have your own affairs to attend to; and, besides, I prefer to be buried here. I have my piece of ground waiting for me, as you know, and as soon as I have arranged one or two little matters I shall be ready enough to occupy it. By-the-by, what has become of M. de Saint-Luc? It is a century since I have heard of him."

In this way Barrington's departure escaped further remark; and, for the next quarter of an hour, the conversation turned chiefly upon matters of local gossip. Jeanne took her share in it from time to time, and was neither more nor less taciturn than usual; but M. de Fontvieille, who was an observant old person, noticed that she left the remainder of her breakfast untouched.

I suppose that everybody is, in a greater or less degree, dowered with that blessed gift of self-deception without which the infinite sadness of life would become almost unendurable; but some, no doubt, are more highly favored in this respect than others. Jeanne, for instance, though quite able, and even rather prone, to form a mistaken estimate of characters and motives, had a singularly clear vision and defective imagination where facts were concerned; and it was upon the basis of facts, and not hypotheses, that she was accustomed to shape her actions. Barrington's letter left her no room for pleasant delusions either as to his meaning or as to her own destiny. She had said to herself the day before that he should decide her fate; and now he had emphatically done so,

though in a different manner from that which she had anticipated. For her she knew that there could henceforth be no more uncertainty. The die was cast, and the remainder of her life must be spent not with the man whom she loved, but with one for whom, at that time, she felt an absolute abhorrence. At the first moment the one thing that seemed to her most necessary was that she should so bear herself as that no one should guess at the wound she had received; and of this task, as we have seen, she acquitted herself not discredibly, failing only in that one point of inability to swallow food.

When breakfast was at an end, she betook herself to her own room, and, sitting down before her dressing-table, took the letter from her pocket, and read it over again from beginning to end. There was no misunderstanding it, she thought, as she laid it gently aside without a shadow of resentment against the writer. She was a hundred miles from interpreting it correctly, and never doubted of the necessity of Barrington's journey to England; but she plainly saw that, had he intended asking her to be his wife, he would not have left Algeria without doing so. How could she have made so terrible a mistake? That was the question which was uppermost in her mind, and which she asked herself over and over again with bitter mortification. She—a woman in her twenty-third year—a woman, too, who was not by nature romantic, and had seen more of the world and of men than ninety-nine French girls out of a hundred are permitted to do—she to confound intimacy with love, and to take a few light words *au grand sérieux*, like any child of seventeen just released from the convent! It was not an agreeable thought.

"I have only myself to blame," she murmured. "I have allowed myself to love him—Heaven grant I may not have allowed him to see that I love him!—and now I must suffer for it. What is done cannot be undone; and, if it could, I am not sure that I should wish it to be so; all that remains for me to do is to save the family from disaster, and to gratify the wishes of all my friends. It is a sort of consolation; and I care so little now what becomes of me, that there is no fear of my courage failing—

only I wish M. de Saint-Luc were a little less contemptible."

Jeanne was not altogether heroic. She was ready and willing to make the great sacrifice which, as she conceived, duty and affection required of her; but there she stopped short. Of what she might owe to her future husband she did not think at all. He had played a game of cards for her, and had won his stake; let him be satisfied. What more could such a man claim from her than that she should carry his name untarnished to her grave? As for affection—*allons donc!* "I may forgive you in time, but him I shall never forgive," she had said to Léon the day before; and her altered circumstances had produced no change in her sentiments. She had already, in some sort, pardoned her brother, but toward Saint-Luc she harbored no feeling save one of mingled anger and disdain.

Nor was she insensible of the tremendous loneliness of her position. Self-reliant and self-contained as she was, a chill ran through her when she remembered that no living soul would pity her; that she would receive congratulations from all sides upon an act of moral suicide; and that, for the rest of her life, she must manage to get on without the support of any sympathy. Nothing but pride and utter indifference could carry her through, she thought, as she slowly descended the staircase, and stepped out into the garden, where sympathy, in an unexpected form, had been patiently waiting for her half an hour, or more. M. de Fontvieille, excellent man, had preserved, under a thin veneer of cynicism of which he was inordinately proud, a heart still open to the generous impulses of youth, and easily touched by any episode of a sentimental nature. Less blind than the Duchess and Léon, he had long ago discerned the nature of the friendship which had sprung up between Jeanne and the Englishman; the incidents of the Kabylian excursion had not been thrown away upon him; by degrees, his hope of seeing his *protégé* well married to one of her own countrymen had yielded to a kindly desire that her hand might follow where her heart had already been given; and, understanding, as he did, the cruel nature of the blow which had now fallen upon her,

he was determined that at least she should not lack such solace as it is in the power of a sympathetic spirit to bestow.

If Barrington, leaning over the taffrail of the steamer, and gazing sentimentally up at the wooded heights of El Biar, had been provided with a sufficiently powerful telescope, he would have made out, not the tall graceful form which he fondly hoped might be stationed there, but a grotesque little straw-hatted figure gesticulating like a marionette, and from time to time shaking a puny fist toward the sea.

"Go, perfidious Æneas!" cried the old gentleman, apostrophizing the faithless one in the style of the year 1810. "Go, and leave the noble and unhappy Dido to consume upon the pyre of unrequited love! Go back to the chill fogs of thy melancholy island, and languish there, a prey to remorse and the spleen! Go—and the devil go with thee!"

Somewhat relieved by this outburst, M. de Fontvieille strutted back toward the house, whence poor Dido, a little pale and heavy-lidded, had just issued. Removing his Panamá hat, and bowing more profoundly than usual in homage alike to beauty and misfortune, "Mademoiselle," said he, "I come to beg a favor of you. My collection of gems—"

"But, monsieur, I inspected them from the first to the last only two days ago," pleaded poor Jeanne, who wanted to be left alone.

"Pardon me, mademoiselle, there was one drawer which you did not see then, and have never seen yet. It is that which I propose to show you to-day."

"But I must go to the dairy; and I have the linen to count, and—"

"Mademoiselle, I am convinced that your admirable Fanchette is capable of replacing you for an hour. For the rest, I will not detain you long; but I have a fancy to display my greatest treasures to you to-day, and you are too kind to thwart an old man's whim."

Not seeing her way to resisting this appeal, Jeanne resignedly put up her parasol, and accepted M. de Frontvieille's proffered arm. She would have walked more comfortably alone, for she was a good head taller than her companion; and age, together with the unconscionable tightness of his varnished boots, had

deprived him of absolute control over his legs, so that it took a good deal of humoring and management to keep his head straight, and preserve him from sudden involuntary inroads into the flower-beds; but to decline such an equivocal support would have been to grievously affront the old gentleman, who held it an essential point of courtesy to conduct all lady-visitors to his door in this slightly ridiculous fashion, and who to-day seemed anxious to surpass himself in small marks of attention toward his young guest.

When he had led Jeanne into his little dark *salon*, and had made her seat herself in the most comfortable arm-chair that the room contained, he trotted away, and returned presently, bearing in his arms a worsted-work footstool, which he placed under her feet, and, recovering his perpendicular not without an effort, remarked triumphantly, "Now we are at our ease!"

Then he unlocked the folding doors of the old-fashioned cabinet which held his precious collection, and rapidly pulled out the first few drawers, closing them again without daring to glance at their contents, lest the temptation to mount his hobby should prove too strong for him. "All these we have already seen," he said, "and I will not fatigue you by going over them again, though I have some rubies here which well merit—but no matter, let us proceed. You may perhaps have noticed that I have never opened the lowest drawer in your presence. There is nothing in it, as you perceive, but an old leather case, which, to tell you the truth, is not worth five francs, including what it contains. But now I will tell you something that will give you a little interest in it. That leather case was made for me half a century ago; and from that day to this, nobody has ever looked inside it but myself. If I may say so without profanity, it is, in a manner, like those *châsses* which you may see in certain cathedrals, and which are only opened once in every ten or twenty years. They contain nothing more than the usual fragments of the true cross, or garments of the Blessed Virgin, or whatever it may be; but when the day comes for the exhibition of the *Grandes Reliques*, people flock from miles round to

contemplate them. And why? Because they cannot do so every day."

He had been fumbling at his watch-chain while he was speaking, and now he detached therefrom a small gold key, which he pressed into the lock of the case.

"*Voilà mes Grandes Reliques, mademoiselle,*" said he, lifting the lid, and drawing back a step to allow her to approach.

Jeanne bent forward, and saw very much what she had expected to see—two or three brown, withered flowers, which had once been roses, a long kid glove yellow with age, a scrap of ribbon, and a miniature representing a lady with a high forehead, an enormous pair of black eyes, and a little prim, smiling mouth.

"You do not find her beautiful," remarked M. de Fontvieille. "*Mon Dieu*, you are right! she never was so; although I must say that that miniature gives no more idea of what she was than the photographs of the present day will do of you and your contemporaries. It is only great artists who can produce a faithful likeness, and my poor Madeleine had not the means of paying a great artist, or even a mediocre one. She was only the daughter of a country gentleman of good family, but small fortune, who lived all the year round upon his property in the Bourbonnais, and cultivated his vines, and knew little and cared less about the outer world. His estate adjoined that of an uncle of mine, and it was while upon a visit to him that I first met Madeleine. I was at that time about eight-and-twenty, and in many respects an older man than I am now, when my age may be nearly represented by the same figures in reversed order. I had lived in Paris from the day I had left my college; I had tried every form of pleasure, I had made myself acquainted with every grade of society, and I flattered myself that the world had no new sensation left to bestow upon me. I was more than half tired of life, as young men often are when their health begins to give way from the effects of dissipation, and when they are up to the eyes in debt. I was sick of dicing and brawling, and—the rest of it; and yet I did not see how I was to kill time without the help of

these amusements. In short, I was so disheartened and disgusted with myself and my prospects that I had more than once gravely debated the advisability of entering a Trappist monastery when I encountered Madeleine, one sunny morning, in the village, and abandoned all idea of taking vows for which I was perhaps hardly fitted by nature.

"As I have already said, she was no great beauty; but she was as innocent as an angel, as gay as a lark, and her manners had an easy, naïve grace which came from natural good breeding, not from the acquired elegances of an artificial society. There was a charm about her which exceeded the charms of the *grand monde* to which I was accustomed, as the fresh scent of a tuft of wild thyme excels the sickly odor of the stephanotis. It was not, however, for these reasons, but simply because she was herself, that I fell in love with her; and if all the philosophers in the world were to lecture to you upon the origin of love, for hours together, they could give you no clearer explanation of the phenomenon than this. There are people, I firmly believe, who go down to their graves, after a long life, without ever having been in love at all. For myself, although I was at one time somewhat notorious for adventures of a kind which I can do no more than allude to in conversation with you, mademoiselle, and although I may have felt for certain ladies a sentiment which, for want of a better word, we dignify by the name of love, I can assure you in all seriousness that I have only been in love once.

"Whether my dear Madeleine was ever attached to me in the same manner as I was to her, I cannot say. Probably not. But, at all events, she loved me well enough to make me as happy as a king during the three weeks that I was betrothed to her. At the expiration of that time our engagement came to an end in the stupidest and most commonplace way in the world. In order to obtain her father's consent to our union, I had been compelled to deceive him a little as to the state of my affairs, and especially to draw a veil over the history of my life in Paris. A good-natured relation of his, whom I had met some half-dozen times in the capital, was kind enough to tear down this veil, and to

exhibit to the worthy man such a picture of my past career as caused him to cry out in horror that he would never entrust his daughter's happiness to the care of a spendthrift and a libertine. In vain I protested that I had repented of my evil ways, and was determined to lead a new life. The risk was too great, he said; and, to put an end to further discussion, he hastily betrothed Madeleine to one of his neighbors, a sober, red-headed young man, who had never done wrong in his life, through sheer lack of sufficient originality to leave the strictly religious groove into which his parents had pushed him.

"My poor little *fiancée* yielded without making much resistance—she would as soon have thought of cutting her father's throat as of disobeying him—and I went back to Paris, crazy with despair, and ready to put an end to myself. As you perceive, however, I did not do this. I continued to exist; and eventually married Madame de Fontvieille, with whom I lived in perfect harmony for twenty years. She was an excellent woman; she brought me a handsome *dot*; and I never disturbed her peace of mind by showing her the poor relics which now lie before you. The fact of my having preserved them is sufficient evidence that through all that has come and gone—through sorrow and mirth, sickness and health, marriage and old age—I have remained faithful in my heart to my only love. Perhaps if my dream had been realized, I might have been less constant; I cannot tell. It is a common saying that marriage kills love, but I am not convinced that it does so in all cases. However that may be, I have always felt that I owe Madeleine not only eternal love, but eternal gratitude. But for her I might have never suspected the existence of that divine spark in my nature which is common to all human beings. I might have lived and died like a beast, as thousands do. Having known and loved her, I could never fall back again under the sway of my five senses, nor persuade myself that the object of life was to gratify them. I cannot boast of having performed many good actions; but if I have helped a fellow creature here and there, if I have forgiven an injury or two, and abstained occasionally from harming those whom I have been tempted to wrong,

the credit is Madeleine's. Ah, *mon enfant*! this world is a dismal purgatory, full of liars and thieves and traitors and wretches of all kinds. It would be impossible to believe in the perfectibility of the species if we did not know that we are capable of loving one another. Such, at least, is my notion; and that is why I conclude that to have loved another is a thing to be thankful for in itself, whether one succeed or fail in gaining the object of one's desire.

"Why have I told you this long history to-day? Partly because I have bequeathed my jewels to you, and I wish you, as soon as I am dead, to take the case that you know of, and, without saying any thing to anybody, to slip it quietly into my coffin; and partly because the experiences of the old are sometimes a comfort to the young. If, by any chance, a man finds himself in the midst of a sandy desert and is not very sure whether he will ever escape from it, it is something to come across the traces of others who have passed by the same way, and who have neither fainted nor died. It is something—"

M. de Fontvieille stopped short, fearing lest he might have said too much; but Jeanne was not offended. She had perceived from the outset that her old friend had discovered her secret, and she was not altogether sorry that it should be so. Few people like to be openly pitied; but there are extremities in which even the proudest are glad to think that some discreet person can understand their trouble, and secretly feel for them. Jeanne had listened to M. de Fontvieille's narrative with genuine interest. This octogenarian weeping over a withered rose, dilating upon the divine origin of love, mixing up sentiment, vanity, and bathos with the most innocent unself-consciousness, had not appeared to her ridiculous. His fidelity touched her; his ideas in some sort chimed in with her own. If the mere delight of memory had sufficed to brighten his whole life, why should not the same source of consolation be open to her? It was true that as yet she could hardly bring herself to fancy that it could be so. Her wound was too fresh; her heart ached with too bitter a longing to see Barrington again, were it but for an hour; but time would doubtless bring her more calmness. After all, the worst

part of the ordeal which lay before her was that of which her would-be consoler knew nothing. The prospect of a lonely life—of devoting herself to the service of others, or of entering a convent—would have had no terrors for her; but to be chained for the rest of her days to an uncongenial companion, as the unhappy convicts used to be at the Toulon *bagne*—to know that no escape from him was possible, and to be forced, in sheer self-defence, to treat him at least as a friend—what more unhappy destiny than this could any woman accept? Following out this train of thought, she spoke at length:

"Why did you marry, monsieur? You were not obliged to do so."

M. de Fontvieille shrugged his shoulders. "Obliged!—no; but it seemed expedient. When I gave up my old mode of life and my old companions I was very dull. After a time I thought the best thing I could do would be to ally myself to a good, sensible woman who could contribute her share toward the payment of the household expenses; and I assure you I never regretted having taken the step. Marriage is an admirable institution, but a trifle prosaic: the essential thing is that the husband and wife should start by understanding one another. I never pretended to any romantic affection for Madame de Fontvieille, nor did she ever look for any thing of the kind from me. You, who have been educated a little *à l'anglaise*, probably regard marriages of convenience with horror; for my own part, I think they are very good things. In every man's life there comes a time when he feels the necessity of having a home of his own, and domestic interests. Women, from the nature of their position, must experience the same want far more keenly. If lovers are able to marry, so much the better for them; but I see no reason why two people who esteem one another should not live together quite contentedly without any warmer feeling. I married Madame de Fontvieille because I required a home, and I told her so honestly. I never let her know that my heart belonged, and would always belong, to another woman; but if she had happened to find it out, she would have had no right to complain."

"You do not think, then, that it is wrong for a woman to marry one man, and continue to love another?"

M. de Fontvieille made a grimace. This was not exactly the doctrine he had intended to inculcate, and he felt that he was getting upon dangerous ground.

"*Mon Dieu!*" he said, "that depends a little. In matters of this kind it is impossible to lay down a general rule which will fit all cases. My object in relating my own experience to you was to show that it is a good thing to have loved—even in vain."

"No doubt," answered Jeanne, gravely. "I have understood what you have meant," she resumed, after a short pause; "it would be absurd to pretend that I have not, and I am grateful to you for confiding in me, and sympathizing with me; but—"

"My dear child," cried M. de Fontvieille, waving his yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, "it has been a sweet consolation to me to reopen my old wounds in your presence. Only those who have suffered themselves can truly feel for the suffering. In future you will freely confide your troubles to me—we will mingle our tears—"

"No," broke in Jeanne, "I am not one of those who enjoy shedding tears." Then seeing that the old gentleman looked hurt, she added, "You know that if I could speak to anybody upon—the subject you have alluded to I would speak to you; but you must see that, for the future, the less said about it the better. I shall not forget what you have said, and you may be sure that I will carry out your instructions about the little leather case when the time comes. And now I must really go to the dairy."

"Marvellous is the power of love!" ejaculated M. de Fontvieille, after he had seen Jeanne to the door, and had carefully locked up his precious cabinet. "Here is a woman who is told that jewels to the value of some hundred thousand francs will be hers in a few years' time at furthest, and who does not think the announcement worth so much as a word of notice. Ah, animal of an Englishman! what have you ever done to merit such devotion?"—*Cornhill Magazine*.

THE "SOCIOLOGY" OF ANTS.

ONE of the most valuable of the scientific tendencies of the present day is the very useful study which is devoted by our naturalists to the habits of the more sociable of the animal races. Sir John Lubbock has made the scientific observation of the sociable insects—particularly bees, wasps, and ants—a subject peculiarly his own; and his admirable example has evidently produced excellent effects on the other side of the Atlantic. Only this week, the *Times* has republished for us, from the "Proceedings of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences," a paper by the Rev. H. C. McCook on the personal cleanliness of the agricultural ant of America, from which it appears that the Transatlantic ant is at least as conspicuous for the quality which is said to be next to godliness, and as anxious to aid its fellow-ants in the business of their "sanitary ablutions," as Sir John Lubbock has shown various species of English ants to be. Lord Beaconsfield's cry of "*Sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas!*" is evidently substantially adopted by the ants of both worlds; and no doubt the ant has been helped to gain the habits which this maxim summarizes, by the law of the survival of the fittest. Clearly ants, like men, cannot live healthily in crowded communities without well-marked restrictions on personal habits which would tend in any way either to spread disease or even to impede individual freedom of motion. If ants, living in such vast crowds and within such narrow spaces as, by comparison, almost make London itself seem a spacious and thinly-populated city, were either to lose their activity through getting clogged with foreign substances, or to contract diseases such as dirt is known to foster in all organic bodies, the whole society would soon come to an end. Indolence and inactivity amongst the workers in such crowded communities would mean the immediate failure of the commissariat, and consequently death. Contagion in such communities would mean plague, and consequently death. Hence it is clear enough that any community of ants whose workers were endowed with cleanly and active habits

would have the greatest possible advantage over other communities not so fully endowed with those habits, whence, perhaps, the successful evolution of this great principle of practical "sociology" among the ants of both hemispheres. The Philadelphia naturalist suggests, indeed, that the ants whom he has watched in a state of captivity may devote more attention to their personal cleanliness than they would devote in a state of nature. But this we take leave to doubt. It is clear at least that they bring their instincts with them into captivity, and that if, in the comparatively limited numbers of a captive community, the law of cleanliness asserts itself so strongly, it is because it has been so imperatively impressed upon them by the accumulated experience of thousands of generations. It is clear that either the habit of personal cleanliness, or, amongst the aristocratic and dependent races of ants, the possession of slaves who attend to the personal cleanliness of their masters, is an absolute condition of social well-being. Either the ant must keep itself clean and help to keep its companions clean, and take delight, as Mr. McCook and Sir John Lubbock have described to us, in that cleanliness, or the slave-races must keep themselves and their masters clean, as sedulously as they feed themselves and their masters. The social habits of the ant would probably become ultimately impossible, were they not protected by these habits of sedulous cleanliness.

So far it is clear that habits of gregariousness even among insects may tend to evolve other habits which, if not exactly ethical, are in the sententious wisdom of mankind classed as "next" to godliness. And no doubt this remark is very encouraging to that new school of scientific thought which is endeavoring to show how the principles of morality are a perfectly inevitable outgrowth of the laws which show how to make society coherent and strong. And it is very interesting, therefore, to ask ourselves how much further, at least in the case of insects, this principle will take us? Does it tend to produce any vestige of morality, or only to come as

near to it as cleanliness does to godliness, which, we venture to assert, in spite of the maxim we have referred to, is not near at all, but a very long way off indeed? Now, on this point Sir John Lubbock has made some most interesting observations. He has carefully studied the domestic and foreign policy of the ant, with a view to the sentiments, "altruistic" or otherwise, which appear to be indicated, and has come to some very remarkable results indeed. The foreign policy of the ant is very simple, and rather Chinese (of the old school). It consists entirely in killing a foreigner who intrudes in any way on the territory of the community. And as a foreigner an ant appears to regard any individual which has not been produced in its own nest, even though it be of the same species. Sir John Lubbock has shown most effectually that ants distinguish, after very long periods of separation, the ants which have belonged to their own nest, and even the ants reared from the pupæ produced in their own nests. These they will hospitably receive after a period which would seem to make individual identification hardly possible; while strangers—ants of another nest, though of the same species, or ants reared from the pupæ of ants of another nest—they will attack and destroy. That is a conclusion which Sir John Lubbock has established with regard to a good many different species of ants, and in a large number of cases for each species. Nor do we regard it as one intrinsically fatal to the idea that habits of gregariousness tend eventually to "evolve" a morality. Certainly, as we have said, there are plenty of parallels amongst human savages, and even amongst civilized peoples in the historic period, for a foreign policy almost as simple. And one can well understand that before it is possible for a Jew to look upon a Samaritan as his neighbor, he must first have learned to understand what neighborliness really means in the case of Jews. But Sir John Lubbock's observations have gone a good deal further, and touched a much more interesting point than this. He has tried to make out how far neighborliness, as amongst ants of the same nest, really goes. It is known, as we have said, that ants of the same nest

will help to cleanse each other, and sometimes, we believe, they will carry a wounded and disabled ant, that has come to grief outside it, into the nest. But these are habits obviously essential, the one to the cleanliness of the nest, the other to a kind of co-operation necessary for war with hostile ants. Does the sense of friendliness go further, and extend to relieving ants of the same nest from difficulties in which they find themselves, simply for the sake of fellow-citizenship, and without any relation to the public safety? As far as Sir John Lubbock's very curious investigations go, we believe the answer is entirely in the negative. We extract a passage condensing his results from the very interesting paper published in the fourteenth volume of the "Proceedings" of the Linnean Society (pp. 274-276):—

"To test the affection of ants belonging to the same nest for one another, I tried the following experiments. I took six ants from a nest of *Formica fusca*, imprisoned them in a small bottle, one end of which was left open, but covered by a layer of muslin. I then put the bottle close to the door of the nest. The muslin was of open texture, the meshes, however, being sufficiently large to prevent the ants from escaping. They could not only, however, see one another, but communicate freely with their antennæ. We now watched to see whether the prisoners would be tended or fed by their friends. We could not, however, observe that the least notice was taken of them. The experiment, nevertheless, was less conclusive than could be wished, because they might have fed at night, or at some time when we were not looking. It struck me, therefore, that it would be interesting to treat some strangers also in the same manner. On September 2d, therefore, I put two ants from one of my nests of *F. fusca* into a bottle, the end of which was tied up with muslin as described, and laid it down close to the nest. In a second bottle I put two ants from another nest of the same species. The ants which were at liberty took no notice of the bottle containing their imprisoned friends. The strangers in the other bottle, on the contrary, excited them considerably. The whole day one, two, or more ants stood sentry, as it were, over the bottle. In the evening no less than twelve were collected round it, a larger number than usually came out of the nest at any one time. The whole of the next two days, in the same way, there were more or less ants round the bottle containing the strangers, while, as far as we could see, no notice whatever was taken of the friends. On the 9th the ants had eaten through the muslin, and effected an entrance. We did not chance to be on the spot at the moment, but as I found two ants lying dead, one in the bottle and one just outside, I think

there can be no doubt that the strangers were put to death. The friends throughout were quite neglected. September 21st.—I then repeated the experiment, putting three ants from another nest into a bottle as before. The same scene was repeated. The friends were neglected. On the other hand, some of the ants were always watching over the bottle containing the strangers, and biting at the muslin which protected them. The next morning at 6 a.m. I found five ants thus occupied. One had caught hold of the leg of one of the strangers, which had unwarily been allowed to protrude through the meshes of the muslin. They worked and watched, though not, as far as I could see, with any system, till 7.30 in the evening, when they effected an entrance, and immediately attacked the strangers. September 24th.—I repeated the same experiment with the same nest. Again the ants came and sat over the bottle containing the strangers, while no notice was taken of the friends. The next morning again, when I got up, I found five ants round the bottle containing the strangers, none near the friends. As in the former case, one of the ants had seized a stranger by the leg, and was trying to drag her through the muslin. All day the ants clustered round the bottle, and bit perseveringly, though not systematically, at the muslin. The same thing happened all the following day. These observations seemed to me sufficiently to test the behavior of the ants belonging to this nest under these circumstances. I thought it desirable, however, to try also other communities. I selected, therefore, two other nests. One was a community of *Polyergus rufescens*, with numerous slaves. Close to where the ants of this nest came to feed I placed as before two small bottles, closed in the same way—one containing two slave ants from the nest, the other two strangers. These ants, however, behaved quite unlike the preceding, for they took no notice of either bottle, and showed no sign either of affection or hatred. One is almost tempted to surmise that the war-like spirit of these ants was broken by slavery. The other nest which I tried, also a community of *Formica fusca*, behaved exactly like the first. They took no notice of the bottle containing the friends, but clustered round and eventually forced their way into that containing the strangers. It seems, therefore, that in these curious insects hatred is a stronger passion than affection."

From this it would appear that while the habit of living in communities and co-operating in labor, the habit which the late Professor Clifford used to speak of with strange moral enthusiasm as "band-work"—importing into the phrase, of course, all those disinterested ideas which human nature has borrowed from a totally different region—has resulted in excellent and mutually helpful sanitary habits, and also in what we may call very rigid alien laws, it does not

seem to have resulted in anything which looks in the least like personal affections. The desire to destroy the aliens in the neighborhood of the nest was keen and active. A patrol was set to watch them. The desire to help the captive fellow-citizens in the same neighborhood was apparently non-existent. In all the species tried, no notice was taken of the fellow-citizens in difficulty; while every notice was taken of the strangers in ambush. Sir John Lubbock expresses this mildly, when he says that it appears that in these curious creatures hatred is a much stronger passion than affection. The evidence here given rather goes to show that fear or hatred is very active indeed, while of pure affection in the sense of love of fellow-citizens for their own sake—as distinguished from the interest of the nest—there is not a trace.

And this, we are strongly disposed to believe, is just the sort of morals—if morals they could, by any possibility, be called—which could alone be deduced as consequences of the habits most conducive to the safety and cohesion of large communities. The gregarious insects afford far more instructive examples of the needs of such communities than any higher class of creatures. Their communities are much more crowded, their instincts much more clearly the offspring of their social needs, their administrative organizations much more purely social, and on a much larger scale, than in the case of any other gregarious creature whatever, man not excepted. And what do we find? That while habits which would at first sight appear to involve disinterested service, tending to the health and strength of the community, are certainly produced, these habits appear to stop just short of anything like real personal attachment and regard. And probably for a very good reason—namely, that such personal affections would be destructive of the safety of the community, instead of conservative of it, unless they were completed and regulated by that very refined, and subtle, and far-reaching principle, of which the human conscience is the highest earthly form. The first condition of successful social life on a large scale taken alone, would be, we believe, not the existence of the higher individual affections, but the non-exist-

ence of such affections. The mechanical order of one vast community of insects, crowded together in a minute space, would be as much disturbed by strong personal ties between individuals and individuals, as an army would be by the existence of such ties (if they were not kept in check by the spirit of discipline), between the soldiers of one regiment and the soldiers of another regiment performing different functions

in a different part of the field. The gregarious principle taken alone is not the germ of the human affections. It is the germ of a kind of organization very much more perfect, for very much lower ends ;—but one not in the least tending to the most perfect development of the sort of order for which the sense of a moral law, and the existence of a moral government, are the great essentials.—*The Spectator*.

THE BALLAD OF THE BARMECIDE.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

To one in Eastern clime,—'tis said,—
 There came a man at eve with "Lo !
 Friend, ere the day be dimmed and dead,
 Hast thou a mind to feast, and know
 Fair cates, and sweet wine's overflow ?"
 To whom that other fain replied—
 "Lead on. Not backward I nor slow ;
 —Where is thy feast, O Barmecide ?"

Thereon the bidder passed and led
 To where, apart from dust and glow,
 They found a board with napery spread,
 And gold, and glistening cups a-row.
 "Eat," quoth the host, yet naught did show.
 To whom his guest—"Thy board is wide ;
 But barren is the cheer, I trow.
 —Where is thy feast, O Barmecide ?"

"Eat"—quoth the man not less, and fed
 From meats unseen, and made as though
 He drank of wine both white and red.
 "Eat,—ere the day to darkness grow.
 Short space and scant the Fates bestow !"
 What time his guest him wondering eyed,
 Muttering in wrath his beard below
 —"Where is thy feast, O Barmecide ?"

ENVOY.

TIME,—'tis of thee thy fable so.
 Thou bidd'st us eat, and still denied,
 Still fasting, from thy board we go :—
 "Where is thy feast,—O Barmecide ?"

Belgravia Magazine.

LITERARY NOTICES.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? By William Hurrell Mallock. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The subject discussed by Mr. Mallock in this book is not the rather puerile question contained in its title, but the much more significant and important one, "Can life, on Positivist principles, be rationally thought worth living?" (By Positivism, it may be well to explain, Mr. Mallock does not mean the system of Comte or his disciples, but the common principles on which the whole scientific school agree.) As thus amended this question is undoubtedly one of the most important that can claim the attention of thinkers in our day, and it is equally undoubted that Mr. Mallock discusses it in a very trenchant and effective manner. The peculiar force of Mr. Mallock's method of treatment lies in this, that although he is arguing for Theism as against materialistic interpretations of nature, he yet waives entirely the *à priori* assumptions from which Theists usually start, and accepts as the very basis of his argument the principles and method of the most advanced scientific school. Using precisely the same logic with which science professes to have crumbled down the citadel of faith, he undermines and riddles the fundamental propositions of Science itself; and completely demonstrates, we think, that on grounds of pure reason the conceptions of Theism are just as plausible, just as probable, and just as susceptible of defence as those which are considered by scientists to be almost beyond the reach of discussion. Going still further, he points out (and this is the most striking portion of his book) that if science be correct in its denial of the fundamental propositions of Theism, then there is nothing in human life to justify the grandiloquent language in which scientists are accustomed to speak of its sacredness and the dignity of its aims. If, he argues, all the phenomena of human life find their origin and end in man as we know him, then the distinctions between right and wrong, truth and falsehood, virtue and vice, are too flimsy to trouble the thoughts of any one, and the exaltation of phrase with which Positivists often refer to life is unconsciously borrowed from a period when man, through a religious creed, "took hold upon eternal verities."

This proposition is argued by Mr. Mallock from several different premisses (adjusting themselves to the various phases of Positive theory), and not only with great power of logic but with masterful literary skill. Had he stopped when he had finished dealing with it, his book would have been a most influential contribution to the thought of the day; but in

three chapters superfluously tacked on to the main theme he accomplishes something very closely resembling self-stultification. In these chapters, assuming that he has demonstrated the need of a theology to make life worth living, he attempts to show that Roman Catholicism is the only possible theology. This, at best, would seem an impotent conclusion to such a discussion, but the line of argument by which it is reached is so extremely feeble and fantastic as to make the reader feel that after all the force of the author's previous logic must have been overrated. Nevertheless, the book, as a whole, is a very remarkable one.

MODERN CHROMATICS, WITH APPLICATIONS TO ART AND INDUSTRY. By Professor Ogden N. Rood. *International Scientific Series*. Vol. XXVI. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

COLOR-BLINDNESS: ITS DANGERS AND ITS DETECTION. By B. Joy Jeffries, A.M., M.D. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

Though entirely dissimilar in scope and method of treatment, these two books may be coupled together as dealing with the same general subject and in a sense complementary to each other. Professor Rood discusses the principles and laws of color in all their bearings, and bestows particular attention upon their practical application to the art of painting. This latter feature of his work constitutes its only claim to novelty. The theory of color which the author adopts is that commonly known as the Young-Helmholtz theory, and though his exposition of it is remarkably luminous and skilful, it is of course already more or less familiar to students of science. But Professor Rood is something more than a savant, and is keenly alive to the poetical or picturesque side of his subject. Having practised painting himself and enjoyed for many years the advantage of intimate intercourse with artists, his treatise is much more than a simple exposition of scientific principles; and it may be said to furnish to the artist or amateur all that he will need to know of the science of color, and to the scientific student an insight into those higher applications which make the subject of color so fascinating. The book is copiously and handsomely illustrated.

Dr. Jeffries also adopts and expounds the Young-Helmholtz theory of color, but this is only preliminary to the exhaustive discussion of a branch of the subject which Professor Rood barely touches upon, namely, Color-Blindness. Dr. Jeffries' work is avowedly based upon Professor Holmgren's "Color-Blindness and its Relations to Railroads and

the Marine," which was published at Upsala, Sweden, in 1877, and which he declares to be "an epoch-making work." It was the Doctor's original intention merely to translate that work into English, but he was partially anticipated in that design by the Smithsonian Institution, which included a slightly abridged translation of it in its Annual Report for 1877. In his present work, however, Dr. Jeffries includes "a good part of Professor Holmgren's book," summarises the work of earlier and later observers in the same field, and gives the results of over ten thousand testings for color-blindness, made by himself according to Holmgren's method among New England teachers and students.

The investigations thus far made in France and Sweden and in this country appear to prove that about five persons in every hundred are color-blind, the proportion being much greater among males than among females. The most frequent forms of color-blindness are those of insensibility to red or green—violet-blindness being much more rare. From the well-known case of Dalton, color-blindness was formerly called "Daltonism," but that term must be abandoned now that it has been discovered that his special defect (red-blindness) is not the only form of defective vision.

It is to the practical aspects of his subject that Dr. Jeffries chiefly devotes his attention, and he urges with much emphasis that the first use made of the knowledge already gained should be the elimination of color-blind persons from the railway and marine services. He thinks that many a hitherto mysterious accident at sea and on railways may be explained by the theory of defective vision on the part of some employee placed in a position of responsibility, and points out that should a railway accident in the future be traced to such a source (as can now be easily done), the company could not escape liability on the ground of non-preventible causes. A curious feature of color-blindness is that those in whom it is present are usually quite unconscious of it, and its detection has hitherto been a matter of accident, while its meaning has hardly been understood at all. Professors Holmgren's test-method is extremely simple in principle, and Dr. Jeffries describes it with such minuteness of detail that almost any one may apply it by providing himself with the requisite assortment of colored worsteds.

CÆSAR. A Sketch. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In this work—which he calls a sketch, "because the materials do not exist for a portrait which shall be at once authentic and complete"—Mr. Froude has, by sheer force of literary

skill, given freshness and fascinating interest to a narrative which is probably as familiar to most readers as any in the annals of literature. He does not accomplish this by any new discoveries of material; on the contrary, he rejects much that has hitherto been accepted as furnishing authentic data for Cæsar's life; but by marshalling the old and well-known facts in new combinations he presents a picture which as a whole gives one the impression of complete novelty. For one thing, the view-point from which Cæsar is usually regarded is entirely shifted in the present work. In most histories and biographies Cæsar is represented as the destroyer of the Roman Republic, as a ruthless military despot, as a man dominated from the very beginning by a selfish ambition: Mr. Froude depicts him as a reformer and not a revolutionist, as a sincere patriot, and as the preserver of the essential liberties of his countrymen against a corrupt aristocracy on the one hand and an anarchic mob on the other. Had he lived, so Mr. Froude thinks, he would have given a new lease of life to the ancient institutions of his country, and his murder "gave the last and necessary impulse to the closing act of the revolution."

Of course from this point of view Brutus and Cassius and their associates cease to be avenging patriots, and become a vulgar and nefarious band of conspirators, and indeed there is a complete transformation of the dramatis personæ who figured upon the great stage of the world at that period. Marius is vindicated at the expense of Sylla; Pompey degenerates until in the contest between them it is he and not Cæsar who is actuated by selfish ambition; Cato is an impracticable fanatic who did his country more harm than good; and even Cicero, whose verdicts about his contemporaries have remained almost undisputed, is shown to have been a time-serving egotist, destitute of political principle, and always with his chief attention directed to his own interests. To exalt Cæsar is necessarily to depreciate his antagonists and detractors, and Mr. Froude performs his task in no half-hearted way.

The book is even more a history than a biography, and it gives a most vivid and instructive picture of the Roman world at an epoch which was one of the most critical in the annals of mankind.

MAID, WIFE, OR WIDOW? By Mrs. Alexander. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

We are sorry to say that this story is quite beneath the level of Mrs. Alexander's best work. The author has never equalled her admirable first story ("The Wooing O't"), but her fault has hitherto been rather on the side of profuseness and over-elaboration than of mea-

gerness of material. The latter, however, is distinctly the defect of "Maid, Wife, or Widow?" which, with a conception that might have been worked out very charmingly in the dimensions of an ordinary magazine story, is spun out into an independent volume. There is some skilful character-drawing in the story, and at least one very attractive woman, but somehow the reader does not get into close sympathy with it, and, short as it is, will be apt to feel that it is too long.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE Belgian Literary Union has resolved to organize an International Literary Congress, to be held in Brussels next year.

THE French papers state that Count Charles Walewski, son of the Minister of Napoleon III., is engaged on the publication of his father's memoirs.

PROF. LANZONE, of Turin, is preparing a work on Egyptian mythology, and another on the papyri representing the passage of the sun through the hours of the night.

MDLLE. A. TCHERNOFF is engaged on a translation into Russian of Prof. Dowden's "Shakespeare, his Mind and Art," which will be published at St. Petersburg in the autumn of this year.

THE historian Gregorovius is now engaged on a Life of Pope Urban VIII., and has collected many important documents elucidating the policy pursued by that pontiff during the Thirty Years' War.

DR. ARVID AHNELT, the well-known Swedish bibliographer, has just completed a biographical and critical memoir of Leonhard Fredrik Råaf, the antiquary, who died in 1872, in his eighty-sixth year. The volume contains a great deal of new matter regarding Swedish literature in the first half of the present century.

MR. ALDIS WRIGHT has just finished his edition of *Coriolanus* for his "School Series of Shakespeare's Plays" for the Clarendon Press. The difficulties in the play have forced him to annotate it more freely than any previous play of the series, and its price will therefore be slightly higher.

A MOVEMENT is in progress for establishing a Society of English Literature, which is designed to occupy the place in this country which is occupied by the Société des Gens de Lettres in France, and by similar bodies in Austria, Belgium, and Germany. This project is an outcome of the recent meetings of the International Literary Congress.

A FRENCH society has been formed to promote the study of the history of French Protestantism, and proposes to issue a series of books on this subject under the collective title of "Classiques de Protestantisme." The first of these will be *L'histoire des églises réformées du royaume de France* attributed to the Reform-er Théodore de Bayle, edited by Prof. Baum.

A PUBLISHING company of Turin, L'Unione tipografico-editrice, has issued the last number of a complete dictionary of the Italian language commenced seventeen years ago by the late Abate Tommaseo, and Profs. Meini, Bellini, etc. Since Tommaseo's death, in 1874, Prof. Meini has carried on the work alone, and the last thirty numbers, index of quotations, and preface, are all from his pen.

THE Russian Academy is just now printing a work by a young Orientalist, M. Sabinin, entitled "Records of the Georgian Church and Kingdom." It will contain a series of valuable historical documents in the Georgian language hitherto unpublished, and the text will be illustrated by portraits. M. Sabinin also intends adding a Russian translation. In the opinion of specialists this work promises to throw a new light on the obscure and intricate facts of Georgian history.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER, of Strasbourg, are publishing, for the Society for the Preservation of the Historical Monuments of Alsace, a reproduction, so far as existing materials allow, of the *Hortus deliciarum* of the Abbess Herrad von Landsperg, destroyed during the bombardment of Strasbourg on the night of August 24-25, 1870. The *Hortus*, dedicated by Herrad to the nuns of Hohenburg, was an extensive compilation, composed of quotations from the Scriptures, from the Fathers, from sacred and profane historians, etc. The MS. was ornamented with miniatures, forming a most valuable picture-gallery of the twelfth century.

WE learn from a recent Report that the system of libraries attached to the primary schools in Paris shows satisfactory progress. The number of these libraries now amounts to 440, with a total of 44,120 volumes. During the past year 100,482 books were lent out. Originally established in 1862, the enterprise encountered not a little opposition both from the religious institutions and the general body of teachers, who seem to have feared that the pupils would prefer discursive reading to their regular studies. But since 1872 things have gone more smoothly. No attempt is made to select what we should call "improving" literature. At first the novels of Mayne Reid, "Paul and Virginia" and "Robinson" were the most sought after. The classical works of the great French dramatists are now rising in popularity,

and also the scientific medleys of Jules Verne. The national romances of Erckmann-Chatrian are the rage among boys, while girls prefer *La Case de l'Oncle Tom*.

SCIENCE AND ART.

HEART AND BRAIN.—At the fifty-first meeting of German Naturalists, in Cassel, Dr. Wiedemeister made some remarks on the connection between heart-disease and mental diseases. Practitioners who are not exclusively psychologists are much inclined to consider cardiac affections as one of the causes of madness, while psychologists are of a totally different opinion. If his memory did not fail him, Bazin had found in making *post mortem* examinations of lunatics that in 1 per cent of the cases there was disease of the heart. Witkowsky had found this in more than 7 per cent, and Karrer, of Erlangen, in 30 per cent. Wishing to find some more definite numbers, he had for some years past carefully measured the hearts of lunatics, especially the left ventricle, and had found that in 75 per cent of the cases there was thickening of the wall of the left ventricle, and that the latter was hypertrophic.—*British Medical Journal*.

A TELL-TALE COMPASS.—Mr. Henry A. Severn, of Herne Hill, has invented a very clever little instrument, called a tell-tale compass, by which the captain or master of a ship, when down in his cabin, may know whether or not the ship is sailing her course, or is wandering from it. He uses the constant position of the compass-card and the varying one of the ship so as to produce an electric contact, which rings a bell in case the angle made by the line of actual progress with the course to be steered exceeds a certain deviation on either side; and he proposes that the bell rung in case of deviation on one side shall be different in tone from that rung in case of deviation on the other side. His invention is a veritable symbol of the chief inventions of the age, which are always employed in superseding the responsibilities of individual watchfulness, by mechanical warnings that allow of intermittent zeal. Even in matters of pure conscience we are very apt to prefer to trust to the sudden warning that some electric contact with social feeling is suddenly joined or interrupted, rather than exact from ourselves a rigid and vigilant scrutiny of our own course. A kind of social alarm is the fashionable conscience of the age.—*Spectator*.

SUNSPOTS AND RAINFALL.—In a pamphlet of thirty-four pages, which has been prepared by Messrs. Lockyer, Hunter, and Archibald

for submission to the Indian Famine Commission, and is published by Messrs. Macmillan, we have a carefully-drawn-up digest of the evidence for the existence of a sunspot periodicity in cosmical phenomena. The authors have put together the evidence of such periodicity in Magnetic Declination, in Auroras, in the number of Cyclones, in the area of Cyclones, in Wrecks from Lloyd's books, and in Rainfall, and they express their conviction that, notwithstanding many apparent anomalies and a large area of unexplained facts, the evidence suffices to establish the existence of a common cycle, but they do admit that the time for safe prediction has not yet come. The pamphlet is very useful for those who wish to see all that can be said in favor of the theory.

RESEARCHES IN MAGNETIZATION.—It is known that in making permanent magnets the steel is first hardened and then magnetized, because, though in hard steel the temporary magnetism is somewhat less, its fixation is more certain. After it was proved that where steel is heated to a dark red the temporary magnetism it may acquire continuously increases, the idea naturally arose that very powerful permanent magnets might be got by magnetizing during the very process of hardening. Experiments have repeatedly been made in this direction, but they have been hardly decisive, and lately Herr Holtz has investigated the matter more thoroughly. His method was to get two steel bars as similar as possible, heat them to a bright red glow, then quench one of them directly, and the other after, and while a magnetizing force acted on it. This magnetizing force was provided in two ways—viz., either from an electro-magnet or from a magnetizing coil (which was suitably protected from the water). The first quenched bar was then subjected to the same magnetizing force, and the magnetism of the two bars was then measured by the method of oscillations. Some 500 magnetizations were thus performed on 170 bars; and the general result is that magnetization during hardening gives superior results only conditionally. The advantage of it decreases with increasing strength of the magnetizing force and thickness of bar. The method may give magnets six times as strong as those got by the ordinary method, but this only with an extremely weak magnetizing force. With a force from three Grove elements through a coil of 600 turns, and a bar 6 mm. thick, the advantage was already on the side of the old method. Herr Holtz concludes that magnetization during hardening offers no real advantage in practice. From experiments lately made by M. Jamin, it appears that a given current sent through a coil communicates to a bar within the coil much less magnetism when

the bar is further enclosed in an iron tube than when bar and tube are placed alongside each other; and that, at the same time, the tube takes a greater magnetism in the former case than in the latter. M. Jamin further operated with two concentric tubes, each 3 mm. thick, and he found that this thickness of 6 mm. of iron was sufficient to arrest almost completely the magnetic effect of the exterior spiral, showing the great magnetic impenetrability of iron.

TRANSMITTING WATER-POWER.—Niagara is confessedly a "water-privilege" of the foremost rank for power and grandeur. If that prodigious power could only be transmitted to a distance, what a number of places which are now idle for want of power, might avail themselves of the electric light, and take to spinning and weaving, hammering, sawing, planing, grinding, and other mechanical employments! Surprising statements on the question have been put forth: one, that the cost of an efficient cable would be sixty dollars a foot; another, that the copper deposits of the Lake Superior region, ample as they are, would not suffice for the construction of a cable to transmit the power of the mighty waterfall. In answer to these statements, Professors Thomson and Houston of Philadelphia, whose electro-magnetic researches we have before noticed, tell us that should it be deemed desirable, the total power of Niagara might be conveyed a distance of five hundred miles or more by a copper cable not exceeding one half of an inch in thickness. For the consumption of one million horse-power, they say that a cable of three inches diameter, if perfectly insulated, would suffice. Of course no single locality could make use of such a vast amount of power; but "the important fact still remains, that with a cable of very limited size, an enormous quantity of power may be transferred to considerable distances."

Similar views were expressed by Sir William Thomson in the evidence which he gave a few weeks since before the Select Committee on the Electric Light. "There would be," he said, "no limit to the application of electricity as a motive-power; it might do all the work that could be done by steam-engines of the most powerful description." And he thought that "legislation, in the interests of the nation and in the interests of mankind, should remove as far as possible all obstacles, such as those arising from vested interests, and should encourage inventors to the utmost."

LIGHTING BUOYS WITH GAS.—Experiments have been made by the Trinity House on the lighting of buoys with gas, which is manufactured from waste fatty matters or the refuse of oil-works. This gas is passed into the buoys

under severe pressure, until a sufficient charge is accumulated to burn for three or four weeks, showing a bright light by night and day, even in boisterous weather. Here then is a means of lighting an intricate channel, or a passage, or of indicating the position of a wreck, which cannot fail to be useful; and the Trinity Board have ordered the construction of two buoys which will hold compressed gas enough to burn from four to six months. With these, further and, as we may assume, conclusive experiments will be carried on in the estuary of the Thames. The same kind of gas is, we are informed, used for the lighting of railway trains.

TESTS OF HEARING.—The audiometer invented by Professor Hughes has been employed with interesting results by Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S., in testing the hearing of a number of persons. A telephone, microphone, a small battery, coils, and a clock are required in the construction of the instrument. Extending from one of the fixed coils to the other is a graduated bar, from two hundred degrees down to zero, on which the induction coil in the form of a ring may be readily shifted. Place the coil at two hundred degrees and the listener hears the clock ticking surprisingly loud; but from degree to degree as the coil is shifted downward the sounds decrease, and end at last in absolute silence. The point of silence varies: some persons can hear down to two and a half degrees; others stop at thirty, twenty, or ten degrees, as the case may be, according to their state of health or the sensitiveness of their hearing. Complete silence is necessary during the experiments; and the person under examination should be placed so as not to see the movements of the coil on the graduated scale. It is found in practice that the faintest sounds can be heard only when the decrease is gradual and continuous; and that they are lost by jumps and pauses in the shifting of the coil.

As a rule, the right ear is better than the left; but instances to the contrary have been met with among persons accustomed to exercise their left ear. Some deaf persons fail to remember sounds. A youth was tested who was unable to "catch all the sounds lying between one hundred and thirty and one hundred and seven degrees until he could remember what he had to listen for;" but by practice he succeeded in identifying all the intervening sounds. These facts, says Dr. Richardson, "seem to indicate that deafness from imperfection of the tympanum or other parts of the organ of hearing may be increased beyond the mere physical failure, either from some lost power of automatic adjustment in the auditory apparatus, or from failure of receptive power in the cerebrum itself, so that the memory rendered imperfect is slow to

assist the listener until by exercise of function the readiness is restored." The hearing is improved by holding the breath after a deep inspiration; and also by a high barometer. The influence of atmospheric pressure can thus be tested. In his own case, when the barometer is at thirty degrees, Dr. Richardson can hear on both sides close down to zero; but below thirty degrees he fails to reach zero on the left side by two degrees. He is of opinion that the audiometer will be "an essential in all physical examinations of men who are undergoing examination as to their fitness for special services requiring perfect hearing, such as soldiers, sentries, railway officials, and the like." Also in diagnosis; in differentiating between deafness through the external ear and deafness from closure of the Eustachian tube—throat deafness; and in determining the value of artificial tympanums in instances of deafness due to imperfection or destruction of the natural tympanum.

SPECIFIC GRAVITY AND DISEASE.—A book has recently appeared in Leipsic in which the author, Professor Jäger, maintains that an increased proportion of water in the tissues and humors of the body is one of the most essential conditions of liability to disease. We guard against disease if we attend to making the body yield as much water as possible through skin and lungs, and avoid all that favors the accumulation of water. Jäger therefore recommends—1, wearing close fitting woollen clothing throughout the year; 2, from time to time engaging in bodily movements which promote perspiration, on which account, *e.g.* he regards vigorous gymnastic exercises in schools as an important preventive of disease among children; 3, on outbreak of disease, the use of vapor or sweating baths, of drinks that excite perspiration (tea, coffee, strong wines, and beers, etc.), and of food that does the same (strongly-seasoned, especially with Spanish pepper); 4, constant ventilation of sitting and bed rooms, so that the moisture of the air may not become great. The author holds that the specific gravity of a living body is an accurate criterion for the strength of constitution of a man or a domestic animal—*i.e.* for its capability of resistance to causes of disease (chills, infection, etc.), and its power of work, bodily and mental. The specific gravity may be determined as follows:—Two chambers are made, which can be closed air-tight, and are connected by a tube. In one enters the man or animal; the other is underground and connected with the water pipes. When the man enters both chambers are filled with air; then, the door being closed air-tight, water is forced into the lower space, so that the air in this is forced into the upper. The larger the volume

occupied by the man the greater will be the compression of the air. This is read off on a mercury manometer connected with the system. If the apparatus have been previously gauged, the volume of the body may be read directly from the position of the mercury. In an ordinary balance the weight of the body is then ascertained, and, by division, we arrive at the specific gravity.

AN ELECTRICAL BALANCE.—Professor Hughes, whose microphone established his reputation as a scientific experimentalist and discoverer, has brought out an Induction Balance; that is, an instrument in which the weighing or testing is done by induction currents. There are a few cells of a Daniell's battery; primary and secondary coils, from which currents run in opposite directions; and connections with a telephone, or with an electric sonometer. So long as the currents are undisturbed they balance or neutralize one another; but the slightest disturbance or alteration produces a sound in the telephone or sonometer, as the case may be. For instance, a sovereign is placed in the interior of one of the coils; a disturbance is at once indicated. Place another sovereign in the opposite coil, it restores the balance, and the disturbance ceases, provided the second coin be exactly of the same size and weight as the first. But should any difference exist, however slight, it is immediately indicated by a sound; and if shown on a scale, offers a ready means of detecting "sweated" or debased coins, with an accuracy never before attained. And the same with all other metals; consequently, metallurgists and chemists will be able to ascertain the exact molecular constitution of a metal, the amount of alloy, and the degree of chemical purity or impurity. That this instrument will render important and as yet unforeseen services to science, may safely be predicted; for besides what is already stated, it will detect the changes produced, in the substances under examination, by magnetism, strain, pressure, or heat. An instrument that can do so much will, we may assume, do more, when the best form shall have been discovered and tested by a variety of practical applications.

REGISTERING THE WIND.—An apparatus of simple character for recording continuously the direction of the wind is now in use at the Observatory of Lyons. It was constructed by M. Redier. A weathercock of suitable form is supported by a sort of tripod of grooved wheels running upon a circular rail of steel (the wheels having individually a horizontal axis, but collectively, a vertical). From the weathercock passes down a vertical rod to connection with a cylinder (placed with axis vertical), which is supported below by a steel

pivot resting on a plate of agate, and is guided at the upper part by horizontal pulleys. Thus each movement of the weathercock is transmitted to the cylinder. The latter has wound round it a sheet of paper, graduated vertically and horizontally (the vertical divisions representing the hours, the horizontal the directions), and a pencil applied to the paper is moved in vertical directions by clockwork. It will thus be seen that the tracing obtained on the paper indicates the successive positions taken by the weathercock, and, accordingly, the direction of the wind for any given time.

VARIETIES.

A HOME-THRUST AT MODERN BURLESQUES.—The art of spoiling is within the reach of the dullest faculty; the coarsest clown with a hammer in his hand might chip the nose off every statue and bust in the Vatican, and stand grinning at the effect of his work. Because wit is an exquisite product of high powers, we are not, therefore, forced to admit the sadly confused inference of the monotonous jester that he is establishing his superiority over every less facetious person, and over every topic on which he is ignorant or insensible, by being uneasy until he has distorted it in the small cracked mirror which he carries about with him as a joking apparatus. Some high authority is needed to give many worthy and timid persons the freedom of muscular repose under the growing demand on them to laugh when they have no other reason than the peril of being taken for dullards; still more to inspire them with the courage to say that they object to the theatrical spoiling for themselves and their children of all affecting themes; all the grander deeds and aims of men, by burlesque associations adapted to the taste of rich fishmongers in the stalls and their assistants in the gallery. The English people in the present generation are falsely reputed to know Shakespeare (as, by some innocent persons, the Florentine mule-drivers are believed to have known the *Divina Commedia*, not, perhaps, excluding all the subtle discourses in the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*); but there seems a clear prospect that in the coming generation he will be known to them through burlesques, and that his plays will find a new life as pantomimes. A bottle-nosed Lear will come on with a monstrous corpulence from which he will frantically dance himself free during the midnight storm; Rosalind and Celia will join in a grotesque ballet with shepherds and shepherdesses; Ophelia in fleshings and a voluminous brevity of grenadine will dance through the mad scene, finishing with the famous "attitude of the scissors" in the arms of Laertes; and all the speeches in *Hamlet* will be so ingeniously parodied that the

originals will be reduced to a mere *memoria technica* of the improver's puns—premonitory signs of a hideous millennium, in which the lion will have to lie down with the lascivious monkeys whom (if we may trust Pliny) his soul naturally abhors.—George Eliot's "*The Impressions of Theophrastus Such*."

THE REIGN OF MIST IN LITERATURE.—I come next to mistiness in the domain of literature. A comparison of the standard authors of former times with many popular writers of the present day at once suggests the reflection—how much harder, nowadays, it is to get at the author's meaning. Many poems are nothing short of very difficult conundrums. You are expected to read them three or four times over before you hit upon the main drift, and then successive readings will disclose the details, more or less, and often rather less than more. I confess, there is some satisfaction at the end, when you think you have unravelled the mystery; but I cannot believe that the general adoption of this obscure mysticism is compatible with a healthy spirit, or even with the highest style of poetry. It is not the spirit of the greatest poets of antiquity—men whom we do not hope to surpass or even to equal. Among prose writers, too, we now find the same obscure style frequently adopted. I should like to distribute, among a hundred intelligent men, a selection of the more rhapsodic passages from the prose works of Carlyle and Emerson, in order that each interpreter might write down what appeared to him the precise practical meaning of the several utterances of these dark oracles. I suspect commentators would differ, and I for one would hold them excused. Of course, as Burke points out, obscurity is an element of the sublime; at least it may be so for us mortals. Thoughts are often the more impressive for not being pared down to the limits of human comprehension. They thereby retain a sort of vague, shadowy grandeur. There is a pleasing boundlessness about them. They admit of unlimited amplification in the mind of the reader, to whom they are more pleasing for what they suggest than for what they themselves contain. Emerson takes this view of the case; he says, "An imaginative book renders us more service at first by stimulating us through its tropes, than afterwards when we arrive at the precise sense of the author." He then goes on to speak rather inconsistently with a previously-quoted passage of his: "I think nothing is of any value in books, excepting the transcendental; and extraordinary. If a man is inflamed and carried away in his thoughts to that degree that he forgets the authors and the public and heeds only his one dream, which holds him like an insanity, let

me read his paper, and you may have all the arguments and historical criticism." The same writer also lays it down that "the poet knows that he speaks adequately only when he speaks somewhat wildly, not with the intellect used as an organ, but with the intellect released from all service, and suffered to take its direction from its celestial life." This is rather extreme for poetry; for ordinary prose on practical topics it is outrageous. It is all very well that prose aphorisms should be written with that bold, sweeping, exaggerative character which gives them their force. They are seldom more than half-truths; but in acting upon them in the affairs of life, men know how to add the requisite grains of salt. But when a whole treatise on religion, politics, or domestic life comes to be written with the license of an aphorism, it is about as healthy a provision for the reader as giving him a dinner all condiments and no substantials. Vividness is attained, while the cause of truth is sacrificed. But besides the gain of vividness there is another reason to induce writers to adopt the vague and shadowy style. It is often very hard to bring down our ideas to a strictly accurate form. It is easy to get half an idea, to seize half a truth; but it is very difficult to get at the whole truth, on all its sides, and to lop off the falsehoods that cling round our first crude conceptions. A ready way out of this difficulty is to speak in terms not precise or tied down to definite meaning. And so, to the great injury of correctness of view, a style is adopted, the chief characteristics of which are vagueness, exaggeration, paradox, and jugglery of words.

—*The Month.*

THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL. The destiny of the Bonapartes presses them hard. The House rose by war alone, and through the consequences of war every successive chief of the race has died in exile, amidst strangers and ingloriously. The First Napoleon died a prisoner at St. Helena; the Second, a quasi-prisoner at Schönbrunn; the Third, a defeated exile at Chislehurst; the Fourth an English volunteer, in a war against an African savage with whom he had no quarrel. Never was there a fate at once so picturesque, so full of the elements of tragedy, and yet so blurred. What had the Prince Imperial to do in Zululand? Nevertheless, though that question must be asked, the fate of a lad born to so lofty a prospect, so relentlessly pursued by misfortune, and himself so blameless, saddens even the Englishmen who would have regarded the realization of his dreams as one of the greatest of disasters for the world. He died in the wrong place, but fighting, and against the enemies of England. The little known of him by the country he had adopted was very favorable;

the old animosity against his House has utterly died away; and his mother is regarded with a respect which makes the whole people sympathize in her incurable pain. Once more the Empress Eugénie has to repeat, "I have been too favorable to war." Regarded through all her womanhood as one of the most fortunate among mankind, respected and even liked by her husband's deadliest enemies, she has suffered blow after blow; has lost her husband, her throne, her country; and now her last hope, her only child, has suffered a violent death from enemies who never heard of him, and in a cause which was not his own. The Heir of the Napoleons, the Child of the "baptism of fire," assailed by Zulus in South Africa! Scarcely in history or in fiction has there been a life like that of the Empress Eugénie, for even Josephine, the woman most like her, was not stripped of her children, the very lad whose untimely death is now mourned having been her descendant. She, of all living women, is the greatest example of the instability of earthly grandeur, and the vanity of human hope or expectation.—*The Spectator.*

CRÆSUS.

My small Charlie said to me
That he had lots of riches.
"How much, old man?" said I; said he,
"Two farthings in my breeches,
A silver fourpence in my purse,
And one French bit of money,"
Then added (speaking of his nurse),
"Twas given me by Nunny,
A lucky sixpence, father, too!"
He paused, as though to measure
With those grave eyes what I should do,
On hearing of such treasure.
With those grave eyes he looked at me,
Ere he resumed his parley,—
It was as plain as A, B, C
(Or plainer, perhaps, to Charlie),
That weighty matters were our cue,
We meant to sift and try 'em;—
"And father," Charlie said, "are you
As rich a man as I am?"
And I replied—the while I drew
My arm around his shoulder—
"Charlie, I'm not so rich as you,
Because I'm ages older."

—*The Spectator.*

TO GARIBALDI.

BRAVE Garibaldi, from the heart of God,
Tired with the stuff that shapes a great emprise,
With sword of vengeance and with chastening rod
To flash red justice in men's blinking eyes,
Thou hast done great things—made thine Italy free,
Made Popes to fall and trampled slaves to rise.
But this one thing the gods denied to thee,
The greatest grace of greatness—to be wise.
Good Garibaldi, would that thou might know,
What hasty wits are passing slow to learn—
That things by inches, not by ells, do grow,
And meal is ground by patience in the quern.
Thy work was done as eagles seize their prey;
Now stout-necked oxen gently drive the day.

—JOHN STUART BLACKIE: *Roma, Maggio.*

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